

GREAT MASTERS
IN
ART

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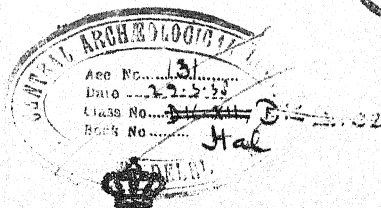
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Introduction by Edward Alden Jewell

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Introduction

Eight Best Ever

THE ten artists discussed in this volume are among the greatest masters in the history of art. No attempt, the publishers assure me, was made to select the ten greatest painters the world has known. As a matter of fact, efforts to name the "ten greatest" artists or the "ten greatest" masterpieces, while they may frequently be productive of interesting and arresting results, never carry us clear of controversy. Disagreement is certain to be encountered upon every hand. Were all the readers of this book independently to prepare lists of the ten artists who, in their opinion, deserve to be called "greatest," how many of the lists would prove to be identical? Very few indeed, I should venture to prophesy.

We are here concerned, then, with half a score of great masters of the western world, for not one of whom the compilers of this group need offer any apology. The list—if it could easily be multiplied several times without our having to forage behind the foremost rank—is yet, so far as it goes, illuminatingly representative.

Our tale begins, in the thirteenth century, with the Florentine, Giotto; proceeds thence, through Leonardo da Vinci, to the High Renaissance with Michelangelo, Raphael, and the Venetian master, Titian; continues in the sixteenth century with Rubens of Flanders, in the seventeenth with Rembrandt of the Netherlands; and it embraces three great interpreters of the soul of Spain: Domenicos Theotocopoulos (known as El Greco), Velasquez and Goya. The last of these men, since he lived

well on into the nineteenth century, may be said almost to join hands with the artists of our own day.

So much for a bare outline of time and place. On the more purely aesthetic side, a prodigious and vital panorama unfolds. Giotto was the first great western master to turn sharply and consistently away from the conventions of Byzantine art, laying the foundation for what we have come to call "naturalism." Giotto did not, however, stress this new freedom from hierarchal molds as it was to be stressed by artists coming after him. The simple nobility and power we find in his frescos at Assisi, Padua, and Florence, Giotto established by means of a monumental arrangement and a clear emphasis—largely unmodified by detail—upon the basic emotion or thought in whatever the theme. There is little modeling in his figures; yet they live for us as individuals and—how eloquently!—as contributing elements in the design's majestic, solemn rhythms; rhythms that seem somehow related to the music of Dante's verse.

Naturalism was to develop saliently as the Italian Renaissance climbed toward its brilliant crest. Leonardo, one of the most fascinating and enigmatic of painters, probed nature with the eye of the scientist. He never wearied of a quest that led him through the mazes of human anatomy. His were problems of which, we may fancy, Giotto never dreamed. But attainment of perfection on the merely "representational" side was only one of Leonardo's aims. Beyond the beauty of outward form he aspired toward the spiritual concept that (were we equipped to understand) conceivably holds the key to all mysteries. It has been said of him that the body was "as nothing, compared with the soul which dwells within this structure"; and that Leonardo is "the wisdom painter of the soul."

For delicate, eluding spiritual subtleties we shall seek in

vain when we approach the colossal art of Michelangelo, whose hand could perform all but incredible feats of drawing and whose mind conceived the mighty epic, related in terms of "pictorial symbolism," that still can awe a spectator as he enters the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican. A gentler art was Raphael's. In the frescos painted for Pope Julius at Rome the theme is not essentially less vast in scope and in its implications; but monumentality builds with a softer, more lyric line. In Raphael, who died so young, it is youth that sings to us its song of the morning of life and of life's fresh first enchantments. To the affirmations of mature wisdom Raphael does not attain. His famous Madonnas are all sweetness and grace, untouched by those "darker musings" in which experience speaks of pain and sacrifice and stormy love and growth.

Glimpses, at any rate, of such musings we get in Titian, aristocrat of Venice and magnificent painter of ripe corporeal beauty. As a colorist—particularly in his handling of "symphonic" color—he has few peers; while the vitality of his sense of picture-building climbs to complete fulfillment again and again. It does so in themes, let us say, as acutely contrasting as the celebrated "Sacred and Profane Love" at the Palazzo Borghesi in Rome and the sombre, movingly tragic "Entombment" at the Louvre.

But if the blood of life courses warmly through Titian's art, the art of Rubens reveals a lustier pulse. This Flemish painter brings to us the full, rich energy of a baroque style, its diagonals of movement darting or spiraling or grandly and luxuriantly sweeping back, far back, into the composition; this as opposed to the "classic" manner, which is wont to construct plane by sober plane. Characteristic we well may feel it to be of the man himself, whose happy exuberance yet left him, always, in such superb command of those robust, complex, powerfully sensuous rhythms. Yes, as Elie Faure observes, "the

mind which directs and maintains this whirlwind of life in a circle as sure as the gravitation of the heavenly bodies, rolls with it from form to form as if their very intoxication were producing the lucidity of that mind."

The resilient splendor of Titian and of Rubens discovers its foil in the passionate sobriety of Rembrandt—industrious, patient, indwelling and profound Dutch master. Rembrandt is supremely the artist of *character*. He deeply searched and, upon occasion, marvelously brought to light the essential qualities in a sitter or in a narrative subject such as his brush and etcher's needle loved to explore.

Representing the art of Spain we find included in this book three masters—El Greco of the sixteenth century, Velasquez of the seventeenth and Goya of the eighteenth—poles asunder, yet closely related in the authenticity of their interpretive effort.

El Greco, the Cretan, with his heritage of Byzantine mysticism, worked in Venice, especially under the influence of Tintoretto and the Bassani, before perceiving at length in Spain his spiritual home. To what veiled motivating source should we look for the genesis of Greco's strange, haunting elongations; his brooding, often fiercely eruptive and terrible passion, in which an age seems drawn to synthesis? The origin of individual genius, played upon though genius may be by the helpful light of race and time, is always cloaked in mystery.

Greco, rediscovered and enthroned only a short while ago by the modern world, continues to baffle. His personality eludes, to an extent inapplicable, shall we say, in the case of Velasquez, whose art more palpably conforms to the familiar western traditions. Yet Velasquez, too, embodies a potent personal force, as must every master of the first rank. His is a courtly art, but one, as well, of subtle depths, of penetrations that go far beneath the

lovely nacreous surface upon which so distinguished a style still keeps its bloom.

And finally, Goya,—like Tiepolo, a sort of miraculous late flowering. Goya, who preserves for us the Spain of the Inquisition: that age of tottering thrones, war clouds, intolerance, fanaticism, and social turmoil; an age, come to think of it, not wholly without its parallel today. Goya was Spain; Spain, Goya. He brilliantly mirrored his epoch; all that in it was feverish, licentious, savage, and gay. A charmed immunity appears to have shielded him throughout. His daring was remarkable: consider the candor of some of the court portraits! And with a keenness that matched it he sounded the shallows and abysses of the social culture of which he was, himself, so veritable an expression.

It is art's highest function to reveal essential truths. But only a true genius can penetrate to the heart of life and re-create for us its hidden—its joyous or agonizing, serene or troubled—significance. Each brings to vision and creation his own peculiar gift; vouchsafes a manner of seeing and of relating that is unique. But there exists a realm in which these widely divergent voices blend in exalted harmony.

Here are ten masters, immensely various; offering, as meditatively we range them side by side, amazing contrasts; yet united, too, in that high place where the endeavor of man is weighed with respect to its abiding, its eternal, value.

EDWARD ALDEN JEWELL.

Nyack, 21 April, 1935.



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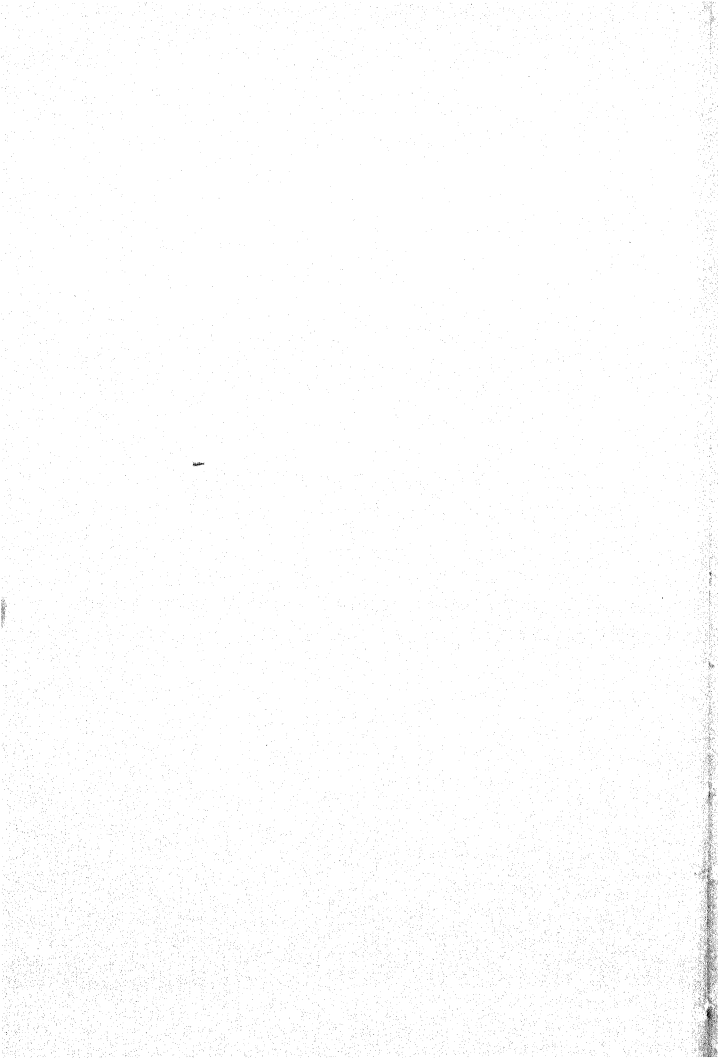
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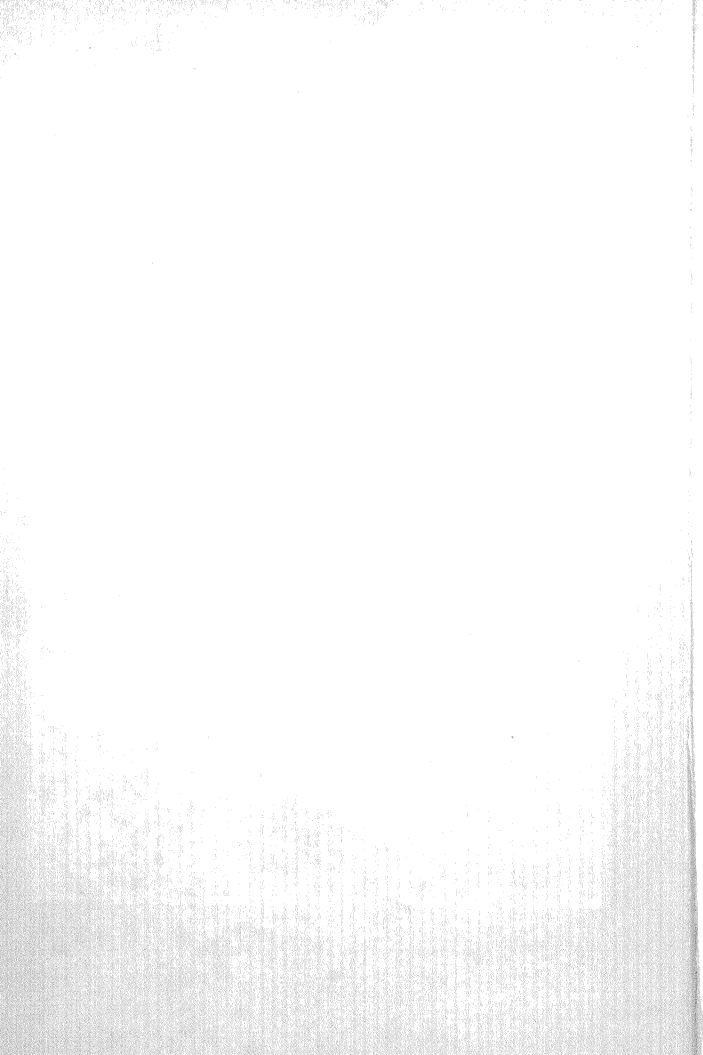
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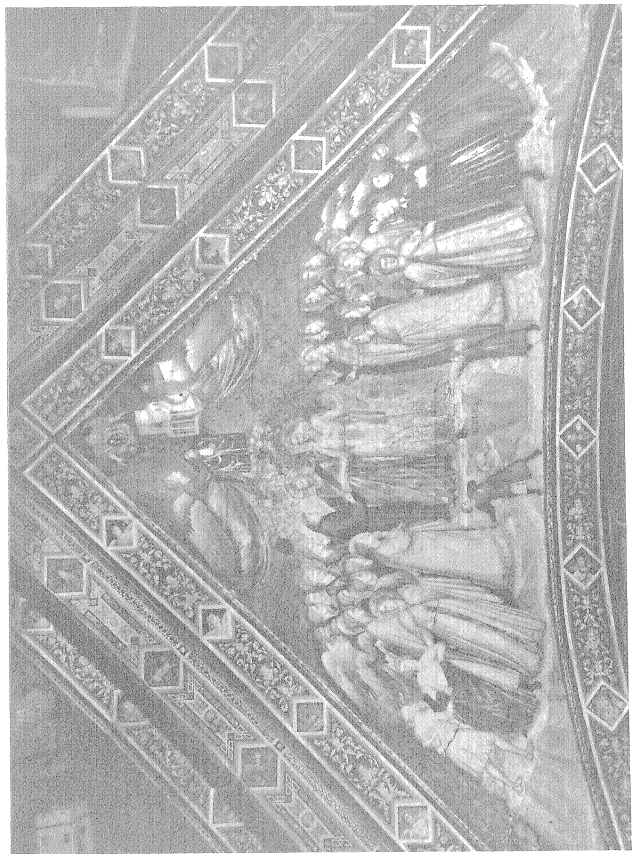


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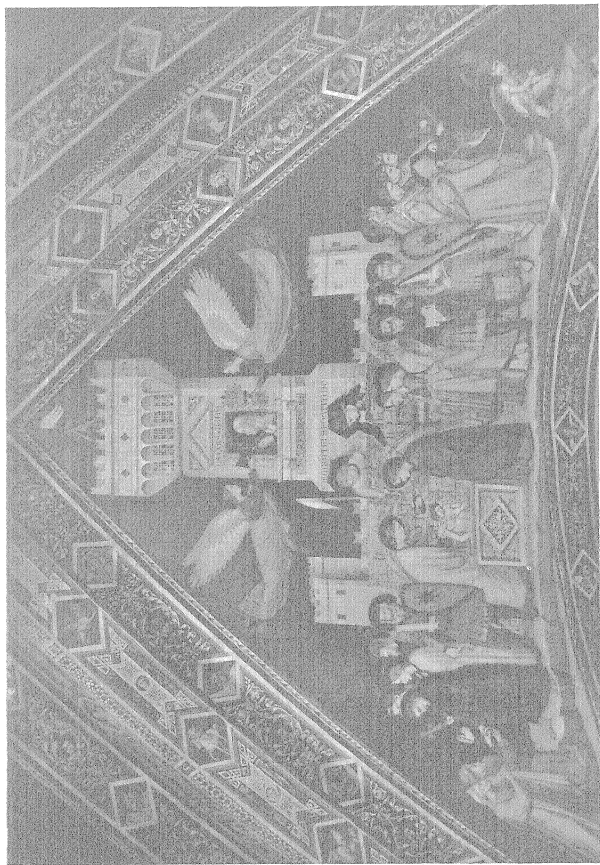




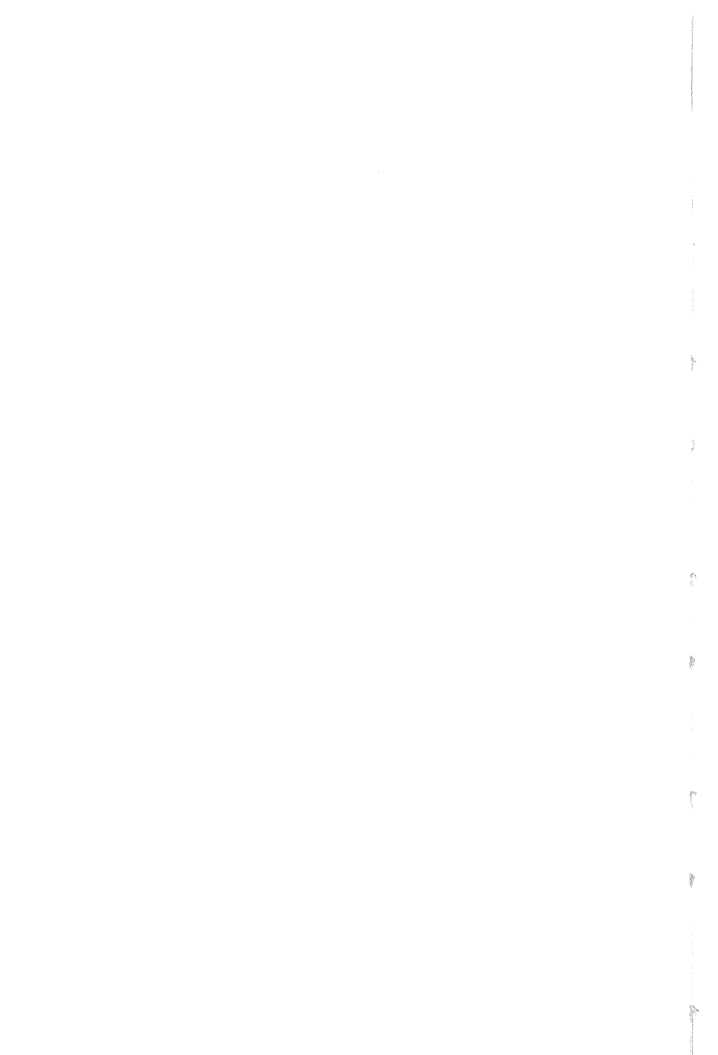
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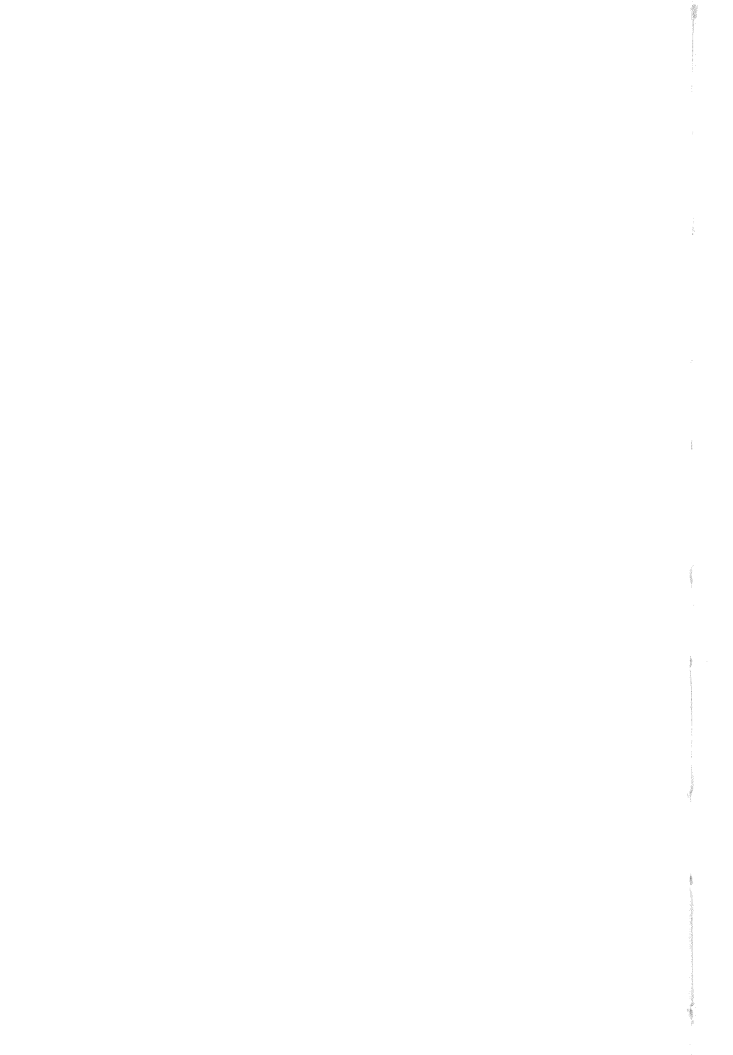


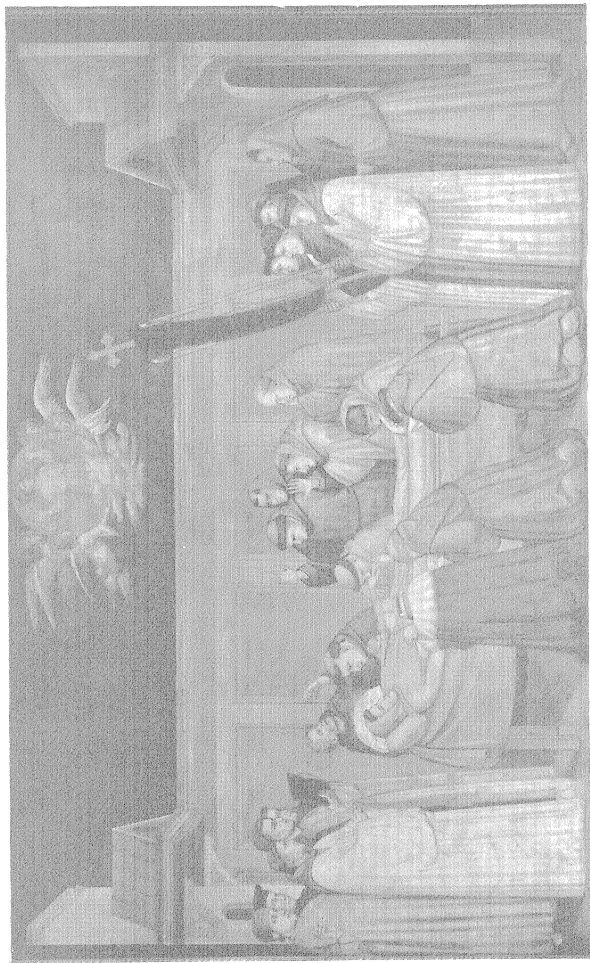
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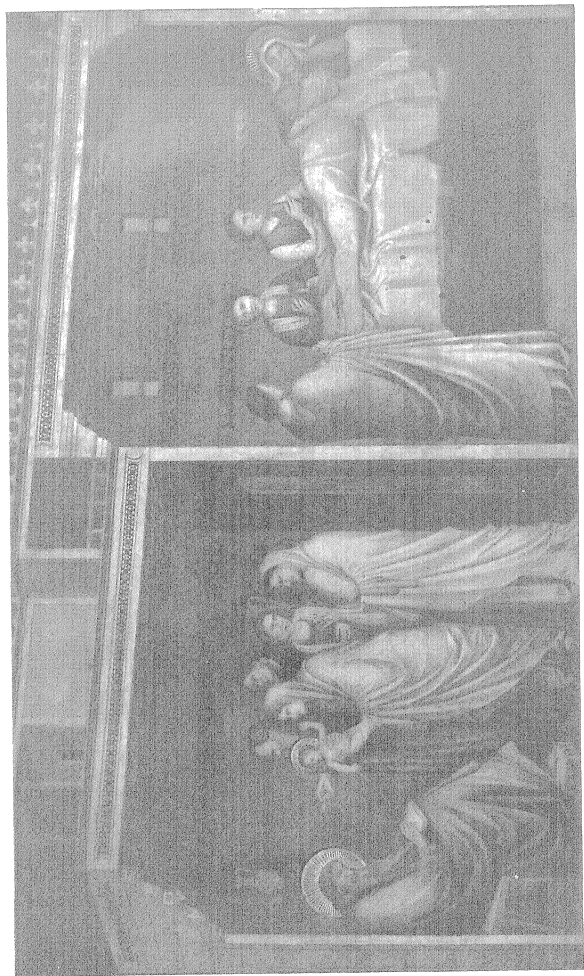


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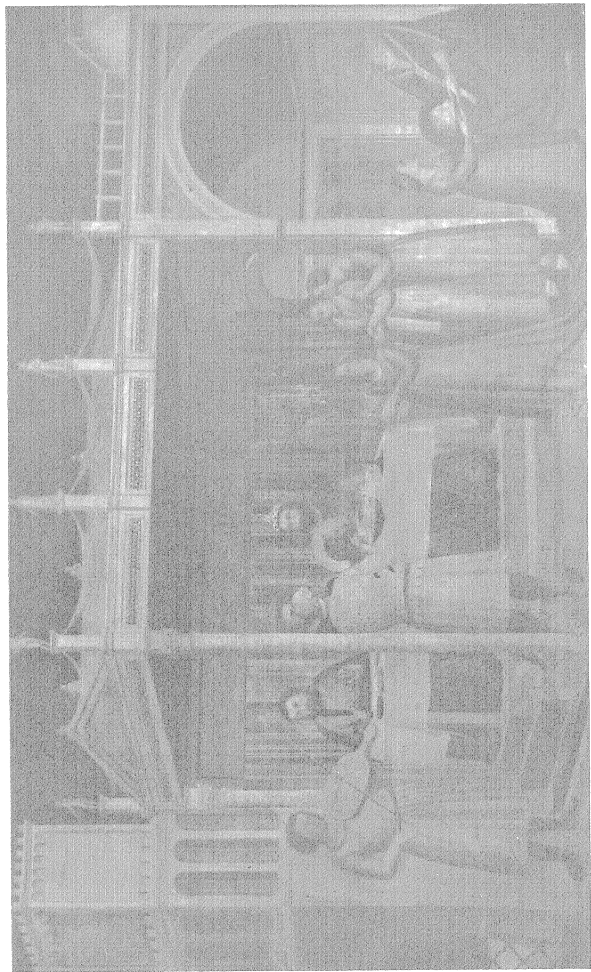




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PORTRAIT OF GIOTTO BY URCELLO—LOUVRE, PARIS

Giotto

BORN 1266 (?): DIED 1337

"IN a village of Etruria," writes Ghiberti, the oldest historian of the Florentine Renaissance, "Painting took her rise." In other words, Giotto di Bondone was born, between 1265 and 1270, at Colle, in the Commune of Vespignano, a village of the Val Mugello fourteen miles from Florence. There the boy, who had been called Angiolo, after his grandfather, and went by the nickname of Angiolotto, or Giotto, kept his father's flocks on the grassy slopes of the Apennines, and was found one day by Cimabue, as he rode over the hills, drawing a sheep with a sharp stone upon a rock. Full of surprise at the child's talent for drawing, the great painter asked him if he would go back with him to Florence; to which both the boy and his father, a poor peasant named Bondone, gladly agreed. Thus, at ten years old, Giotto was taken straight from the sheepfolds and apprenticed to the first painter in Florence. Such is the story told by Ghiberti and confirmed by Leonardo da Vinci, who, writing half a century before Vasari, remarks that Giotto took nature for his guide, and began by drawing the sheep and goats which he herded on the rocks.

Another version of the story of Giotto's boyhood is that he was apprenticed to a wool-merchant of Florence, but that instead of going to work he spent his time in watching the artists in Cimabue's shop; upon which his father applied to the master who consented to teach the boy painting. The natural vivacity and intelligence of the young student soon made him a favorite in Cimabue's

workshop, while his extraordinary aptitude for drawing became every day more apparent. The legends of his marvelous skill, the stories of the fly that Cimabue vainly tried to brush off his picture, of the round O which he drew before the pope's envoy with one sweep of his pencil, are proofs of the wonder and admiration which Giotto's attempts to follow nature more closely excited among his contemporaries. This latter story is told by Vasari as follows: "The pope sent one of his courtiers to Tuscany to ascertain what kind of man Giotto might be, and what were his works; that pontiff then proposing to have certain paintings executed in the Church of St. Peter. The messenger spoke first with many artists in Siena; then, having received designs from them, he proceeded to Florence, and repaired one morning to the workshop where Giotto was occupied with his labors. He declared the purpose of the pope, and finally requested to have a drawing that he might send it to his holiness. Giotto, who was very courteous, took a sheet of paper and a pencil dipped in a red color, then, resting his elbow on his side to form a sort of compass, with one turn of the hand he drew a circle, so perfect and exact that it was a marvel to behold. This done, he turned smiling to the courtier, saying, 'Here is your drawing.' 'Am I to have nothing more than this?' inquired the latter, conceiving himself to be jested with. 'That is enough and to spare,' returned Giotto. 'Send it with the rest, and you will see if it will not be recognized.' The messenger, unable to obtain anything more, went away very ill-satisfied and fearing that he had been fooled. Nevertheless, having despatched the other drawings to the pope with the names of those who had done them he sent that of Giotto also, relating the mode in which he had made his circle, without moving his arm and without compasses; from which the pope, and such of the courtiers as were well versed in the subject, perceived how far Giotto surpassed all the other painters of his time."

No doubt the boldness and originality of his genius soon led Giotto to abandon the purely conventional style of art then in use, and to seek after a more natural and lifelike form of expression. And early in his career he was probably influenced by the example of the sculptor Giovanni Pisano, who was actively engaged on his great works in Tuscany and Umbria at this time. The earliest examples of Giotto's style that remain to us are some small panels at Munich; but a larger and better-known work is the 'Madonna Enthroned,' in the Academy at Florence, which, although archaic in type, has a vigor and reality that are wholly wanting in Cimabue's Madonna in the same room. But it is to Assisi that we must turn for a fuller record of Giotto's training and development.

In 1298 Giotto was invited to Rome by Cardinal Stefaneschi, the pope's nephew and a generous patron of art. At his bidding Giotto designed the famous mosaic of the 'Navicella,' or 'Ship of the Church,' which hangs in the vestibule of St. Peter's. Little trace of the original work now remains. More worthy of study is the altar-piece which he painted for the cardinal, and which is still preserved in the sacristy of St. Peter's.

Pope Boniface, we are told by Vasari, was deeply impressed by Giotto's merits, and loaded him with honors and rewards; but the frescos which he was employed to paint in the old basilica of St. Peter's perished long ago, and the only work of his now remaining in Rome besides the 'Navicella,' is the damaged fresco of Pope Boniface proclaiming the Jubilee, on a pillar of the Lateran Church. This last painting proves that Giotto was in Rome during the year 1300, when both his fellow-citizens Dante and the historian Giovanni Villani were present in the Eternal City. The poet was an intimate friend of the painter; and, after his return to Florence, Giotto introduced Dante's portrait in an altar-piece of 'Paradise' which he painted for the chapel of the Podesta Palace. But since this chapel was burned down in 1332, and not rebuilt

until after Giotto's death, the fresco of Dante, which was discovered some years ago on the walls of the present building, must have been copied by one of his followers from the original painting.

It was probably during an interval of his journey back to Florence, or on some other visit to Assisi during the next few years, that Giotto painted his frescos in the Lower Church of St. Francis in that city. Chief among these are the four great allegories on the vaulted roof above the high altar, illustrating the meaning of the three monastic Virtues, Obedience, Chastity, and Poverty, whom, according to the legend, the saint met walking on the road to Siena in the form of three fair maidens, and whom he held up to his followers as the sum of evangelical perfection.

These allegories are not the only works which Giotto executed in the Lower Church of Assisi. Ghiberti's statement that he painted almost the whole of the Lower Church is confirmed by Rudolphus, who mentions the series of frescos of the childhood of Christ and the 'Crucifixion' in the right transept as being by his hand. In their present ruined condition it is not easy to distinguish between the work of the master and that of his assistants; but the whole series bears the stamp of Giotto's invention.

The next important works which he painted were the frescos in the Arena Chapel at Padua, built in 1303, by Enrico Scrovegno, who two years later invited Giotto to decorate the interior with frescos. When Dante visited Padua, in 1306, he found his friend Giotto living there with his wife, Madonna Ciuta, and his young family, and was honorably entertained by the painter in his own house.

All his works in the cities of North Italy have perished, and it is to Florence that we must turn for the third and last remaining cycle of his frescos.

The great Franciscan church of Santa Croce had been erected in the last years of the thirteenth century, and the

proudest Florentine families hastened to build chapels at their own expense as a mark of their devotion to the popular saint. Four of these chapels were decorated with frescos by Giotto's hand, but were all whitewashed in 1714, when Santa Croce underwent a thorough restoration. The frescos which he painted in the Guigni and Spinelli chapels have been entirely destroyed; but within the last fifty years the whitewash has been successfully removed from the walls of the Bardi and Peruzzi chapels, and the finest of Giotto's works that remain to us have been brought to light. Here his unrivaled powers as a great epic painter are revealed, and we realize his intimate knowledge of human nature and his profound sympathy with every form of life.

The exact date of these frescos remains uncertain, but they were probably painted soon after 1320. Recent research has as yet thrown little light upon the chronology of Giotto's life, and all we can discover is an occasional notice of the works which he executed, or of the property which he owned in Florence. Vasari's statement, that he succeeded to Cimabue's house and shop in the Via del Cocomero, Florence, is borne out by the will of the Florentine citizen Rinuccio, who, dying in 1312, describes "the excellent painter Giotto di Bondone" as a parishioner of Santa Maria Novella, and bequeaths a sum of "five pounds of small florins" to keep a lamp burning night and day before a crucifix painted by the said master in the Dominican church.

The extraordinary industry of the man is seen by the long list of panel-pictures as well as wall-paintings which are mentioned by early writers. These have fared even worse than his frescos. The picture of 'The Commune' in the great hall of the Podesta Palace, which Vasari describes as of very beautiful and ingenious invention, the small tempera painting of the 'Death of the Virgin,' on which Michelangelo loved to gaze, in the Church of Ognissanti, Florence, the 'Madonna' which was sent to

Petrarch at Avignon, and which he left as his most precious possession to his friend Francesco di Carrara, have all perished. One panel, however, described by Vasari, is still in existence—an altar-piece originally painted for a church in Pisa, and now in the Louvre.

In 1333 Giotto was in Naples, and King Robert, it is said, promised to make him the first man in the realm if he would remain at his court; but early in the following year he was summoned back to Florence by the Signory, and, on the twelfth of April, 1334, was appointed Chief Architect of the State and Master of the Cathedral Works. Since the death of its architect, Arnolfo, in 1310, the progress of the cathedral had languished, but now the magistrates declared their intention of erecting a bell-tower which in height and beauty should surpass all that the Greeks and Romans had accomplished in the days of their greatest pride. "For this purpose," the decree runs, "we have chosen Giotto di Bondone, painter, our great and dear master, since neither in the city nor in the whole world is there any other to be found so well fitted for this and similar tasks." Giotto lost no time in preparing designs for the beautiful Campanile which bears his name; and on the eighth of July the foundations of the new tower were laid with great solemnity. Villani describes the imposing processions that were held and the immense multitudes which attended the ceremony, and adds that the Superintendent of Works was Maestro Giotto, "our own citizen, the most sovereign master of painting in his time, and the one who drew figures and represented action in the most lifelike manner." Giotto received a salary of one hundred golden florins from the state "for his excellence and goodness," and was strictly enjoined not to leave Florence again without the permission of the Signory. In 1335, however, we hear of him in Milan, whither he had gone by order of the Signory at the urgent request of their ally Azzo Visconti, Lord of Milan. Here, in the old ducal palace, Giotto painted a series of frescos

of which no trace now remains, and then hurried back to Florence to resume his work on the Campanile.

Another invitation reached him from Pope Benedict XII., who offered him a large salary if he would take up his residence at the papal court at Avignon. But it was too late; and, as an old chronicler writes, "Heaven willed that the royal city of Milan should gather the last fruits of this noble plant." Soon after his return to Florence, Giotto fell suddenly ill, and died on the eighth of January, 1337. He was buried with great honor in the cathedral.

More than a hundred years later, when Florence had reached the height of splendor and prosperity under the rule of the Medici, Lorenzo the Magnificent placed a marble bust on Giotto's tomb, and employed Angelo Poliziano to compose the Latin epitaph which gave proud utterance to the veneration in which the great master was held alike by his contemporaries and by posterity:

"Lo, I am he by whom dead Painting was restored to life; to whose right hand all was possible; by whom Art became one with Nature. None ever painted more or better. Do you wonder at yon fair tower which holds the sacred bells? Know that it was I who bade her rise towards the stars. For I am Giotto—what need is there to tell of my work? Long as verse lives, my name shall endure!"

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

The Art of Giotto

THE tale told about Giotto's first essay in drawing might be chosen as a parable: he was not found beneath a church roof tracing a mosaic, but on the open mountain, trying to draw the portrait of the living thing committed to his care. What, therefore, Giotto gave to art was, before all things else, vitality. His Madonnas

are no longer symbols of a certain phase of pious awe, but pictures of maternal love. The Bride of God suckles her divine infant with a smile, watches him playing with a bird, or stretches out her arms to take him where he turns crying from the hands of the circumcising priest. By choosing incidents like these from real home life, Giotto, through his painting, humanized the mysteries of faith, and brought them close to common feeling. Nor was the change less in his method than his motives. Before his day painting had been without composition, without charm of color, without suggestion of movement or the play of living energy. He first knew how to distribute figures in the given space with perfect balance, and how to mass them together in animated groups agreeable to the eye. He caught varied and transient shades of emotion, and expressed them by the posture of the body and the play of feature. The hues of morning and of evening served him. Of all painters he was most successful in preserving the clearness and the light of pure, well-tempered colors. His power of telling a story by gesture and action is unique in its peculiar simplicity. There are no ornaments or accessories in his pictures. The whole force of the artist has been concentrated on rendering the image of the life conceived by him. Relying on his knowledge of human nature, and seeking only to make his subject intelligible, no painter is more unaffectedly pathetic, more unconsciously majestic. While under the influence of his genius we are sincerely glad that the requisite science for clever imitation of landscape and architectural backgrounds was not forthcoming in his age. Art had to go through a toilsome period of geometrical and anatomical pedantry before it could venture, in the frescos of Michelangelo and Raphael, to return with greater wealth of knowledge on a higher level to the divine simplicity of its childhood in Giotto.

In the drawing of the figure Giotto was surpassed by many meaner artists of the fifteenth century. Nor had

he that quality of genius which selects a high type of beauty and is scrupulous to shun the commonplace. The faces of even his most sacred personages are often almost vulgar. In his choice of models for saints and apostles we already trace the Florentine instinct for contemporary portraiture. Yet, though his knowledge of anatomy was defective and his taste was realistic, Giotto solved the great problem of figurative art far better than more learned and fastidious painters. He never failed to make it manifest that what he meant to represent was living. Even to the non-existent he gave the semblance of reality. We cannot help believing in his angels leaning waist-deep from the blue sky, wringing their hands in agony above the Cross, pacing like deacons behind Christ when he washes the feet of his disciples, or sitting watchful and serene upon the empty sepulchre. He was, moreover, essentially a fresco-painter, working with rapid decision on a large scale, aiming at broad effects, and willing to sacrifice subtlety to clearness of expression.

The health of Giotto's whole nature and his robust good sense are everywhere apparent in his solid, concrete, human work of art. There is no trace of mysticism, no ecstatic piety, nothing morbid or hysterical in his imagination. Imbuing whatever he handled with the force and freshness of actual existence, he approached the deep things of the Christian faith and the legend of St. Francis in the spirit of a man bent simply on realizing the objects of his belief as facts. His allegories of 'Poverty,' 'Chastity,' and 'Obedience,' at Assisi, are as beautiful and powerfully felt as they are carefully constructed. Yet they conceal no abstruse spiritual meaning, but are plainly painted "for the poor laity of love to read." The artist-poet who colored the virginal form of Poverty, with the briars beneath her feet and the roses blooming round her forehead, proved by his well-known *canzone* that he was free from monastic Quixotism and took a practical view of the value of worldly wealth. His homely humor saved

him from the exaltation and the childishness that formed the weakness of the Franciscan revival. Giotto in truth possessed a share of the power which belonged to the Greek sculptors. He embodied myths in physical forms adequate to their intellectual meaning.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

The Works of Giotto

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

MADONNA ENTHRONED

ACADEMY: FLORENCE

THIS panel-picture, an early work, was painted for the Church of Ognissanti, Florence, and is now in the Academy of that city. Notwithstanding the fact that Giotto has adhered to the conventional composition of the Byzantine masters, there is a freshness and more life-like appearance in this work than is observable in those of his predecessors; and in the more natural attitudes of the figures—notably in the kneeling angels—as well as in the greater freedom in the treatment of the draperies, we see the advance that he has already made in the development of art.

The Madonna, clad in a white robe and long bluish mantle, and holding the Child, whose tunic is of a pale rose color, upon her knee, is seated upon a throne placed against a gold background. The angels kneeling in front with vases of lilies in their hands are robed in white; those just above them, bearing a crown and a box of ointment, are in green. Saints and angels are grouped on either side.

The color of the picture has darkened and lost much of its original freshness, and shows little of the purity of tint seen in many of Giotto's frescos.

AMONG Giotto's most famous works are the four frescos which cover the arched compartments of the vaulting of the Lower Church of St. Francis at Assisi. One represents the saint enthroned in glory; the others are allegorical depictions of the three vows of the Franciscan Order,—Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience. The finest of the series is that reproduced in this plate, in which Giotto has represented the mystic marriage of St. Francis with Poverty. Hope and Love are the bridesmaids, angels are the witnesses, and Christ himself blesses the union. The bride's garments are patched, ragged and torn by brambles, children throw stones at her and mock her, and a dog barks at her; but the roses and lilies of paradise bloom about her, and St. Francis looks with love upon his chosen bride. To the left a young man gives his cloak to a beggar; on the opposite side a miser grasps his money-bag, and a richly clad youth scornfully rejects the invitation of the angel at his side to follow in the train of holy Poverty. Above, two angels, one bearing a garment and a bag of gold, the other a miniature palace—symbolical of worldly goods given up in charity—are received by the hands of the Almighty.

THIS fresco, in the Lower Church of St. Francis at Assisi, is one of the series to which that reproduced in the previous plate also belongs. It represents the different stages of perfection in the religious life. On the left St. Francis receives three aspirants to the Franciscan Order; on the right three monks are driving evil spirits into the abyss below; and in the central group angels pour purifying water upon the head of a youth standing naked in a baptismal font. Two figures leaning over the wall behind present him with the banner of purity and shield

of fortitude, and two angels standing near bear the convert's garments. The mail-clad warriors, holding lash and shield, are emblematic of the warfare and self-mortification of those who follow St. Francis. In the tower of the crenelated fortress in the background is seated Chastity, veiled and in prayer, to whom two angels bring an open book and the palm of holiness.

THE ENTOMBMENT

ARENA CHAPEL: PADUA

THE Arena Chapel, Padua, was built in the year 1303 by Enrico Scrovegno, a wealthy citizen of that place, upon the site of a Roman amphitheater or arena. The outside of this little building is devoid of all architectural embellishment, but any exterior bareness is more than counterbalanced by the interior, the decoration of which was, in 1305 or 1306, intrusted to Giotto, at that time the acknowledged master of painting in Italy. With the exception of the frescos in the choir, which were added by his followers in later years, all the paintings in the chapel—thirty-eight in number—are by his hand, and present a scheme of decoration that is unsurpassed even in the churches of Italy. "Though they lack the subtleties of later technical development," write Vasari's recent editors, "these frescos of the Arena Chapel, in their composition, their simplicity, their effectiveness as pure decoration, and in their dramatic force, are some of the finest things in the whole history of art, ancient or modern."

Arranged in three tiers on the side walls of the chapel, Giotto's frescos illustrate the apocryphal history of Joachim and Anna, the life of the Virgin, scenes from the life of Christ, and below, allegorical figures of the Virtues and Vices. On the entrance wall is a 'Last Judgment,' and opposite, a 'Christ in Glory.' The vaulted ceiling, colored blue and studded with gold stars, is adorned with medallions of Christ and the Virgin, saints and prophets.

"Wherever the eye turns," writes Mr. Quilter, "it meets a bewilderment of color pure and radiant and yet restful to the eye, tints which resemble in their perfect harmony of brightness the iridescence of a shell. The whole interior, owing perhaps to its perfect simplicity of form and absence of all other decoration than the frescos, presents less the aspect of a building decorated with paintings than that of some gigantic opal in the midst of which the spectator stands."

"The Entombment" is impressive in its passionate intensity. The women seated on the ground supporting the dead Christ are overwhelmed with grief, other mourners are grouped around; and in the figure of St. John with his arms extended Giotto has preserved the antique gesture of sorrow. Angels wheel and circle through the air in a frenzied agony of grief. In the background a barren hill and the leafless branches of a tree are relieved against a darkening sky.

THE DEATH OF ST. FRANCIS

CHURCH OF S. CROCE: FLORENCE

THE last in the series of eight frescos painted by Giotto in the Bardi Chapel of the Church of Santa Croce, Florence, this picture, which is by many considered his masterpiece, shows us the closing scene in the life of St. Francis of Assisi. Julia Cartwright writes of it: "The great saint is lying dead on his funeral bier, surrounded by weeping friars who bend over their beloved master and cover his hands and feet with kisses. At the head of the bier a priest reads the funeral rite; three brothers stand at the foot bearing a cross and banner, and the incredulous Girolamo puts his finger into the stigmatized side, while his companions gaze on the sacred wounds with varying expressions of awe and wonder; and one, the smallest and humblest of the group, suddenly lifts his eyes and sees the soul of St. Francis borne on angel wings to

heaven. Even the hard outlines and coarse handling of the restorer's brush have not destroyed the beauty and pathos of this scene. In later ages more accomplished artists often repeated the composition, but none ever attained to the simple dignity and pathetic beauty of Giotto's design."

THE BIRTH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

CHURCH OF S. CROCE: FLORENCE

THE Peruzzi Chapel in the Church of Santa Croce, Florence, was decorated by Giotto with scenes from the lives of St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist. "The frescos in this chapel have suffered greatly from repainting," writes Mr. F. Mason Perkins, "but the monumental style in which they were originally conceived is still unmistakably apparent; and they are certainly to be considered as products of the most mature period of Giotto's activity, in all probability later in date by some years at least than those in the Bardi Chapel. The fresco here reproduced represents the birth and the naming of St. John the Baptist. In one room St. Elizabeth is seen reclining on her couch and waited upon by her attendants; in an adjoining chamber Zacharias is seated writing upon a tablet the name by which the new-born child is to be called."

THE FEAST OF HEROD

CHURCH OF S. CROCE: FLORENCE

THIS fresco in the Peruzzi Chapel in the Church of Santa Croce, Florence, is one of the most celebrated of Giotto's works. Herod and his guests are represented at table under a portico suggestive in its classic decorations of the later Renaissance. Salome, a lyre in her hand, has

been dancing to the music of a violin played by a youth in a striped tunic—a figure which has been the subject of enthusiastic praise from Mr. Ruskin and other writers. The girl pauses in her dance as a soldier in a Roman helmet brings the head of John the Baptist into the hall and presents it to Herod. Through an open door Salome is seen again, kneeling before her mother and bearing the charger upon which rests the head of St. John. In the distance, at the other side of the picture, we see the barred window of the tower where the Baptist has been imprisoned.

"Although little more than its outlines are left," writes Kugler, "this work unites with all Giotto's grander qualities of arrangement, grouping, and action, a closer imitation of nature than he had before attained. Seldom, even in later times, have fitter action and features been rendered than those which characterize the viol-player as he plies his art and watches the dancing Salome."

THE RAISING OF DRUSIANA

CHURCH OF S. CROCE: FLORENCE

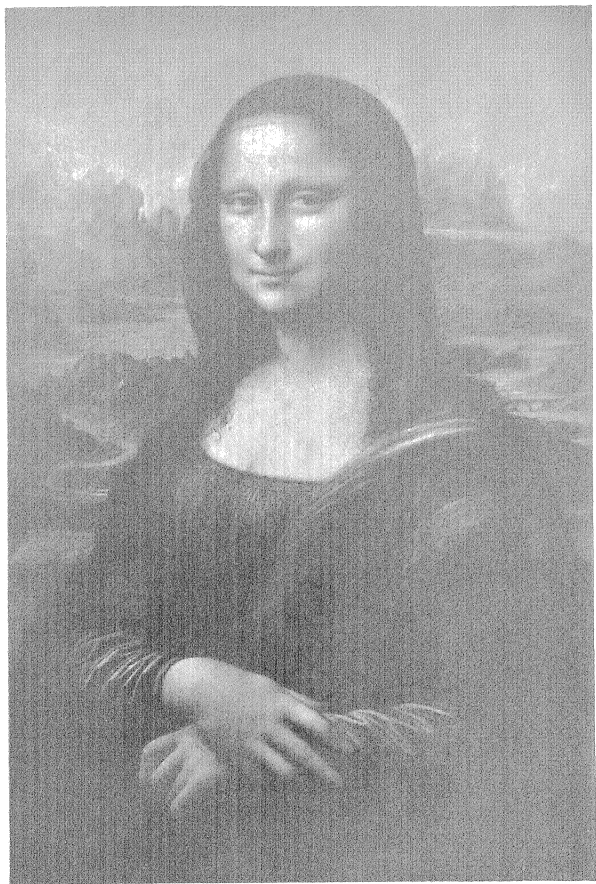
THE story of the incident which Giotto has here portrayed has been told as follows: "When St. John had sojourned in the island of Patmos a year and a day he returned to his church at Ephesus; and as he approached the city, being received with great joy by the inhabitants, lo! a funeral procession came forth from the gates; and of those who followed weeping he inquired, 'Who is dead?' They said, 'Drusiana.' Now when he heard that name he was sad, for Drusiana had excelled in all good works, and he had formerly dwelt in her house; and he ordered them to set down the bier, and having prayed earnestly, God was pleased to restore Drusiana to life. She arose up and the apostle went home with her and dwelt in her house."

"This fresco in the Peruzzi Chapel in the Church of Santa Croce, Florence, shows Giotto in all his strength and greatness," write Crowe and Cavalcaselle. "Life and animation are in the kneeling women at the Evangelist's feet, but particularly in the one kneeling in profile, whose face, while it is obvious that she cannot see the performance of the miracle on Drusiana, expresses the faith which knows no doubt. See how true are the figure and form of the cripple; how fine the movement of Drusiana; how interesting the group on the right in the variety of its movements; how beautiful the play of lines in the buildings which form the distance; how they advance and recede in order to second the lines of the composition and make the figures stand out."

PORTRAIT OF GIOTTO BY PAOLO UCCELLO

LOUVRE: PARIS

THIS portrait of Giotto was painted in the first half of the fifteenth century by Paolo Uccello, a Florentine artist. It is a detail of a picture containing five heads, representing, besides Giotto, Uccello himself, Donatello, Brunelleschi, and Manetti. Vasari took the engraving for his biography of Giotto from this likeness, which was probably based upon some older portrait of the artist. He is here represented in a red cloak and head covering; and it would seem that Uccello's brush has somewhat flattered him, for we are told that he was "singularly ill-favored" in outward appearance.



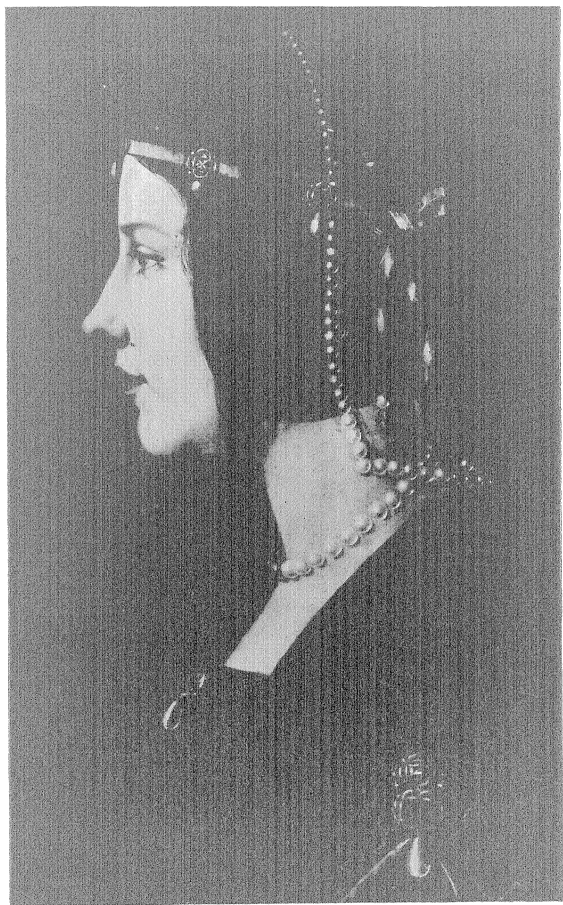
DA VINCI—MONA LISA—LOUVRE, PARIS



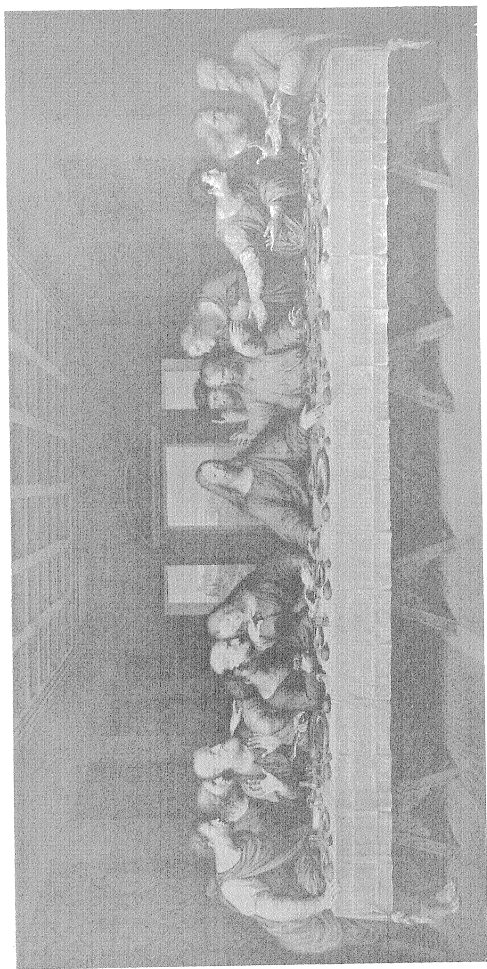
DA VINCI—VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS—LOUVRE, PARIS



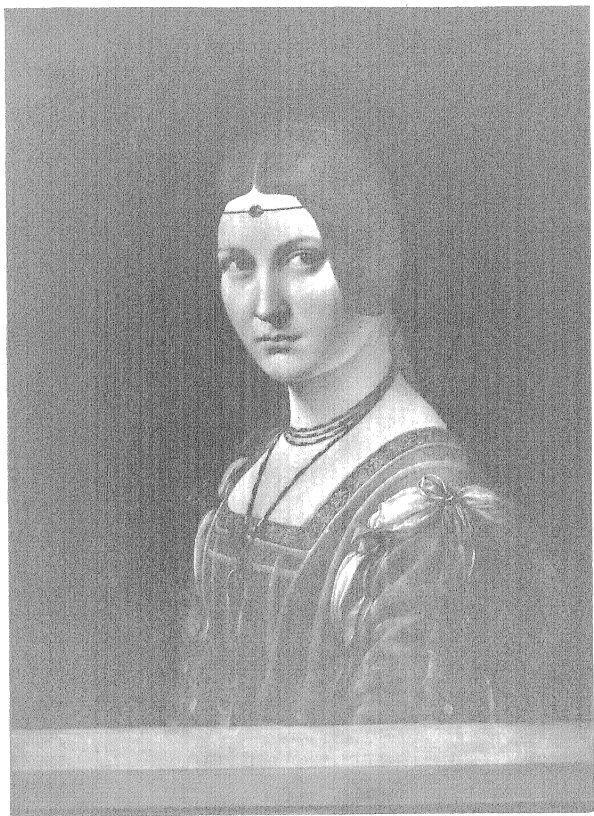




DA VINCI—UNKNOWN PRINCESS—AMBROSIAN LIBRARY, MILAN



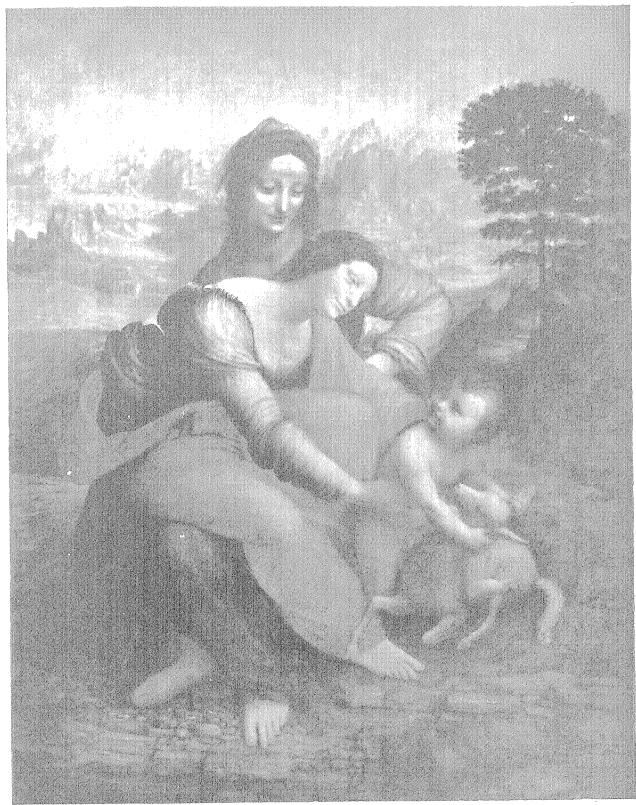
DA VINCI—LAST SUPPER—SANTA MARIA DELLE GRAZIE, MILAN



DA VINCI—LA BELLE FERONNIERE—LOUVRE, PARIS



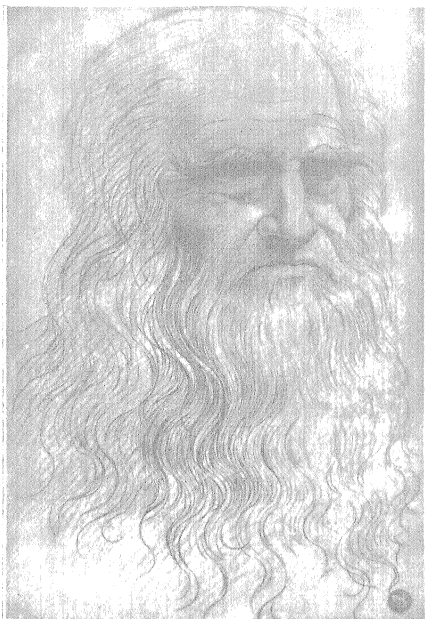
DA VINCI—ANGEL IN VEROCCHIO'S BAPTISM OF CHRIST—UFFIZI, FLORENCE



DA VINCI—ST. ANNE, VIRGIN AND CHRIST CHILD—LOUVRE, PARIS



DA VINCI—ADORATION OF THE MAGI—UFFIZI, FLORENCE



SELF PORTRAIT OF LEONARDO DA VINCI
ROYAL LIBRARY, TURIN

Leonardo da Vinci

BORN 1452: DIED 1519

THE place which Leonardo da Vinci holds in the history of art must always be unique. He stands alone among the painters of the Renaissance, by reason not only of the rare perfection of the high intellectual qualities of his art, but of the extraordinary influence which he exerted upon his contemporaries, and the universal character of his genius. Never before or since in the annals of the human race has the same passionate desire for knowledge been combined with the same ardent love of beauty, never have artistic and scientific powers been united in the same degree as in this wonderful man. Painting was only one of the varied forms in which his activity was displayed. As sculptor, architect, and engineer Leonardo was alike illustrious in his day; as a philosopher and man of science he has been justly hailed as the precursor of Galileo, of Bacon, and of Descartes. Alexander von Humboldt proclaimed him to be the greatest physicist of the fifteenth century, the one man of his age who "united a remarkable knowledge of mathematics with the most admirable intuition of nature"; and scholars of our day have recognized in him—to use the words of Hallam—"a thinker who anticipated the grander discoveries of modern science."

Leonardo da Vinci was born in the year 1452, at Vinci, a fortified town half-way between Florence and Pisa. He was the natural son of Ser Piero Antonio da Vinci, a notary who soon acquired a connection in Florence, where he held important offices, and occupied a house on the Piazza San Firenze. There Leonardo lived until he was

twenty-four years of age. As he grew up he attracted attention not only by his personal beauty and great strength, but also by his passion for learning. Music and mathematics were among his favorite studies, but he was still fonder of drawing and modelling. At fifteen he entered the studio of Andrea Verocchio, who, as the representative of the scientific school of Florentine artists, was well fitted to develop Leonardo's peculiar genius. Here the brilliant youth became a great favorite, both with his master and comrades, among whom were Perugino and Lorenzo di Credi. In 1472 his name was inscribed on the roll of the Painter's Guild, and soon afterwards he received a pension from Lorenzo de' Medici. Through this influential patron he obtained a commission in 1478 to paint an altar-piece for the chapel of the Palazzo Vecchio, and in 1480 he signed a contract by which he agreed to complete another for the monks of San Donato. Neither of these pictures was ever executed; but the cartoon of the 'Adoration of the Magi,' which still hangs in the Uffizi, was probably a design for one of the two. . . .

In July, 1481, Leonardo was living in his own house in Florence. After that his name disappears from contemporary records; and it is not until 1487 that we find any mention of him again. By that time he was a painter and architect of great renown, and was living in Milan in the service of Lodovico Sforza. This silence of documents has given rise to all manner of strange theories accounting for Leonardo's occupations during the interim of five or six years. Dr. Richter ventured on the bold conjecture that the painter visited the East, and entered the service of the Sultan of Cairo as engineer; but this ingenious theory has been refuted by convincing arguments. In the absence of other documents we turn to the narrative of the Anonimo who wrote Leonardo's biography early in the sixteenth century. That writer tells us that when Leonardo was thirty years old he was sent to Milan by Lorenzo de' Medici, to bear a silver lute to his friend Lodo-

vico Sforza. This would fix the date of Leonardo's arrival at the Milanese Court in 1482, or early in the following year.

Lodovico Sforza, from the moment of his accession to power in 1480, had determined to raise a colossal statue in memory of his father, the famous Duke Francesco. He had probably applied to his friend, Lorenzo de' Medici, for a sculptor who could execute the work, and it was then, no doubt, that Leonardo wrote the famous letter in which he offered his services to the duke, and proudly enumerated his different talents and capabilities. After dwelling on his capacity as military engineer and his ability to construct cannons and scaling-ladders, mortars and engines of beautiful and useful shape, he concludes: "In time of peace, I believe I can equal any one in architecture, in constructing public and private buildings, and in conducting water from one place to another. I can execute sculpture, whether in marble, bronze, or terra-cotta; and in painting I can do as much as any other, be he who he may. Further, I could engage to execute the bronze horse in eternal memory of your father and the illustrious house of Sforza."

Lodovico soon recognized the rare genius of the young Florentine master, and manifold were the lines in which Leonardo's talents were employed during the sixteen years which he spent in the duke's service. But the equestrian statue was probably the first important commission which he received. Endless were the preparations which Leonardo made for this great task. He applied himself to an elaborate study of the structure and anatomy of the horse, and wrote a whole treatise on the subject. Unfortunately, he could not satisfy himself, and tried one design after another, without deciding upon any of them, until even the duke began to lose patience. Three years and a half later, however, at the wedding of Lodovico's niece Bianca, Leonardo's model was sufficiently advanced to be placed on the piazza of the Castello, under a triumphal

arch. Poets and chroniclers hailed the great statue as one of the wonders of the age. They compared Leonardo to Phidias and Praxiteles, and Lodovico to Pericles and Augustus. Luca Pacioli, the famous mathematician, tells us that the monument was twenty-six feet high, and when cast in bronze was expected to weigh 200,000 pounds. Unfortunately, by this time Lodovico's dominions were already threatened by foreign invaders, and financial difficulties put an end to his most cherished schemes. The statue was never cast, and after the fall of Lodovico and the occupation of Milan by the French, Leonardo's model was allowed to perish.

This statue was the chief, but by no means the only work to which Leonardo's time and labors were devoted during the first ten years of his residence at Milan. Whether in the capacity of architect or engineer, of painter or decorator, the Florentine master's services were in continual request. In 1487 he made a model for the cupola of Milan Cathedral. In 1490 he was summoned to Pavia, to give his opinion on the new Duomo in that city, but was hastily recalled to superintend the decorations of the ballroom in the Castello on the occasion of Lodovico's marriage. Later, he was appointed ducal engineer, and, if he did not actually have a share in the famous Martesana canal, he was no doubt consulted by the duke in the construction of the vast scheme of irrigation by which Lodovico fertilized the Lomellina. These varied occupations left Leonardo little time for painting; yet, during the years which he spent in Lodovico's service, several of his most important works of art were executed, and his famous treatise on painting was written. The one genuine easel-picture of this period which remains is 'The Virgin of the Rocks,' now in the Louvre. Further, in the last years of Lodovico's rule Leonardo painted the masterpiece of his life, 'The Last Supper,' in the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie.

After the fall of Duke Lodovico, in 1499, Leonardo

left Milan; and the next sixteen years of his life were spent in constant journeyings up and down Italy. During fifteen months he remained in Florence, working at a cartoon for the Servite monks, who had commissioned him to paint an altar-piece for their church of the Annunziata. "For a long time," says Vasari, "he kept them waiting and did nothing at all. At last he produced a cartoon with the Madonna, St. Anne, and the Christ, a work which not only filled all the artists with admiration, but brought a continuous procession of men and women, old and young, to the hall in the convent where it was exhibited. The whole town was stirred, and you might have fancied it was a procession on some solemn feast-day." It was without doubt this composition that he afterwards repeated in oils for Francis I., and which is now in the Louvre.

He was present at the consultation held between the leading artists of the day, to decide upon the site for Michelangelo's statue of 'David.' By this time both Leonardo and Michelangelo had been commissioned to prepare plans for the decoration of the Council Hall in the Palazzo Vecchio. The subject assigned to Leonardo was the battle between the Florentines and the Milanese at Anghiari in 1440; and the Signory agreed to pay him fifteen florins a month, on condition that his cartoon should be completed by the end of the following February. Throughout the autumn and winter Leonardo worked with unremitting ardor; and by February, 1505, the great cartoon was completed. The subject especially appealed to him, and the rivalry with Michelangelo impelled him to put forth all his powers. Unfortunately he had read of a recipe for a stucco ground employed by the ancient Romans, which he determined to try. But after devoting endless time and labor to the preparation of the wall in the Council Hall, and after painting the central group of horsemen fighting round the standard, Leonardo found that the substance was too soft and that his color began

to run. This unhappy result filled him with disgust; and before long he gave up his task and abandoned the work in despair. Leonardo's failure in this case is the more lamentable because of the unanimous testimony borne by his contemporaries to the magnificence of his design. All alike dwell with enthusiasm on the heroic beauty of the armed warriors and the noble forms of the horses in the central group. In 1513 the Signory ordered a balustrade to be placed in the Council Hall "for the protection of the figures painted by Leonardo da Vinci on the wall." After that we hear no more of the painting, which was probably allowed to perish. Leonardo's cartoon was placed in the Pope's Hall, and that of Michelangelo was hung in the Medici Palace. Benvenuto Cellini saw them in 1559, and describes them as the school of the whole world. In the course of the next century both of these priceless works vanished, and today nothing remains to us of Leonardo's masterpiece but a few studies of separate groups and figures in different collections, and Rubens' sketch of the central group.

A better fortune has attended the other great creation of these last years of the painter's residence in his native city. This is the portrait, now in the Louvre, of 'Mona Lisa,' the fair Neapolitan wife of Francesco del Giocondo, magistrate and prior of Florence.

When, in August, 1515, Francis I. of France entered Italy, Leonardo hastened to meet him at Pavia. The new monarch gave him a pension of seven hundred crowns, and treated him with the greatest honor. "King Francis," writes Cellini, "was passionately enamored of the great master's talents, and told me himself that never any man had come into the world who knew as much as Leonardo." Leonardo not only accompanied his new patron to Milan, but followed him to France in 1516, and settled at the Hotel de Cloux, a manor-house between the royal palace and the town of Amboise. His faithful pupil Melzi accompanied him, and watched tenderly over the

great man's declining years. But one picture of this period remains,—the 'St. Anne,' now in the Louvre.

Leonardo's health had begun to fail, and before long his right arm became paralyzed, but his powers of mind were still as active as ever. He sketched out plans for a new palace at Amboise, and devoted his attention to the construction of a canal near Romorantin, which should connect Touraine and the Lyonnais. But his strength gradually gave way. He could no longer paint, and soon gave up writing. The last entry in his note-book bears the date June 24, 1518. He lingered on through the next autumn and winter, until, on Easter eve, April 23, 1519, feeling his end to be drawing near, he sent for a notary and dictated his will. Ten days afterwards, on the second of May, he died, and was buried in the royal chapel of St. Florentin, at Amboise.

The Art of Leonardo da Vinci

NO painter is Leonardo da Vinci's superior. Raphael, Michelangelo, and Correggio may stand beside him on the mountain top; but none has ever scaled a loftier height. In respect of time the first of the great Florentines, it was he who led the way to that pitch of perfection which has never since been surpassed.

If you would take the full measure of his genius, remember that he worked after no set pattern or model; that each of his productions was an exploration along a new line. He did not, like other painters, multiply his works; but once having attained the especial goal at which he aimed, once the especial ideal realized, he abandoned *that* pursuit forever. He was the man to make an immense number of studies for a single picture, never using them again, but passing at once to some different exercise. The model made, he broke the mould. His search was ever for the rare, the fundamental. Thus he has left

traces of his passage in every path of art; his foot has scaled all summits, but he seems to have climbed only for the mere pleasure of the ascent, and thereafter to have at once come down, in haste to attempt some other height. To make himself rich or famous by availing himself of any of the superiorities he had acquired was quite outside his desire; he labored only to prove to *himself* that he was superior. Having created the one most beautiful of portraits, the one most beautiful picture, the one most beautiful fresco, the one most beautiful cartoon, he was content, and gave his mind to other things,—to the modeling of an immense horse, to the building of the Naviglio canal, to the contriving of engines of war, to the invention of a diving-armor, flying-machines, and other more or less chimerical imaginations. He suspected the usefulness of steam, and predicted the balloon; he manufactured mechanical birds which flew and animals which walked. He made a silver lyre fashioned in the shape of a horse's head, and played upon it exquisitely. He studied anatomy, and drew admirable myologies of which he made no use. He manufactured all the materials he used, even to his varnishes and colors. He was distinguished as a military and civil engineer, as a geologist, geographer, and astronomer; he rediscovered the principles of the lever and of hydraulics; he was a great mathematician and machinist, a physiologist, and a chemist. He invented many serviceable instruments that are still in use, like the saws employed today at the quarries of Carrara. He designed breech-loading cannon, and demonstrated the advantages of conical bullets. He invented the camera obscura. He planned the great works of engineering that have controlled the courses of the Arno and the Po. He walked beside the sea, and understood that the waters were composed of countless molecules. He watched the billows in their rhythmical advance, and comprehended that light and sound moved onward in succeeding waves. He looked into the heavens, and perceived that the world

was not the centre of created things, forestalling the discovery of Copernicus; and he saw that the universe is held together by the attraction of gravitation. He knew that the tides obeyed the moon, and that the waters of the sea must rise highest at the equator. Long before Bacon he evolved a philosophy, looking to human experiences and to nature for all solution of his doubts. He was witty, graceful, polished. His bodily strength was so great that he could bend an iron horseshoe like lead. His physical beauty was flawless,—the beauty of an Apollo. Great painter that he was, painting was but one among his splendid gifts. . . .

His ideal, though it had all the purity, all the grace and perfection of the antique, is in sentiment wholly modern. He invented, or rather he discovered in nature, a beauty as perfect as was the beauty of Greece, and yet which has no link with it. He is the only painter who has known how to be beautiful without being antique. He expresses subtleties, suavities, elegancies, quite unknown to the ancients. The beautiful Greek heads are, in their irreproachable correctness, merely serene; those of Leonardo are sweet, but not from any weakness of soul—rather from a sort of indulgent and benign superiority. It seems as if spirits of quite another nature than our own look out at us from his canvases, through the eye-holes of the human physical mask, with something of pitying commiseration, and something like a hint of malice. And the smile, half voluptuous, half ironical, which floats evasively upon those flexible lips—who has ever yet deciphered the enigma of it? It mocks and fascinates, it promises and refuses, it intoxicates and makes afraid! Has such a smile ever really hovered on human lips, or was it caught from the face of that mocking sphinx who forever guards the Palace of the Beautiful?

Painter of the mysterious, the ineffable, the twilight, Leonardo's pictures may be compared to music in a minor key. Time, which has robbed other ancient paintings of

half their charm, has but added charm to his, by deepening the shadows in which the imagination loves to wander—shadows like veils, which half dissolve to show the vision of a secret thought; colors that are dead, like the colors of things in moonlight. Leonardo's figures seem to have come from some superior sphere to glance at themselves for a moment in a glass darkly.

THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

The Works of Leonardo da Vinci

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

PORTRAIT OF MONA LISA

LOUVRE: PARIS

"FOR Francesco del Giocondo," wrote Vasari, "Leonardo undertook to paint the portrait of Mona Lisa, his wife; but, after loitering over it for four years, he finally left it unfinished. Mona Lisa was exceedingly beautiful, and while Leonardo was painting her portrait he took the precaution of keeping some one constantly near her to sing or play on instruments, or to jest and otherwise amuse her, to the end that she might continue cheerful." It was probably in 1500 that Leonardo began this, the most marvelous of all portraits, antique or modern.

"'La Gioconda' is," writes Walter Pater, "in the truest sense, Leonardo's masterpiece, the revealing instance of his mode of thought and work. We all know the face and hands of the figure, set in its marble chair, in that cirque of fantastic rocks, as in some faint light under sea. Perhaps of all ancient pictures time has chilled it least. As often happens with works in which invention seems to reach its limit, there is an element in it given to, not invented by, the master. From childhood we see this image defining itself on the fabric of his dreams; and but for express historical testimony, we might fancy that this was but his ideal lady, embodied and beheld at last. What

was the relationship of a living Florentine to this creature of his thought? By means of what strange affinities had the person and the dream grown up thus apart, and yet so closely together? Present from the first incorporeally in Leonardo's thought, dimly traced in the designs of Verrocchio, she is found present at last in *Il Giocondo's* house.

"The presence that thus rose so strangely beside the waters is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all 'the ends of the world are come,' and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions."

THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS

LOUVRE: PARIS

"**H**OW mysterious, how charming, and how strange," writes Theophile Gautier, "is this 'Virgin of the Rocks'! A kind of basaltic cave, in which flows a stream that through its limpid water shows the pebbles of its bed, shelters the holy group, while beyond, through the arched entrance to the grotto, lies a rocky landscape, sparsely set with trees, wherein a river runs;—and all of this is of such an indefinable color that it seems like those faint wonderlands through which we wander in our dreams. And the adorable Madonna, with the pure oval of her cheeks, her exquisite chin, her downcast eyes circled by a shadowy penumbra, on her lips that vague, enigmatic smile which da Vinci loved to give the faces of his women,—she is a type all Leonardo's own, and recalls nothing of Perugino's Virgins or of Raphael's. The attendant angel has, perhaps, the finest head and the proudest that ever pencil traced on canvas. Half youth, half heavenly maid, she must belong to the highest order of heaven's hierarchy, with that face so pure, so ethereal in its loveliness, the omnipresent

smile half hidden at the corner of her lips. Hers surpasses all human beauty, and her face seems rather that face of which men may only dream. The little St. John, whom the Virgin presents to the divine Child, kneels among delicate flowers on the sward; while the latter, with upraised fingers, blesses him. Nothing could be more admirable than the foreshortening of the two tender little crouching bodies, nothing more finely modelled than the little limbs, with their infinitely delicate gradations of shadow. The colors have faded in such perfect accord that there results a sort of neutral tone, abstract, ideal, mysterious, which shrouds the forms as if with some unearthly veil."

PORTRAIT OF AN UNKNOWN PRINCESS AMBROSIAN LIBRARY: MILAN

FOR a long time this exquisite picture was considered to be Leonardo's portrait of Princess Beatrice d'Este, wife of Lodovico Sforza, Duke of Milan. Morelli was the first critic to doubt the authenticity of the work, and his opinion has been endorsed by many critics. On the other hand others believe that the picture is by Leonardo's own hand.

"It is," writes Burckhardt, "beyond all description beautiful; and of a perfection in the execution which, even if it does not show all the characteristics of Leonardo's hand, excludes the possibility of any other authorship."

THE LAST SUPPER*

SANTA MARIA DELLE GRAZIE: MILAN

"MOST important of all Leonardo's works," write Woltmann and Woermann, "is 'The Last Supper.' Painted within a few years of the end of the fif-

*The reproduction in this book is from an old engraving showing the picture as it was originally. It has been impossible to trace the origin of this engraving, but it has seemed important to show the original condition of this mutilated painting.

teenth century, in oils, on a wall in the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie, it cast everything that art had up to then produced altogether into the shade. What now remains is but the pale ghost of what the picture originally was; for Leonardo's attempt to apply the technique of oil-painting to wall decoration on so vast a scale has been fatal; and as early as 1566 Vasari speaks of the work as a ruin. Moreover, it has suffered every kind of damage; a door was cut through it in the seventeenth century, over which an escutcheon was nailed to the wall, and in the eighteenth a bungling restorer continued the work of destruction. The *coup de grace* was given during Napoleon's invasion, when the hall was put to every variety of base use. At last came a time of more intelligent restoration, and the defacements of later painters, at any rate, were removed. At the present time, in spite of its deplorable condition, the spectator cannot fail to be struck by the grandeur of the figures—almost twice the size of life—and by the sculptural simplicity of the composition."

LA BELLE FERONNIERE

LOUVRE: PARIS

"OF works ordinarily claimed for Leonardo," writes Sidney Colvin, "the best and nearest to his manner, if not actually his, is the portrait known as 'La Belle Feronniere.'" This picture, formerly believed without question to be the work of Leonardo, has of recent years been the subject of much controversy among the critics.

Rosenberg, who gives the picture unreservedly to Leonardo, assigning it to the early part of the master's stay in Milan, reasons that, "notwithstanding a certain sharpness in the modelling, and notwithstanding that it shows no sign of that celebrated *sfumato* of Leonardo's,—the blending of colors and dissolving of outlines in a vaporous light,—if we think not of Leonardo as he was

in later days, but only of those who were his contemporaries when this picture was painted, it will be difficult to name any who could have so fathomed the human soul and caused it to speak through the eyes as Leonardo has succeeded in doing in this portrait."

ANGEL FROM VEROCCHIO'S 'BAPTISM'

ACADEMY: FLORENCE

IN the year 1470, or 1472, when Leonardo was but eighteen or twenty years of age, Vasari tells us that he painted "an angel holding some vestments" in Verocchio's picture of the 'Baptism of Christ,' and that "although but a youth, he completed the figure in such a manner that the angel was much better than the portion executed by his master, which caused the latter never to touch colors more." The last part of this story is certainly exaggerated, and probably false; but no one who has seen Leonardo's angel—"a space of sunlight in the cold, labored old picture," as Walter Pater calls it—can doubt that the marked ability of the pupil must have forcibly struck Verocchio, and that Leonardo's youthful work influenced, although it assuredly did not discourage, the older master.

ST. ANNE, THE VIRGIN, AND THE CHRIST-CHILD

LOUVRE: PARIS

"THIS picture, which represents the Virgin, the young Christ, and St. Anne (usually called merely the 'St. Anne'), is a work of singular nobility, of the most idyllic poetry, and of splendid virtuosity," writes Gruyer; "but one in which Leonardo, as in his picture of 'St. John the Baptist' has ruthlessly sacrificed religious conventions. What would Fra Angelico have thought of it? Seated on the knees of St. Anne, her mother, the Virgin leans towards Christ, who holds a lamb by both

ears, attempting, with a most charmingly childlike action, to bestride it. His figure may possibly have been painted by a pupil or by an imitator; it is unfinished, but there are weak points in the technical execution. With St. Anne and the Virgin the case is quite different, for into these figures Leonardo has put all his genius, and in them the interest of the picture centres. One is the mother of the other; but Leonardo chose to represent them both as young with the same youth, beautiful with the same haunting beauty, and no logical objections prevented his carrying out this design. The pure loveliness and harmony of the two figures is enthralling. They are both enchantresses, dowered with a strange, mysterious and sensuous beauty that seems made up of light and shade,—pure spirit, with no admixture of human clay. Nowhere more fully than in the Virgin's face has the master expressed that seductive and profane loveliness which haunted his own visions. The landscape which serves as a background to the figures—a landscape of strewn rocks and water and purple distances hemmed in by azure mountains with the rugged and broken outlines that he loved—adds an ineffable something to their mystery, and their grandeur."

ADORATION OF THE MAGI

UFFIZI GALLERY: FLORENCE

THIS unfinished work is generally believed to be the altar-piece which Leonardo was commissioned by the monks of San Donato at Scopeto to paint for their church, on condition that it should be finished within two years and a half. As Leonardo failed to comply with this condition, the work was intrusted to Filippino Lippi.

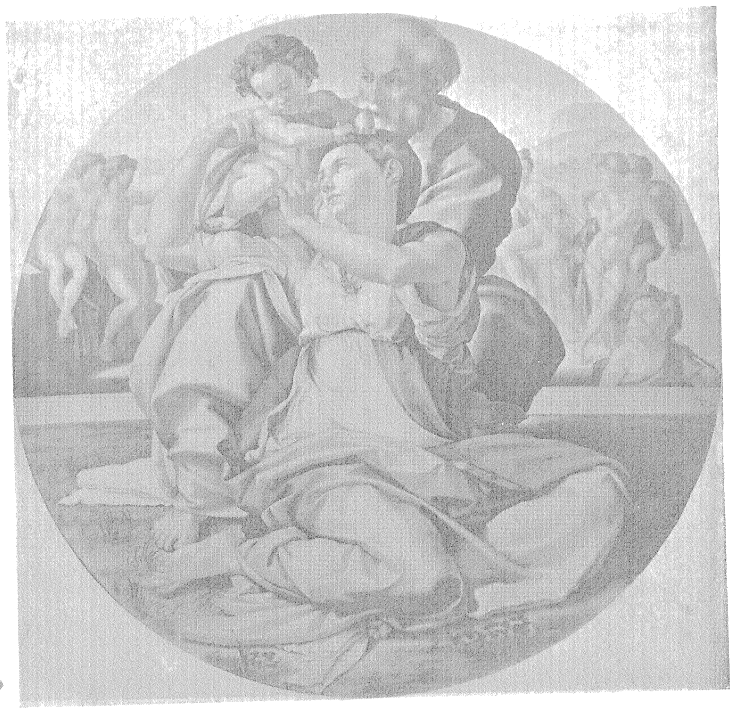
A writer in 'The Athenaeum,' in describing the study, says, "There are few pictures that awaken more ardent curiosity in the student of painting than this panel. Little more than a dark monochrome, at first glance almost

chaotic, and with many of the figures veiled in obscurity, it is without any of the alluring qualities which solicit popular attention. The figures are firmly outlined with a pen, and the shadows rubbed in with umber. Only a portion of the background—the sky and some foliage—is commenced in solid pigments, but Leonardo's dramatic conception fortunately remains in all its force and intensity. He has placed the Virgin, holding the Saviour in her arms, in the centre of the panel and in the immediate foreground. A choir of angels lean over the grassy bank behind her. On either side two compact groups of men press forward towards the Child. There is no stable nor manger, but in the background are antique ruins, with large flights of steps, and on these are groups of armed men. Other groups of horsemen, dimly apparent behind the principal figures, are in violent action, and really anticipate the composition of "The Battle of the Standard," designed more than twenty years later."

PORTRAIT OF LEONARDO DA VINCI

ROYAL LIBRARY: TURIN

IT is regrettable that we have no portrait of Leonardo in that wonderful youthful beauty which all his contemporaries agree to extol. "His figure," says the anonymous biographer, "was beautifully proportioned, he usually wore a rose-colored coat and long hose, and his hair fell in luxuriant curls as far as his waist." The only authentic likeness we have of him, however, is the red-chalk drawing here reproduced, executed by his own hand during the last years of his life, when the character of sage and philosopher had fully imprinted itself upon the majestic face."



MICHELANGELO—HOLY FAMILY—UFFIZI, FLORENCE



MICHELANGELO—CREATION OF SUN, MOON AND STARS—SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME





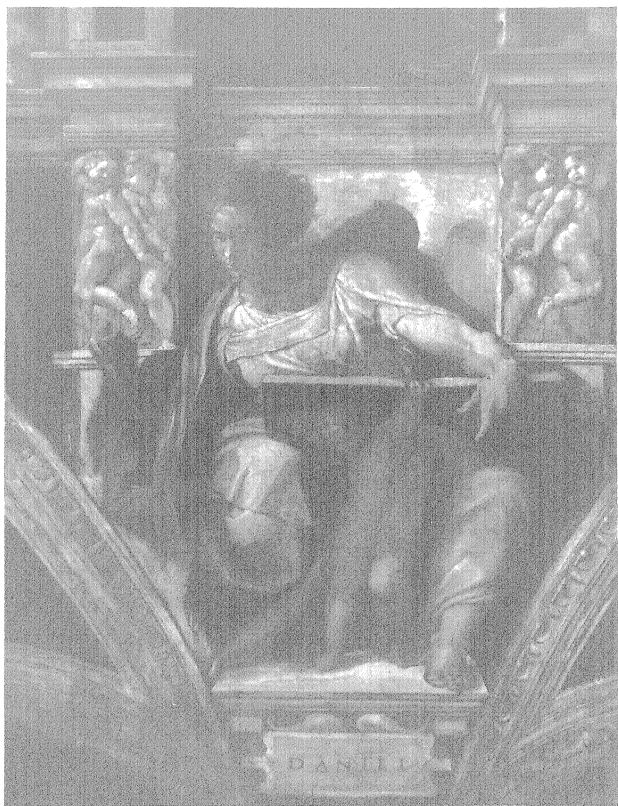
MICHELANGELO—CREATION OF MAN—SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME



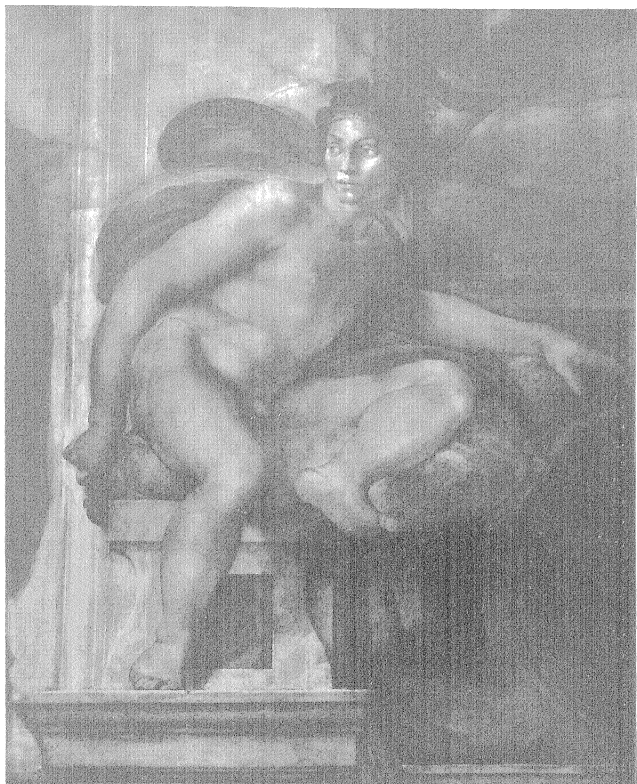
MICHELANGELO—JEREMIAH—SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME



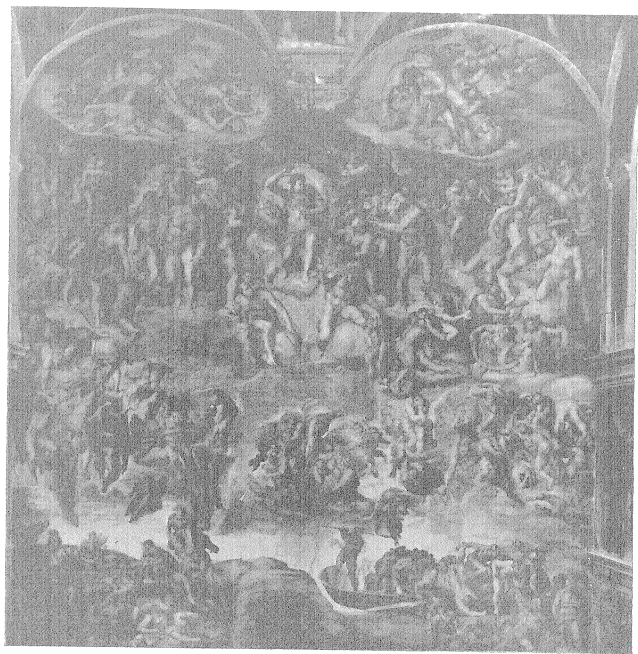
MICHELANGELO—DELPHIC SIBYL—SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME



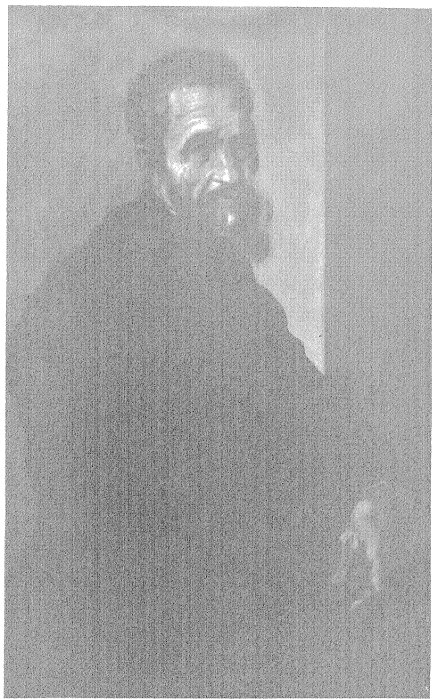
MICHELANGELO—DANIEL—SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME



MICHELANGELO—DECORATIVE FIGURE—SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME



MICHELANGELO—LAST JUDGMENT—SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME



PORTRAIT OF MICHELANGELO—UFFIZI, FLORENCE

Michelangelo

BORN 1475: DIED 1564

THERE are four men in the world of art and of literature so exalted above all others as to seem to belong to another race; namely, Dante, Shakespeare, Beethoven, and Michelangelo. No profound knowledge, no possession of all the resources of art, no fertility of imagination, no originality of intellect, suffice to secure them this position; these they all had, but these are of secondary importance. That which elevated each of them to this rank was his soul,—the soul of a fallen deity, struggling irresistibly after a world disproportionate to our own, always suffering and combating, always toiling and tempestuous, and as incapable of being sated as of sinking, devoting itself in solitude to erecting before men colossi as ungovernable, as vigorous, and as sadly sublime as its own insatiable and impotent desire. Michelangelo is thus a modern spirit, and it is for this reason, perhaps, that we are able to comprehend him without effort.

Was he more unfortunate than other men? Regarding things externally, it seems that he was not. If he was tormented by an avaricious family, if on two or three occasions the caprice or the death of a patron prevented the execution of an important work already designed or commenced, if his country fell into servitude, if minds around him degenerated or became weak, these are not unusual disappointments, or serious and painful obstacles. But suffering must be measured by inward emotion, and not by outward circumstance; and if ever a spirit existed which was capable of transports of enthusiasm and passionate indignation, it was his.

Sensitive to excess, he was therefore lonely and ill at ease in the petty concerns of society, to such an extent

for example, that he could never bring himself to entertain at dinner. Men of deep, enduring emotions maintain an outward reserve, and fall back upon introspection for lack of outward sympathy. From his youth up society was distasteful to Michelangelo, and he had so applied himself to solitary study as to be considered proud and even insane.

From his earliest years he had passionately cherished all noble things; first his art, to which he gave himself up entirely, notwithstanding his father's opposition, with such extraordinary persistence that he became ill; and next, his self-respect, which he maintained at the risk of his life, facing imperious popes and forcing them to regard him as an equal, braving them, says his historian, "more than a king of France would have done." Ordinary pleasures he held in contempt; "although rich, he lived laboriously, as frugally as a poor man," often dining on a crust of bread; sleeping but little and then often in his clothes, without luxury of any kind, without care for money, giving away statues and pictures to his friends, twenty thousand francs to his servant, thirty thousand and forty thousand francs at one time to his nephew.

More than this: he lived like a monk, without wife or mistress, chaste in a voluptuous court, knowing but one love, and that austere and Platonic, for one woman as proud and as noble as himself. At evening, after the labor of the day, he wrote sonnets in her praise, and knelt in spirit before her, as did Dante at the feet of Beatrice, praying to her to sustain his weaknesses and keep him in the "right path." He bowed his soul before her as before an angel of virtue, showing the same fervid exaltation in her service as that of the mystics and knights of old. She died before him, and for a long time he remained "downstricken, as if deranged." Several years later his heart still cherished a great grief,—the regret that he had not, at her deathbed, kissed her brow or cheek instead of her hand.

The rest of his life corresponds with such sentiments. He took great delight in the "arguments of learned men,"

and in perusal of the poets, especially Petrarch and Dante, whom he knew almost by heart. "Would to heaven," he one day wrote, "I were such as he, even at the price of such a fate! For his bitter exile and his virtue I would exchange the most fortunate lot in the world!" The books he preferred were those imbued with grandeur, the Old and New Testaments, and especially the impassioned discourses of Savonarola, his master and his friend, whom he saw bound to the pillory, strangled, and burnt, and whose "living word," he wrote, "would always remain branded in his soul."

A man who lives and feels thus knows not how to accommodate himself to this life; he is too *different*. The admiration of others produces no self-satisfaction. "He disparaged his own works, never finding that his hand had expressed the conception formed within him." One day some one encountered him, aged and decrepit, near the Colosseum, on foot and in the snow. He was asked where he was going. "To school," he replied; "to school, to try and learn something." Despair seized him often. Once, having injured his leg, he shut himself up in his house, waiting and longing for death. Finally, he even went so far as to separate himself from himself,—from that art which was his sovereign and his idol: "Picture or statue," he wrote, "let nothing now divert my soul from that divine love on the Cross, with arms always open to receive us!" It was the last sigh of a great soul in a degenerate age, among an enslaved people! Self-renunciation was his last refuge. For sixty years his works gave evidence of the heroic combat which maintained itself in his breast to the end.

Superhuman personages as miserable as ourselves, forms of gods rigid with earthly passion, an Olympus of human tragedies, such is the sentiment of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. There are souls whose impressions flash out like lightning, and whose actions are thunderbolts. Such are the personages of Michelangelo. His colossal 'Jeremiah,' with eyes downcast, and with his enormous head resting on his enormous hand,—on what does he muse? His

floating beard descending in curls to his breast, his laborer's hand furrowed with swoolen veins, his wrinkled brow, his impenetrable mask, the suppressed mutter about to burst forth,—all suggest one of those barbarian kings, a dark hunter of the urus, preparing to dash in impotent rage against the golden gates of the Roman empire. 'Ezekiel' turns around suddenly, with an impetuous interrogation on his lips—so suddenly that the motion raises his mantle from his shoulder. The aged 'Persic Sibyl' under the long folds of her falling hood is indefatigably reading from a book which her knotted hands hold up to her penetrating eyes. 'Jonah' throws back his head, appalled at the frightful apparition before him, his fingers involuntarily counting the forty days that still remain to Nineveh. The 'Libyan Sibyl,' in great agitation, is about to descend, bearing the enormous book she has seized. 'The Erythraean Sibyl' is a Pallas of a haughtier and more warlike expression than her antique Athenian sister. On the curve of the vault, close to these figures, appear nude adolescents, straining their backs and displaying their limbs, sometimes proudly extended and reposing, and again struggling or darting forward. Some are shouting, and some, with rigid thighs and grasping feet, seem to be furiously attacking the wall. Beneath, an old stooping pilgrim is seating himself, a woman is kissing an infant wrapped in its swaddling-clothes, a despairing man is bitterly defying destiny, a young girl with a beautiful smiling face is sleeping tranquilly;—and many others, the grandest of human forms, that speak with every least detail of their attitudes, with every least fold of their garments.

These are merely the paintings on the curve of the ceiling. On the centre of the vault itself, two hundred feet long, are displayed historical scenes from the book of Genesis,—an entire population of figures of tragic interest. You lie down on the old carpet which covers the floor and look up. They are nearly a hundred feet above you,—smoked, scaling off, and crowded to suffocation, and remote from the demands of our art, our age, and our

intellect,—yet you comprehend them at once. This man is so great that differences of time and of nation cannot subsist in his presence.

The difficulty lies not in yielding to his sway, but in accounting for it. When, after your ears have been filled with the thunder of his voice, you retire to a distance, so that only its reverberations reach you, and reflection succeeds to emotion, you try to discover the secret by which he renders his tones so vibrating, and at length arrive at this,—he possessed the soul of Dante, and he passed his life in the study of the human figure. These are the two sources of his power.

The human form, as he represented it, is all expression, expressive in its skeleton, its muscles, its drapery, its attitudes, and its proportions, so that the spectator is affected simultaneously by every part of the subject. And this form is made to express energy, pride, audacity, and despair, the rage of ungovernable passion or of heroic will, and in such a way as to move the spectator with the most powerful emotion. Moral energy emanates from every physical detail; we feel the startling reaction corporeally and instantaneously.

Look at Adam asleep near Eve, whom Jehovah has just taken from his side. Never was creature buried in such profound, deathlike slumber. In the 'Brazen Serpent' the man with a snake coiled round his waist, and tearing it off, with arm bent back and body distorted as he extends his thigh, suggests the strife between primitive mortals and the monsters whose slimy forms ploughed the antediluvian soil. Masses of bodies, intermingled one with the other and overthrown with their heels in the air, with arms bent like bows and with convulsive spines, quiver in the toils of the serpents; hideous jaws crush skulls and fasten themselves on howling lips; miserable beings tremble on the ground with hair on end and mouths agape, convulsed with fear in the midst of the heaps of humanity around them. In the hands of a man who thus treats the skeleton and muscles, who can put rage, will, and terror into the fold of a thigh, the projection of a

shoulder-blade, the flexions of the vertebrae, the whole human animal is impassioned, active, and combatant.

Alone since the Greeks, Michelangelo knew the full value of all the members. With him, as with them, the body lived by itself, and was not subordinated to the head. Supplemented by his solitary study, he rediscovered the sentiment of the nude with which the Greeks were imbued by their gymnastic life. Before his Adam and Eve expelled from Paradise nobody thinks of looking to the face to find grief; it resides in the entire torso, in the active limbs, in the frame with its internal parts, in the friction and play of its moving joints; it is the ensemble which strikes you. The head enters into it only as a portion of the whole; and you stand motionless, absorbed in contemplating thighs that sustain such trunks and indomitable arms that are to subject the hostile earth.

But what, to my taste, surpass all are the twenty youthful figures seated on the cornices at the four corners of each fresco,—veritable painted sculpture that gives one an idea of some superior and unknown world. They all seem adolescent heroes of the time of Achilles and Ajax, as noble in race, but more ardent and of fiercer energy. Here are the great nudities, the superb movements of the limbs, and the raging activity of Homer's conflicts, but with a more vigorous spirit and a more courageous, bold, and manly will. Who would suppose that the various attitudes of the human figure could affect the mind with such diverse emotions? The hips actively support; the breast respires; the entire covering of flesh strains and quivers; the trunk is thrown back over the thighs; and the shoulder, ridged with muscles, is about to raise the impetuous arm. One of them falls backward and draws his grand drapery over his thigh, whilst another, with his arm over his brow, seems to be parrying a blow. Others sit pensive, and meditating, with all their limbs relaxed. Several are running and springing across the cornice, or throwing themselves back and shouting. You feel that they are going to move and to act, yet you hope that they will not, but maintain the same splendid attitudes.

Nature has produced nothing like them; but she ought thus to have fashioned the human race. In the ceiling of the Sistine she might find all types: giants and heroes, modest virgins, stalwart youths, and sportive children; that charming 'Eve,' so young and so proud; that beautiful 'Delphic Sibyl,' who, like some nymph of the Golden Age, looks out with eyes filled with innocent astonishment,—all the sons and daughters of a colossal militant race, who preserved the smile, the serenity, the pure joyousness, the grace of the Oceanides of Aeschylus, or the Nausicaa of Homer. The soul of a great artist contains an entire world within itself. Michelangelo's soul is unfolded here on the Sistine ceiling.

Having thus once given it expression, he should not have endeavored to repeat the attempt. His 'Last Judgment,' on the altar-wall beneath, does not produce the same impression. When he finished the latter picture Michelangelo was in his sixty-seventh year, and his inspiration was no longer fresh. He had long brooded over his ideas, he had a better hold of them, but they had ceased to excite him. He had exhausted the original sensation,—the only true one,—and in the 'Last Judgment' he but exaggerates and copies himself. Here he intentionally enlarges the body and inflates the muscles; he is prodigal of foreshortenings and violent postures; here he converts his personages into mere athletes and wrestlers engaged in displaying their strength. The angels who bear away the cross clutch each other, throw themselves backward, clench their fists, strain their thighs, as in a gymnasium. The saints toss about the insignia of their martyrdoms, as if each sought to attract attention to his strength and agility. Souls in purgatory, saved by cowl and rosary, are extravagant models that might serve for a school of anatomy. The artist had just entered on that period of life when sentiment vanishes before science, and when the mind takes especial delight in overcoming difficulties.

Even so, however, this work is unique; it is like a declamatory speech in the mouth of an old warrior, with

a rattling drum accompaniment. Some of the figures and groups are worthy of his grandest efforts. The powerful Eve, who maternally presses one of her horror-stricken daughters to her side; the aged and formidable Adam, an antediluvian colossus, the root of the great tree of humanity; the bestial, carnivorous demons; the figure among the damned that covers his face with his arm to avoid seeing the abyss into which he is plunging; another in the coils of a serpent, rigid with horror; and especially the terrible Christ, like the Jupiter in Homer overthrowing the Trojans and their chariots on the plain; and, by his side, almost concealed under his arm, the timorous, young, shrinking Virgin, so noble and so delicate;—all these form a group of conceptions equal to those of the ceiling. They animate the whole design; and in contemplating them we cease to feel the abuse of art, the aim at effect, the domination of mannerism; we only see the disciple of Dante, the friend of Savonarola, the recluse feeding himself on the menaces of the Old Testament.

H. TAINE.

The Works of Michelangelo

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

HOLY FAMILY

UFFIZI GALLERY: FLORENCE

THIS work, executed about the year 1503 for Angelo Doni, of Florence, is the only finished easel picture which can without question be attributed to Michelangelo. It is, as the recent editors of Vasari have said, "rather a colored cartoon than a painting, hard and dry and disagreeable, yet full of the power of Michelangelo, magnificently drawn, having decorative beauty in the composition of its lines, and impressing, by its force, its originality, and its difference from other artists' conceptions of the same subject." "Michelangelo's love of restless and somewhat strained actions," writes Sidney Colvin, "is illustrated by the introduction (wherein he fol-

lows Luca Signorelli) of some otherwise purposeless undraped figures in the background." Springer calls attention to the fact that these figures are not the only evidence of the plastic character of the picture. "The whole work," he says, "is full of it, showing how decidedly the artist's mind turned to finely drawn and well modelled forms.

SISTINE CHAPEL

VATICAN: ROME

THE Sistine Chapel was built by Baccio Pintelli, a Florentine architect, in the year 1473, for Pope Sixtus IV. It is oblong in shape, and is lighted by twelve round-arched windows, six on either side. Two painted windows are at the entrance end, and upon the clear wall above the altar at the opposite end is Michelangelo's fresco of the 'Last Judgment.' In the year 1508 Michelangelo was called upon by Pope Julius II. to decorate the ceiling, and in spite of remonstrance on the part of the artist, who declared that painting was not his trade, in that same year the task was begun.

"Destiny so ruled," writes Sidney Colvin, "that the work thus thrust upon him remains his chief title to glory. His history is one of indomitable will and almost superhuman energy, yet of will that hardly ever had its way, and of energy continually at war with circumstance. The only thing which in all his life he was able to complete as he had conceived it was this of the decoration of the Sistine ceiling. The pope had at first proposed a scheme including figures of the twelve apostles only. Michelangelo would be content with nought so meagre, and furnished instead a design of many hundred figures, embodying all the history of creation and of the first patriarchs, with accessory personages of prophets and sibyls dreaming on the new dispensation to come, and, in addition, those of the forefathers of Christ. The whole was to be enclosed and divided by an elaborate frame-work of painted architecture with a multitude of nameless human shapes sup-

porting its several members or reposing among them,—shapes meditating, as it were, between the features of the inanimate frame-work and those of the great dramatic and prophetic scenes themselves. Michelangelo's work was accepted by the pope, and by May, 1508, his preparations for its execution were made. Later in the same year he summoned a number of assistant painters from Florence. Trained in the traditions of the earlier Florentine school, they were unable, it seems, to interpret Michelangelo's designs in fresco either with sufficient freedom or sufficient uniformity of style to satisfy him. At any rate, he soon dismissed them, and carried out the remainder of his colossal task alone, except for the necessary amount of purely mechanical and subordinate help. The physical conditions of prolonged work, face upwards, upon this vast expanse of ceiling were adverse and trying in the extreme. But after four and a half years of toil the task was accomplished. Michelangelo had during its progress been harassed alike by delays of payment and by hostile intrigue. His ill-wishers at the same time kept casting doubts of his capacity, and vaunting the superior powers of Raphael. That gentle spirit would by nature have been no man's enemy, but unluckily Michelangelo's moody, self-concentrated temper prevented the two artists being on terms of amity such as might have stopped the mouths of mischief-makers. Once during the progress of his task Michelangelo was compelled to remove a portion of the scaffolding and exhibit what had been so far done; when the effect alike upon friends and detractors was overwhelming. Still more complete was his triumph when, late in the autumn of 1512, the whole of his vast achievement was disclosed to view."

The ceiling of the chapel—some ten thousand square feet in area—forms a flattened arch, of which the central portion, an oblong, flat surface, is divided into nine sections, four larger alternating with five smaller ones. The subjects depicted in these are, reckoning from the altar-end, over which is the figure of the prophet Jonah, (1) 'The Separation of Light and Darkness,' (2) 'The

Creation of the Sun and Moon,' (3) 'The Creation of Vegetable Life,' (4) 'The Creation of Man,' (5) 'The Creation of Woman,' (6) 'The Sacrifice of Noah,' (7) 'The Deluge,' and (8) 'The Drunkenness of Noah.' Outside of this central panel, and on either side of those subjects denoted above as numbers 1, 3, 5, and 7, are seated alternate, colossal figures of prophets and sibyls, foretellers of the coming of the Saviour, and at each end of the central panel are the figures of two other prophets,—at one end Zachariah, at the other Jonah. "Michelangelo's prophets," writes Kugler, "embody the highest ideas of inspiration, meditation, and prophetic woe. Jeremiah may be singled out as their grandest personification." In the triangular spaces at the four corners of the ceiling are depicted the 'Brazen Serpent,' the 'Punishment of Haman,' 'David and Goliath,' and 'Judith and Holofernes.' In the twelve lunettes above the windows, and in the twelve triangular vaulted spaces over them, are groups of figures known as the 'Ancestors of the Virgin.' On projecting parts of a painted simulated cornice which surrounds the great panel in the centre of the ceiling are seated, in pairs, twenty nude, decorative figures, each pair holding ribbons which support medallions. Among the creations of Michelangelo none are more beautiful than these seated youths.

Including the nameless and subordinate figures too numerous to mention here, it has been estimated that there are in the vaulting of the Sistine Chapel three hundred and forty-three figures. Of these more than two hundred are important, and many are in size colossal.

"If we consider the painting of the Sistine ceiling simply as a work of art," write the recent editors of 'Vasari's Lives,' "nothing in the history of painting equals the boldness and the grandeur of this decoration in its entirety. If we think of it as the intellectual conception and physical achievement of one man, it is equally tremendous. If we consider it only architectonically, and in reference to the principles and laws of decoration, a wholly different ground may be taken by the critic; here Michelangelo's

painted architecture and arrangement, as Symonds has said, 'bordered dangerously upon the barocco style, and contained within itself the germs of a vicious mannerism,' but the arrangement is frankly chosen, and frankly adhered to, and there is no loss of dignity anywhere from tricks of perspective foreshortening."

LAST JUDGMENT

SISTINE CHAPEL: ROME

IN a brief issued by Pope Paul III., September 1, 1535, appointing Michelangelo chief architect, sculptor, and painter at the Vatican, allusion is made to the fresco of the 'Last Judgment,' which was therefore probably begun about this time, although the cartoon for the work had been made the year before, during the lifetime of Clement VII., from whom Michelangelo had received the original commission. The great fresco was completed in 1541, and shown to the public on Christmas day of that year. It measures fifty-four feet six inches in height by forty-three feet eight inches in width, and occupies the end wall-space above the altar in the Sistine Chapel—a space which had previously been decorated with frescos by Perugino.

Vasari tells us that when Michelangelo had almost finished the work, Pope Paul went to see it, accompanied by Messer Biagio da Cesena, his master of ceremonies, and that the latter, being asked his opinion of it, found fault with the nude figures introduced into the composition. "Displeased by his remarks," says Vasari, "Michelangelo resolved to be avenged; and Messer Biagio had no sooner departed than our artist drew his portrait from memory, and placed him in hell, under the figure of Minos, with a great serpent wound around him, and standing in the midst of a troop of devils: nor did the entreaties of Messer Biagio to the pope and Michelangelo, that this portrait might be removed, suffice to prevail on the master to consent; it was left as first depicted, a memorial of that event, and may still be seen." It is said that when Messer Biagio complained to the pope, Paul assured him that he could

do nothing. "Had the painter sent thee to purgatory," said his Holiness, "I would have used my best efforts to release thee; but since he hath sent thee to hell, it is useless to come to me, as I have no power there."

"Time, negligence, and outrage," writes Symonds, "the dust of centuries, the burned papers of successive conclaves, the smoke of altar-candles, the hammers and the hangings of upholsterers, the brush of the breeches-maker and restorer, have so dealt with the 'Last Judgment' that it is almost impossible to do it justice now. What Michelangelo intended by his scheme of color is entirely lost. Not only did Daniele da Volterra, an execrable colorist, dab vividly tinted patches upon the modulated harmonies of the flesh-tones painted by the master, but the whole surface has sunk into a bluish fog, deepening to something like lampblack around the altar. Nevertheless, in its composition the fresco may still be studied, and we are not unable to understand the enthusiasm which so nobly and profoundly planned a work of art aroused among contemporaries.

"It has sometimes been asserted that this enormous painting, the largest and most comprehensive in the world, is a tempest of contending forms, a hurly-burly of floating, falling, soaring, and descending figures. Nothing can be more opposed to the truth. Michelangelo was sixty-six years of age when he laid his brush down at the end of the gigantic task. He had long outlived the spontaneity of youthful ardor. His experience through half a century in the planning of monuments, the painting of the Sistine vault, the designing of facades and sacristies and libraries, had developed the architectonic sense which was always powerful in his conceptive faculty. Consequently, we are not surprised to find that, intricate and confused as the scheme may appear to an unpractised eye, it is in reality a design of mathematical severity, divided into four bands, or planes, of grouping. The pictorial divisions are horizontal in the main, though so combined and varied as to produce the effect of multiplied curves, balancing and antiphonally inverting their lines of sinuosity. The penden-

tive upon which the prophet Jonah sits descends and breaks the surface at the top, leaving a semicircular compartment on each side of its corbel. Michelangelo filled these upper spaces with two groups of wrestling angels, the one bearing a huge cross, the other a column,—chief emblems of Christ's Passion. The crown of thorns is also there, the sponge, the ladder, and the nails. It is with no merciful intent that these signs of our Lord's suffering are thus exhibited. Demonic angels, tumbling on clouds like Leviathans, hurl them to and fro in brutal wrath above the crowd of souls, as though to demonstrate the justice of damnation. The Judge is what the crimes of the world and Italy have made him. Immediately below the corbel, and well detached from the squadrons of attending saints, Christ rises from his throne. His face is turned in the direction of the damned; his right hand is lifted as though loaded with thunderbolts for their annihilation. The Virgin sits in a crouching attitude at his right side, slightly averting her head, as though in painful expectation of the coming sentence. The saints and martyrs who surround Christ and his Mother, while forming one of the chief planes in the composition, are arranged in four unequal groups of subtle and surprising intricacy.

"The two planes which I have attempted to describe occupy the upper and larger portion of the composition. The third in order is made up of three masses. In the middle floats a band of Titanic cherubs, blowing their long trumpets over earth and sea to wake the dead. Dramatically, nothing can be finer than the strained energy and superhuman force of these superb creatures. Their attitudes compel our imagination to hear the crashing thunders of the trump of doom. To the left of the spectator are souls ascending to be judged, some floating through vague ether, enwrapped with grave-clothes, others assisted by descending saints and angels, who reach a hand, a rosary, to help the still gross spirit in its flight. To the right are the condemned, sinking downwards to their place of torment, spurned by seraphs, cuffed by angelic grooms, dragged by demons, hurling, howling, huddled in a mass

of horror. There is a wretch, twined round with fiends, gazing straight before him as he sinks; one-half of his face is buried in his hand, the other fixed in a stony spasm of despair, foreshadowing perpetuity of hell. Just below is the place to which the doomed are sinking. Michelangelo reverted to Dante for the symbolism chosen to portray hell. Charon, the demon, with eyes of burning coal, compels a crowd of spirits in his ferry-boat. They land and are received by devils, who drag them before Minos, judge of the infernal regions. He towers at the extreme right end of the fresco, indicating that the nether regions yawn infinitely deep, beyond our ken; just as the angels above Christ suggest a region of light and glory, extending upward through illimitable space. The scene of judgment on which attention is concentrated forms but an episode in the universal, sempiternal scheme of things. Balancing hell, on the left hand of the spectator, is brute earth, the grave, the forming and the swallowing clay, out of which souls, not yet acquitted or condemned, emerge with difficulty, in varied forms of skeletons or corpses, slowly thawing into life eternal.

"Vasari, in his description of the 'Last Judgment,' seized upon what after all endured as the most salient aspect of the puzzling work, at once so fascinating and so repellent. 'It is obvious,' he says, 'that the peerless painter did not aim at anything but the portrayal of the human body in perfect proportions and most varied attitudes, together with the passions and affections of the soul. That was enough for him, and here he has no equal. He wanted to exhibit the grand style,—consummate draughtsman-ship in the nude, mastery over all problems of design. He concentrated his power upon the human form, attending to that alone, and neglecting all subsidiary things, as charm of color, capricious inventions, delicate devices and novelties of fancy.'

"The note is one of sustained menace and terror, and the total scheme of congregated forms might be compared to a sense-deafening solo on a trombone. While saying this, we must remember that it was the constant impulse

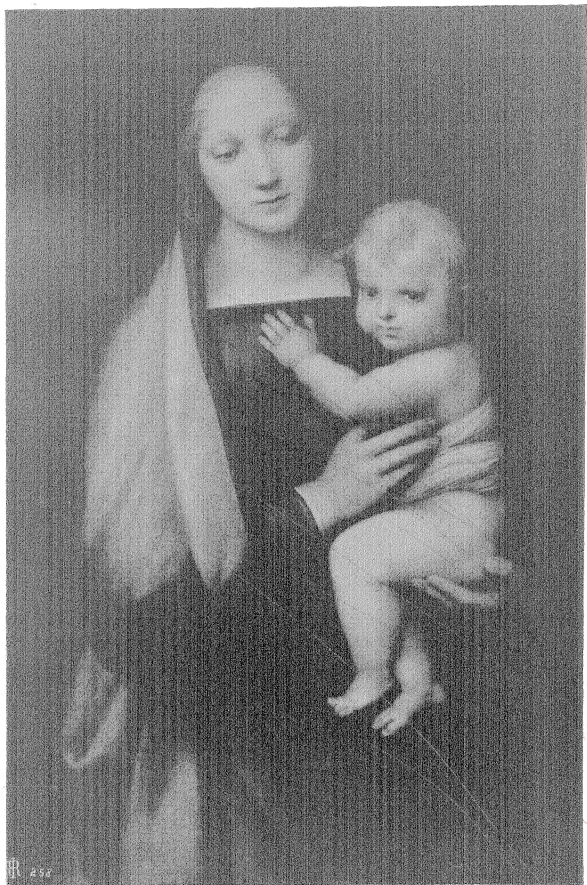
of Michelangelo to seize one moment only, and what he deemed the most decisive moment, in the theme he had to develop. Having selected the instant of time at which Christ, half risen from his judgment-seat of cloud, raises an omnific hand to curse, the master caused each fibre of his complex composition to thrill with the tremendous passion of that coming sentence.

"Partial and painful as we may find the meaning of the 'Last Judgment,' that meaning has been only too powerfully and personally felt. The denunciations of the prophets, the woes of the Apocalypse, the invectives of Savonarola, the tragedies of Italian history, the sense of present and indwelling sin, storm through and through it. Technically, the masterpiece bears signs of fatigue and discontent, in spite of its extraordinary vigor of conception and execution. The man was old and tired, thwarted in his wishes and oppressed with troubles. His very science had become more formal, his types more arid and schematic, than they used to be. The thrilling life, the divine afflatus, of the Sistine vault have passed out of the 'Last Judgment.' "

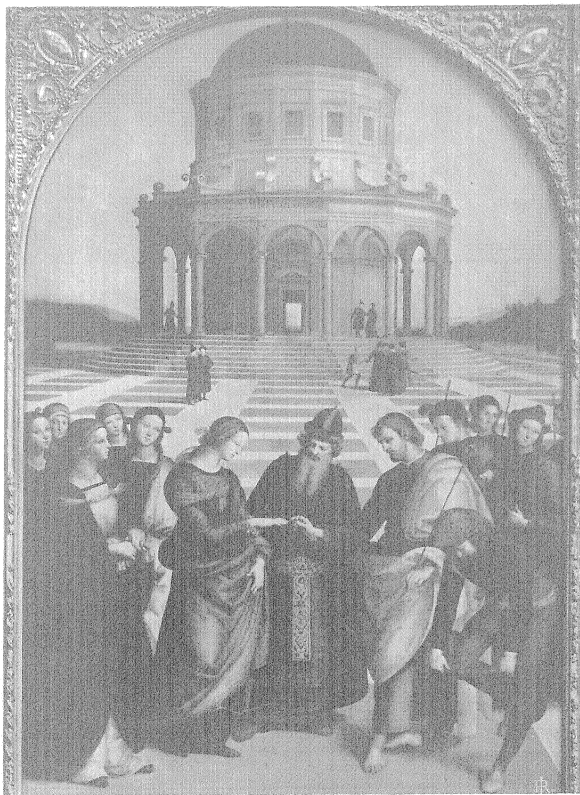
PORTRAIT OF MICHELANGELO

UFFIZI GALLERY: FLORENCE

VASARI mentions but two painted portraits of Michelangelo; one by his friend Bugiardini, the other by Jacopo del Conte. Del Conte's work has disappeared; but Symonds is inclined to think that the portrait here reproduced may "with some show of probability" be assigned to Bugiardini.



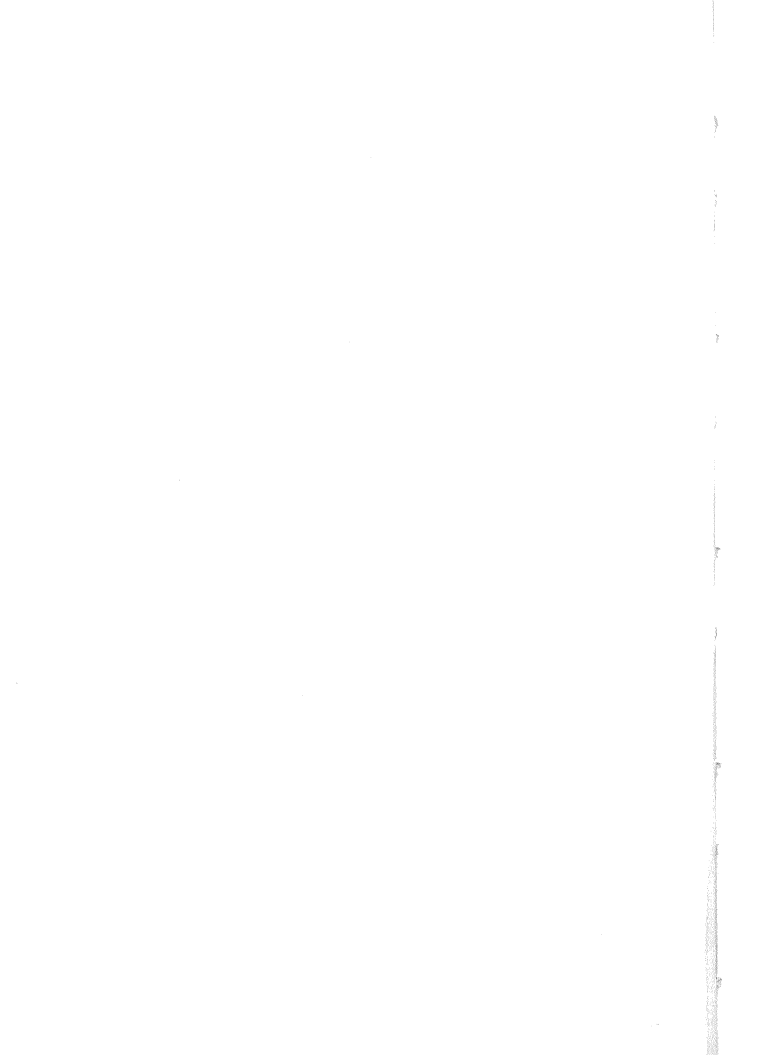
RAPHAEL—GRAN' DUCA MADONNA—PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE



RAPHAEL—MARRIAGE OF THE VIRGIN—BRERA GALLERY, MILAN



RAPHAEL—POPE LEO X WITH CARDINALS—PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE





RAPHAEL—MADONNA OF FOLIGNO—VATICAN, ROME





RAPHAEL—SISTINE MADONNA—ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN

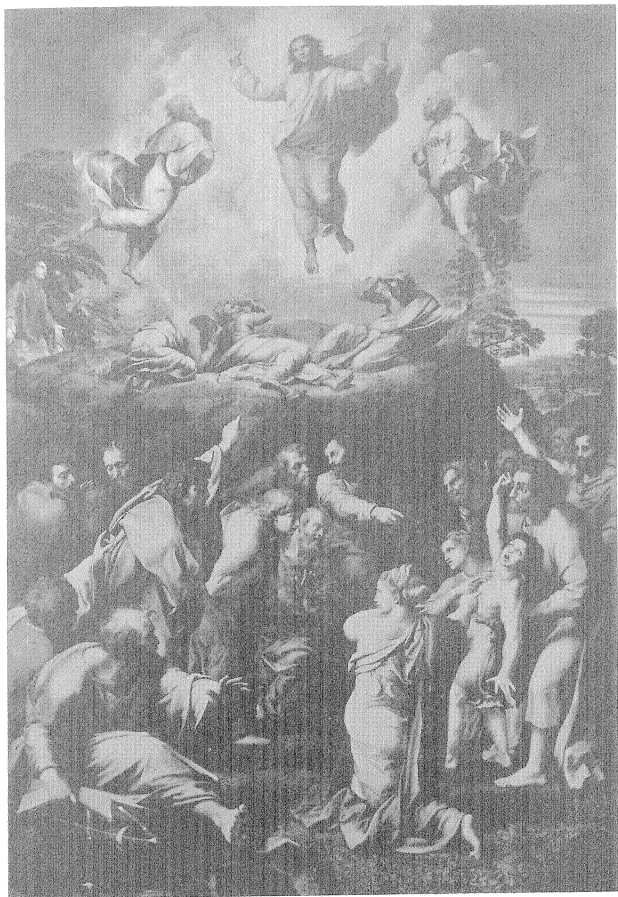


RAPHAEL—LA BELLE JARDINIÈRE—LOUVRE, PARIS





RAPHAEL—PORTRAIT OF BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE—LOUVRE, PARIS



RAFAEL—THE TRANSFIGURATION—VATICAN, ROME



SELF PORTRAIT OF RAPHAEL—UFFIZI, FLORENCE

Raphael

BORN 1483: DIED 1520

RAPHAEL SANZIO, or Santi, was born in the city of Urbino, in the year 1483. His father, Giovanni Santi, was a painter of no mean talent, who held a respectable rank in his native city. The name of Raphael's mother was Magia, and the house in which he was born is still standing, and is regarded by the citizens of Urbino with just veneration. He was only eight years old when he lost his mother, but his father's second wife, Bernardina, well supplied her place, and loved him and tended him as if he had been her own son. His father was his first instructor, and very soon the young pupil showed extraordinary talent; but when the boy was but eleven years old his good father died, in August, 1494. It is not quite certain who was Raphael's next teacher, but it appears that he was sent to study under Perugino in 1499, being then sixteen years old.

He remained in this school till he was nearly twenty, and was chiefly employed in assisting his master. A few pictures painted between his sixteenth and twentieth year have been authenticated by careful research, and are very interesting from being essentially characteristic. There is, of course, the manner of his master Perugino, but mingled with some of those qualities which were particularly his own, and which his after-life developed into excellence; and nothing in these early pictures is so remarkable as the gradual improvement of his style, and his young predilection for his favorite subject, the Madonna and Child. The most celebrated of all his pictures painted under the influence of Perugino was one representing the marriage of the Virgin Mary to Joseph—a subject

which is very common in Italian art, and called "Lo Sposalizio" (The Espousals).

In the same year that he painted this picture (1504) Raphael visited Florence for the first time. He did not remain long at Florence in this first visit, but he made the acquaintance of Fra Bartolommeo and Ridolfo Ghirlandajo, and saw some cartoons by Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo which filled his mind with new and bold ideas both of form and composition. In the following year he was employed in executing several large pictures for various churches at Perugia.

When he had finished these and other works he returned to Florence, and remained there till 1508. Some of his finest works may be referred to this period of his life; that is, before he was five-and-twenty. Among them may be mentioned the "Madonna del Cardellino," "La Belle Jardiniere," "St. Catherine," and "St. George and the Dragon."

In his twenty-fifth year, when Fra Bartolommeo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michelangelo were all at the height of their fame, and many years older than himself, the young Raphael had already become celebrated from one end of Italy to the other. At this time Julius II. was pope, and at the age of seventy was revolving plans for the aggrandizement of his power and the embellishment of the Vatican which it would have taken a long life to realize. Bramante, the greatest architect, and Michelangelo, the greatest sculptor, in Italy, were already in his service. Leonardo da Vinci was then employed in public works at Florence and could not be engaged, and he therefore sent for Raphael to undertake the decoration of those halls in the Vatican which Pope Nicholas V. and Sixtus IV. had begun and left unfinished. The invitation, or rather order, of the pope was, as usual, so urgent and so peremptory that Raphael hurried from Florence, leaving his friends Bartolommeo and Ghirlandajo to complete his unfinished pictures; and immediately on his arrival at Rome he commenced the greatest of his works in fresco, the Chambers of the Vatican. . . .

Before this work was finished Julius II. died, and was succeeded in 1513 by Leo X. Though the character of Pope Leo X. was in all respects different from that of Julius, he was not a less patron of Raphael than his predecessor had been; and certainly the number of learned and accomplished men whom he attracted to his court, and the enthusiasm for classical learning which prevailed among them, strongly influenced those productions of Raphael which date from the accession of Leo. They became more and more allied to the antique, and less and less imbued with that pure religious spirit which we find in his earlier works.

Cardinal Bembo, Cardinal Bibbiena, Count Castiglione, the poets Ariosto and Sanazzaro, ranked at this time among Raphael's intimate friends. With his celebrity his riches increased; he built himself a fine house in that part of Rome called the Borgo, between St. Peter's and the Castle of St. Angelo; he had numerous scholars from all parts of Italy, who attended on him with a love and reverence and duty far beyond the lip and knee homage which waits on princes; and such was the influence of his benign and genial temper, that all these young men lived in the most entire union and friendship with him and with each other, and his school was never disturbed by animosities and jealousies. All the other painters of that time were the friends rather than the rivals of the supreme and gentle Raphael, with the single exception of Michelangelo.

About the period at which we are now arrived, the beginning of the pontificate of Leo X., Michelangelo had left Rome for Florence. Leonardo da Vinci came to Rome, by the invitation of Leo, attended by a train of scholars, and lived on good terms with Raphael, who treated the venerable old man with becoming deference. Fra Bartolommeo also visited Rome about 1513, to the great joy of his friend. We find Raphael at this time on terms of the tenderest friendship with Francia, and in correspondence with Albrecht Durer, for whom he entertained the highest admiration. . . .

At this same time the lovers of painting at Rome were divided in opinion as to the relative merits of Michelangelo and Raphael, and formed two great parties, that of Raphael being by far the more numerous. Michelangelo, with characteristic haughtiness, disdained any open rivalry with Raphael, and put forward the Venetian Sebastiano del Piombo as no unworthy competitor of the great Roman painter. Raphael bowed before Michelangelo, and, with the modesty and candor which belonged to his character, was heard to thank Heaven that he had been born in the same age and enabled to profit by the grand creations of that sublime genius, but he was by no means inclined to yield any supremacy to Sebastiano; he knew his own strength too well. To decide the controversy, the Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, afterwards Clement VII., commissioned Raphael to paint the picture of "The Transfiguration," and at the same time commanded from Sebastiano del Piombo the "Raising of Lazarus," which is now in the National Gallery. Both pictures were intended by the cardinal for his cathedral at Narbonne, he having lately been created archbishop of Narbonne by Francis I. Michelangelo, well aware that Sebastiano was a far better colorist than designer, furnished him with the cartoon for his picture, and, it is said, drew some of the figures (that of Lazarus for example) with his own hand on the panel; but he was so far from doing this secretly that Raphael heard of it, and exclaimed, joyfully, "Michelangelo has graciously favored me, in that he has deemed me worthy to compete with himself, and not with Sebastiano!" But he did not live to enjoy the triumph of his acknowledged superiority, dying before he had finished his picture, which was afterwards completed by the hand of his pupil Giulio Romano.

During the last years of his life, and while engaged in painting "The Transfiguration," Raphael's active mind was employed on many other things. He had been appointed by the pope to superintend the building of St. Peter's, and he prepared the architectural plans for that vast undertaking. He was in close intimacy and cor-

respondence with most of the celebrated men of his time; interested himself in all that was going forward; mingled in society, lived in splendor, and was always ready to assist generously his own family and the pupils who had gathered round him. The Cardinal Bibbiena offered him his niece in marriage, with a dowry of three thousand gold crowns; but the early death of Maria di Bibbiena prevented this union, for which it appears that Raphael himself had no great inclination.

In possession of all that ambition could desire, for him the cup of life was still running over with love, hope, power, glory, when, in the very prime of manhood, and in the midst of vast undertakings, he was seized with a violent fever,—caught, it is said, in superintending some subterranean excavations,—and expired after an illness of fourteen days. His death took place on Good Friday (his birthday), April 6, 1520, when he had completed his thirty-seventh year. The body was laid on a bed of state, and above it was suspended the last work of that divine hand, the glorious “Transfiguration.” From his own house, near St. Peter’s, a multitude of all ranks followed the bier in sad procession, and his remains were laid in the church of the Pantheon, near those of his betrothed bride, Maria di Bibbiena, in a spot chosen by himself during his lifetime.

ANNA JAMESON.

The Art of Raphael

IN Raphael there was no perplexity, no division of interests. His faculty and his artistic purpose were exactly balanced, adequate, and mutually supporting. He saw by intuition what to do, and he did it without let or hindrance, exercising from his boyhood till his early death an unimpeded energy of pure productiveness. Like Mozart, to whom he bears in many respects a remarkable resemblance, Raphael was gifted with inexhaustible fertil-

ity and with unwearied industry. Like Mozart, again, he had a nature which converted everything to beauty. Thought, passion, emotion, became in his art living melody. We almost forget his strength in admiration of his grace; the travail of his intellect is hidden by the serenity of his style. There is nothing overmuch in any portion of his work, no sense of effort, no straining of a situation, not even that element of terror needful to the true sublime. It is as though the spirit of young Greece had lived in him again, purifying his taste to perfection, and restraining him from the delineation of things stern or horrible. Raphael found in this world nothing but its joy, and communicated to his ideal the beauty of untouched virginity. . . .

Among his mental faculties the power of assimilation seems to have been developed to an extraordinary degree. He learned the rudiments of his art in the house of his father, Santi, at Urbino, where a Madonna is still shown, —the portrait of his mother, with a child, perhaps the infant Raphael, upon her lap. Starting soon after his father's death as a pupil of Perugino, he speedily acquired that master's manner so perfectly that his earliest works are only to be distinguished from Perugino's by their greater delicacy, spontaneity, and inventiveness. Though he absorbed all that was excellent in the Peruginesque style he avoided its affectations, and seemed to take departure for a higher flight from the most exquisite among his teacher's early paintings. Later on, while still a lad, he escaped from Umbrian conventionality by learning all that was valuable in the art of Masaccio and Fra Bartolommeo. To the latter master, himself educated by the influence of Leonardo, Raphael owed more, perhaps, than to any other of his teachers. The method of combining figures in masses, needful to the general composition, while they preserve a subordinate completeness of their own, had been applied with almost mathematical precision by the Frate in his fresco at S. Maria Nuova. It reappears in all Raphael's work subsequent to his first visit to Florence. So great, indeed, is the resemblance of

treatment between the two painters that we know not well which owed the other most. Finally, when Raphael settled in Rome, he laid himself open to the influence of Michelangelo, and drank in the classic spirit from the newly discovered antiques. Here at last it seemed as though his native genius might suffer from contact with the potent style of his great rival; and there are many students of art who feel that Raphael's later manner was a declension from the divine purity of his early pictures. There is, in fact, a something savoring of overbloom in the Farnesina frescos, as though the painter's faculty had been strained beyond its natural force. Yet who shall say that Raphael's power was on the decline, or that his noble style was passing into mannerism, after studying both the picture of "The Transfiguration" and the careful drawings from the nude prepared for this last work?

So delicate was the assimilative tendency in Raphael that what he learned from all his teachers, from Perugino, Fra Bartolommeo, Masaccio, da Vinci, Michelangelo, and the antique, was mingled with his own style without sacrifice of individuality. Each successive step he made was but a liberation of his genius, a stride toward the full expression of the beautiful he saw and served. He was never an eclectic. The masterpieces of other artists taught him how to comprehend his own ideal.

Raphael is not merely a man, but a school. Just as in his genius he absorbed and comprehended many diverse styles, so are many worthy craftsmen included in his single name. Fresco-painters, masters of the easel, workmen in mosaic and marquetry, sculptors, builders, arras-weavers, engravers, decorators of ceilings and of floors, all labored under his eye, receiving designs from his hand, and executing what was called thereafter by his name. The vast mass of Raphael's works is by itself astounding. The accuracy of their design and the perfection of their execution are literally overwhelming to the imagination that attempts to realize the conditions of his short life. There is nothing, or but very little, of rhetoric in all this world of pictures. The brain has guided the hand

throughout, and the result is sterling poetry.

When Lomazzo assigned emblems to the chief painters of the Renaissance he gave to Michelangelo the dragon of contemplation, and to Mantegna the serpent of sagacity. For Raphael, by a happier instinct, he reserved man, the microcosm, the symbol of powerful grace, incarnate intellect. This quaint fancy of the Milanese critic touches the truth. What distinguished the whole work of Raphael is its humanity in the double sense of the humane and human. Phoebus, as imagined by the Greeks, was not more radiant, more victorious by the marvel of his smile, more intolerant of things obscene or ugly. Like Apollo chasing the Eumenides from his Delphian shrine, Raphael will not suffer his eyes to fall on what is loathsome or horrific. Even sadness and sorrow, tragedy and death, take loveliness from him. And here it must be mentioned that he shunned stern and painful subjects. He painted no martyrdom, no "Last Judgment," and no "Crucifixion," if we except a little early picture. His men and women are either glorious with youth or dignified in hale old age. Touched by his innocent and earnest genius, mankind is once more gifted with the harmony of intellect and flesh and feeling that belonged to Hellas. Instead of asceticism, Hellenic temperance is the virtue prized by Raphael. Over his niche in the Temple of Fame might be written: "I have said ye are Gods";—for the children of men in his ideal world are divinized.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

The Works of Raphael

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

THE GRAN' DUCA MADONNA

PITTI PALACE: FLORENCE

IN describing this picture Gruyer says: "Humble, gentle, radiantly beautiful, and full of grace, the Virgin stands before us looking down upon the Child, whom she holds

on her arm. The red dress is visible only across her breast, for a full blue mantle falls from the crown of her head over her shoulders and envelopes the rest of her figure. A transparent veil mingles with the bands of her blond hair and comes down over her forehead without detracting from the nobility of her brow. Her features, calm and serene but not impassive, are of a beauty which even Raphael has seldom surpassed."

Towards the end of the last century this picture was in the possession of a poor woman in Florence, who sold it to a dealer for twelve crowns (about twenty dollars). It was afterwards purchased by the Grand Duke Ferdinand III., who prized it so highly that he would never be separated from it, but took the picture with him wherever he went—on all his travels and even into exile. Hence it became known as the "Madonna del Gran' Duca," or "del Viaggio" (of the Journey). It is painted on panel, and is entirely by Raphael's own hand. Eugene Muntz says: "It marks the enfranchisement of the young master. The modelling has acquired a firmness and surety unknown to the Umbrian school; amber-colored though it is, the coloring has become clear, vivid, and brilliant. The type is also singularly different from the types held in esteem in Perugia and its environs."

MARRIAGE OF THE VIRGIN

BRERA GALLERY: MILAN

THE most interesting example of the first period of Raphael's development is the "Marriage of the Virgin" (Lo Sposalizio), which is inscribed with his name and the date 1504. "It may be said to mark Raphael's emancipation from pupildom, his debut as an artist", writes Gruyer. "As a subject for the picture he took a theme which had been a favorite subject for over two centuries. Giotto, Fra Angelico, Ghirlandajo, Perugino, —all the greatest of his predecessors,—had repeatedly depicted the marriage of the Virgin, and beautiful as some of their versions were, it remained for the young Raphael

to say the last word, to treat the subject finally, definitively, and for all time."

In his treatment of the subject Raphael followed the accepted legend, in which it is related that there were so many competitors for the Virgin's hand that the High Priest ordered every unmarried man of the house of David to lay a dry rod on the altar, and declared that he whose rod should give forth buds should be the husband of Mary. Among the rivals was Joseph, an elderly man and a widower, who already had sons and grandsons. His rod alone budded, and as it did so a dove descended from heaven and lighted upon it. Among the Jews marriage was a civil contract rather than a religious ceremony; this explains why the espousals are represented as taking place in the open air outside the temple. In Raphael's picture, the Virgin is attended by five young women, St. Joseph by five young men. The latter are some of the rejected suitors; and one in the foreground breaks his rod, which has failed to blossom.

PORTRAIT OF POPE LEO X.

PITTI PALACE: FLORENCE

RAPHAEL'S greatest achievement in portraiture, and one of the greatest portraits in the world, is this picture of Leo X. between two cardinals, which he painted in Rome between 1517 and 1519. Giulio Romano, by his own statement, executed some of the draperies, but all the more important parts of the picture are by Raphael's own hand. It shows us the Pope who "from the universality of his knowledge and the delicate refinement of his taste was acknowledged to be the supreme patron of arts in the sixteenth century" clad in a robe of white satin embroidered with gold, over which he wears a cape of purple velvet bordered with ermine. Seated at a table, he holds a reading-glass in one hand, and with the other turns the pages of an illuminated breviary. Behind him stand two cardinals, his nearest relations; on the right his cousin Giulio de' Medici (afterwards Pope Clement

VII.), and on the left his nephew Lodovico de' Rossi. The likeness of Leo bears out the contemporary accounts of him, as the cultured, pleasure-loving man, kindly and good-natured as a rule, but hard and crafty in his dealings with others, and vindictive and unscrupulous when his own interests were at stake.

"Vasari has noted," write the editors of his "Lives," "the expression of surface texture in the brocade, metal, etc., and his admiration is not to be wondered at, for texture as shown by brush-handling had hardly been attempted up to this time in Tuscan art. Again, the working out of a scale of one color is novel to the time, and as always, when it is skilfully managed, is impressive. Here the scale is of red, scarlet, crimson, purple, brown, the only opposition being the white brocade."

"The portraits of Titian and Giorgione may surpass this in color," says Perkins, "those of Holbein in minute rendering of detail, and those of Rubens in freedom of touch; but as combining fine color, admirable drawing, truth to character, and high finish, it ranks above them all."

MADONNA OF FOLIGNO

VATICAN GALLERY: ROME

"THE 'Madonna of Foligno,' " writes Julia Cartwright, "was executed by Raphael for the papal chamberlain, Sigismond Conti, shortly before that prelate's death, in 1512. A native of Foligno, the aged bishop wished to commemorate his deliverance from a shell that had exploded near him during the bombardment of that city. At his bidding Raphael painted the great altar-piece which for fifty years adorned the Franciscan church of Ara Coeli, and was then removed to Foligno. After being taken to Paris by Napoleon and there transferred to canvas, the picture was (after Waterloo) brought back to Italy, and finally placed in the Vatican Gallery. The conception is as original as it is noble. Our Lady appears, no longer throned under a canopy, as in the tradi-

tional Umbrian or Florentine type, but floating on the clouds of heaven, encircled by a golden halo of cherub-heads. On the flowery sward below, St. Francis, kneeling at the Baptist's feet, fixes his ardent gaze on the celestial vision, while on the other side St. Jerome commends the donor to the Virgin's protection. Between these two groups, a boy-angel stands looking up at the Madonna, and forms, as it were, a link between the saints on earth and the seraph host of heaven. 'It is not possible to imagine,' writes Vasari, 'anything more graceful or more beautiful than this child.' In the background, on the heights above the Tiber, are the towers of Foligno. The exquisite beauty of the Virgin's face, the playful charm of the joyous Child, above all, the magnificent portrait of the kneeling chamberlain, lifting his worn, wrinkled face to heaven, aroused the admiration of all the painter's contemporaries and have made this work memorable among Raphael's Madonnas."

THE SISTINE MADONNA

ROYAL GALLERY: DRESDEN

THIS world-renowned picture, called by Symonds "the sublimest lyric of the art of Catholicity," is said to be the last Madonna that Raphael painted, and was executed entirely by the master's hand for the monks of the monastery of San Sisto. In 1753 it was purchased by the Elector Augustus III. of Saxony. It occupies today a separate cabinet of the Royal Gallery of Dresden, where it is placed under glass on an altar-like structure, the lower part of which bears an Italian inscription from Vasari which, translated, reads: "For the Black Monks of San Sisto in Piacenza Raphael painted a picture for the high altar showing Our Lady with St. Sixtus and St. Barbara—truly a work most excellent and rare."

"In the 'Madonna of Foligno,'" writes Julia Cartwright, "the artist has represented the Virgin throned upon the clouds and the saints kneeling upon earth. Now he went a step further and painted the holy Mother and

Child descending out of highest heaven, adored by saints in glory, and framed in by green altar hangings. The curtains have been drawn back suddenly, and we see a vision that is for all time. On the left, the venerable Pope Sixtus lifts his devout old face to heaven; on the right, a youthful St. Barbara smiles down at the twin boys who have strayed from the angel band, and resting their elbows on the parapet below, look up with big wistful eyes."

"We are all familiar with that wonderful form," writes Lubke, "arrayed in glorious raiment, borne upon clouds,—a heavenly apparition. She seems to be lost in profound thought concerning the divine mystery; for a Child is throned within her arms, whose lofty mission is foreshadowed in his childish features, while the depth and majesty of his eyes express his destiny as the Saviour of the world. It may be said that in this picture Raphael has united his deepest thought, his profoundest insight, his completest loveliness. It is, and will continue to be, the apex of all religious art. His Madonnas, and, in the highest sense, 'The Sistine Madonna,' belong to no especial epoch, to no particular religious creed. They exist for all time and for all mankind, because they present an immortal truth in a form that makes a universal appeal."

Although a Russian scholar, Jelinek, has attempted to throw doubt upon the authorship of this picture, his theory has up to now met with scant credence by the most authoritative critics.

LA BELLE JARDINIÈRE

LOUVRE: PARIS

PAINTED in 1507, this picture may be said to mark the term of Raphael's first manner. It was bought by Francis I. from Filippo Sergardi of Siena, and is generally believed to be the work which Vasari says was entrusted to Ridolfo Ghirlandajo that he might finish "an azure vestment which was still wanting when Raphael left Florence."

"Perhaps the most perfect, and certainly the most famous of the Madonnas painted at Florence," writes Eugene Muntz, "is the 'Belle Jardiniere' of the Louvre, in which Raphael has given free expression to his love for the beauties of nature. He has painted the tufts of grass, the plants and flowers of the foreground, with a freshness and precision which the Van Eycks could scarcely have excelled, but, like a true Italian, he does not damage the ensemble for the details." And again: "The composition is so perfect that one does not even think of the difficulties overcome. The most beautiful groups of antique statuary are not composed with greater suppleness or science."

PORTRAIT OF BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE

LOUVRE: PARIS

"**A**MONG the most illustrious of those who surrounded Pope Leo X.," writes Gruyer, "there was no more brilliant figure than Count Baldassare Castiglione. Birth, honors, intellect, grace, fortune, all were his. Raphael was his intimate friend and painted this portrait about 1515, when Castiglione was thirty-seven, though, perhaps from the stress of a too active life, he looks older."

"He is clad," writes Springer, "in a black garment open over the chest, and a gray mantle is carelessly draped over his arm. A black cap with broad turned-up brim covers his head. The colors are laid upon the canvas thinly and with a broad brush. In the flesh a warm, yellow, transparent local color prevails, with fine gray half-tints. Although apparently an impromptu work, painted, so to speak, at one stroke, this portrait shows the most finished modelling in each and every part, and is distinguished for the perfection of its technique."

THE TRANSFIGURATION

VATICAN GALLERY: ROME

"IN the last work of his life," writes Muntz, "Raphael takes us back to the history of Christ. The origin of 'The Transfiguration' is well known. Wishing to give the town of Narbonne, of which Francis I. had made him bishop, a token of his piety and munificence, Cardinal Giuliano de' Medici ordered, in 1517, two altar-pieces for the cathedral of that ancient Gallic city. One he intrusted to Raphael, the other to Sebastiano del Piombo."

"The picture," writes Knackfuss, "is one of the most powerful. It makes its effect on the spectator by strong contrasts. On the top of the mountain, at some distance, brilliantly lighted in the bright cloud, hovers the transfigured form of the Saviour between Moses and Elias, over the three disciples who have fallen to the ground, dazzled by the brightness. Meanwhile a scene of human misery (based on a passage of St. Matthew, xvii. 16) is being enacted below: the father of the lunatic boy, accompanied by a crowd of people, has entered the presence of the nine remaining disciples. The unfortunate man keeps a firm hold of the boy, who is convulsed with a spasm, and keeps his eyes fixed with a last glimmering of hope on the disciples of Jesus, though he is affected almost to despair by his son's sufferings; two women have thrown themselves on their knees before the apostles; one prays with gentle, mutely eloquent glances; the other, in whom we suppose that we see the boy's mother, cries passionately, almost imperiously, for help; their companions stretch out their hands in supplication. And the nine apostles stand on the other side, deeply moved, seized with compassion, but powerless to help; for He who might have helped has left them and is gone up on the mountain. The contrast is carried through the externals of the picture, too; above there is a harmonious blending of colors and lines, all floating in abundance of light; below there are lines which cross one another roughly, harsh and conflicting colors, and dark shadows. The two persons at the side of the picture, witnesses of

the transfiguration, who form an addition meaningless except to the donor of the work, are the patron saints of the Cardinal's father and uncle, Julian and Laurence. Raphael had just finished 'The Transfiguration'—perhaps the last transitions still remained to be added, which would have softened down the overharsh juxtaposition of color in the lower half of the picture—when death overtook him."

"'The Transfiguration,'" write the editors of Vasari, "is not Raphael's masterpiece and is more than equalled by several other works. But it is not in arrangement that it fails; here as always Raphael proves himself a consummate master of composition. The picture suffers from its chronological place in the development of Raphael and of Italian art. In rivalry with Sebastiano del Piombo, the protege of Michelangelo, Raphael, who could be nobly dramatic, here, in his effort to surpass Michelangelo, becomes declamatory and violent. He has not thought of characterization, but of composition, individual movements, and dramatic effect. Only Raphael, however, could have designed the picture, and it is full of beauties as well as of faults, and therefore is intensely interesting as a study in the psychological development of a master."

PORTRAIT OF RAPHAEL BY HIMSELF

UFFIZI GALLERY: FLORENCE

THIS portrait, painted when Raphael was twenty-three, is, in spite of its imperfections, the best extant likeness of him. The drawing in the Oxford University Collection, of doubtful authenticity at best, shows him at the immature age of sixteen, and in his portrait of himself in the "School of Athens" he is in unusual guise and, as it were, acting a part. The Uffizi portrait, however, can leave us in no doubt as to its physical correctness. The eyes are brown and the hair chestnut. Originally but thinly painted, the picture has been badly cared for, and is much changed; but Dr. Bode is alone among critics in doubting that it is Raphael's own handiwork.

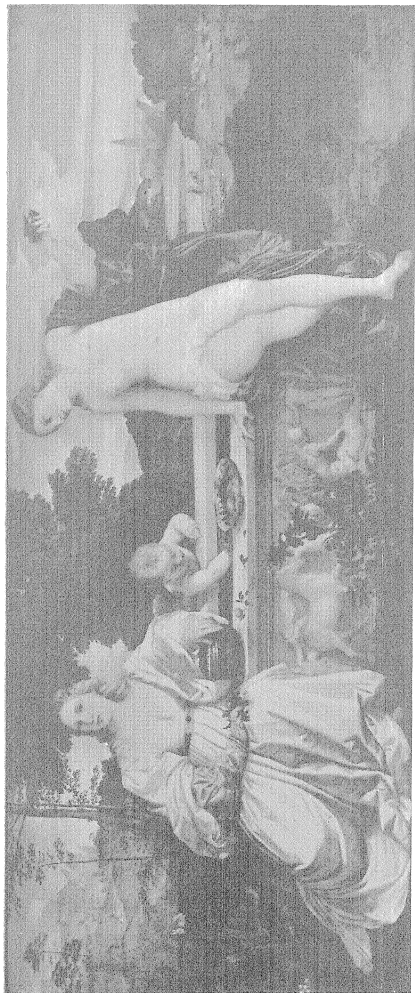


TITIAN—THE ASSUMPTION—ACADEMY, VENICE

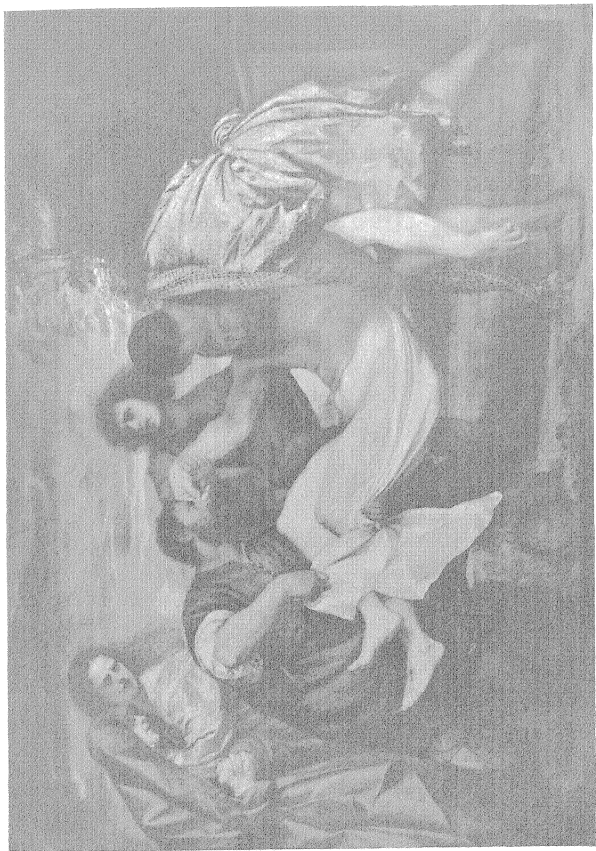




TITIAN—MAN WITH THE GLOVE—LOUVRE, PARIS



TITIAN—SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE—BORGHESI, ROME



TITIAN—THE ENTOMBMENT—LOUVRE, PARIS



TITIAN—MADONNA WITH THE CHERRIES—VIENNA MUSEUM



TITIAN—MADONNA OF THE PESARO FAMILY—FRARI, VENICE

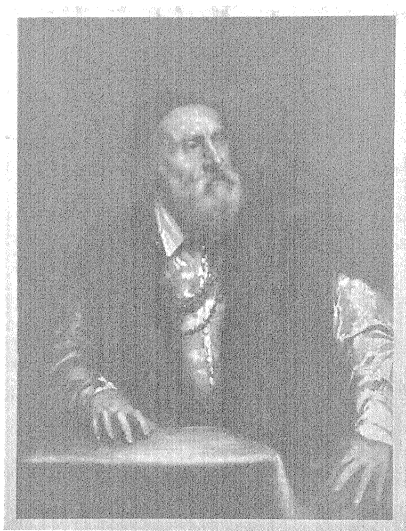


TITIAN—TITIAN'S DAUGHTER LAVINIA—BERLIN MUSEUM





TITIAN—CHARLES V ON HORSEBACK—PRADO, MADRID



SELF PORTRAIT OF TITIAN—BERLIN GALLERY

Titian

BORN 1477: DIED 1576

TIZIANO VECELLI (called Titian), the greatest painter of the Venetian school, was born at Pieve, in Cadore, a mountainous district of the Venetian or Carnic Alps. He was the son of Gregorio di Conte Vecelli, a member of an old family in Cadore, who, though not rich, was a man of some note in his province, "equally distinguished by his wisdom in the Council of Cadore, and by bravery as a soldier in the field." Titian was one of four children, and his birth took place, as seems certain from his own testimony, not later than 1477.

Showing an early disposition towards art, the young Titian was not brought up to law or to arms like the rest of his race, but was sent at an early age to Venice to learn painting. According to Dolce's statement, he was first placed with Sebastiano Zuccato, a Venetian mosaicist, from whose school he appears to have quickly passed into that of the Bellini, who were already at this time (about 1488) considered the chief masters in Venice. Dolce affirms that he first worked with Gentile, the elder brother, who disapproved of his bold and rapid style of drawing. This led him to seek the workshop of Giovanni Bellini, where he doubtless acquired that love for color and knowledge of its effects which became the predominant characteristic of his art. It was at this time also that

he made the acquaintance of Palma Vecchio and Giorgione, the latter of whom especially exercised considerable influence over his style.

Probably Titian's first independent employment in Venice was as a house-painter—not in the sense in which we now use that term, but as it was understood at a time when the great nobles were accustomed to adorn the outside of their palaces with frescos. One of the earliest references to Titian's name in contemporary writings connects it with a work of this kind, a fresco of "Hercules," mentioned by Sansovino as painted outside the Morosini Palace, but no longer in existence. In the years 1507-1508 he was employed, in conjunction with Giorgione, on the decoration of the new Fondaco dei Tedeschi, or house of exchange for the German merchants in Venice, which had just before been rebuilt. Here, among other works, he painted a fresco, above the gateway, a large figure of "Judith," "Justice," or "Germania," for it has been called by all three names, which is spoken of by early critics as a remarkable work, but of which scarcely a trace now remains.

It would seem that Titian was advised to go to Rome and accept service under Leo X., but he was dissuaded from taking this step; and the letter is still extant, dated May 31, 1513, in which he offers himself to the Doge and Council of Venice to paint in the Hall of the Great Council, in the Ducal Palace. "I, Titian of Cadore," this letter begins, "having studied painting from my childhood upwards, and desirous of fame rather than profit, wish to serve the Doge and Signory rather than his Highness the Pope and other Signory, who in past days and even now have urgently asked to employ me." He then begs to be employed on the "canvas of the battle, which

is so difficult that no one as yet has had the courage to attempt it," and asks for "the first broker's patent for life that shall be vacant" in payment. This request was granted, but it led to so much opposition on the part of Giovanni Bellini that the Council had to revoke its decree, and Titian did not get his patent (a sort of sinecure, or retaining fee, given to the best artist of the time in consideration of doing certain work) until after Bellini's death, in 1516. Before this, however, he had already begun the painting in the Hall of Council; but he could not for many years be got to finish the great battle-piece he had undertaken, and his delays led to much dissatisfaction on the part of the Council, and even from time to time to the revocation of his patent.

Much has been written concerning the intercourse of Titian with Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, and the friendship he formed with Ariosto, whom he met at that Prince's brilliant court. His first recorded journey to Ferrara was made in February, 1516, when he lodged with two assistants in the Castello of Ferrara, receiving weekly rations of "salad, salt meat, oil, chestnuts, tallow candles, oranges, cheese, and five measures of wine." . . . It was in the same year as this visit to Ferrara that Titian received the commission for his great "Assumption of the Virgin," now in the Academy at Venice. In 1523 Federigo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, was added to the list of Titian's noble patrons. No painter, indeed, was ever more favored by the great than Titian, and soon he numbered not only dukes and princes, but kings, popes and emperors among his employers and correspondents.

Of Titian's domestic life very little is known. His wife, who was named Cecelia, died in 1530, after having borne him three children,—his scapegrace son, Pomponio, who

took priest's orders, and for whom he was always seeking benefices; Orazio, who followed his father's profession; and his beautiful daughter Lavinia, whom he has immortalized.

In 1531, the year after his wife's death, Titian left the house in the San Samuele quarter in Venice, where he had resided since 1516, and took another in the northeastern suburb of Biri, where his children were brought up under the care of his sister. Here many distinguished visitors were received by him; but very often his profession called him away from Venice, and we find him at one time at Ferrara, at another at Mantua, and afterwards travelling in the interests of his noble patrons to Bologna, Augsburg, Milan, and other places.

The year 1530 is the date assigned by Vasari for Titian's first meeting with the Emperor Charles V. He received high honor at the Imperial Court, where he painted not only the Emperor himself many times, but also most of the great lords, ministers, and agents who surrounded him; receiving in return, besides a liberal number of gold scudi, other payment in the shape of grants and patents. By one of these he was created a Count Palatine of the Empire. He was likewise made a Knight of the Golden Spur, with all its privileges, one of which was the right of entrance to the Imperial Court at any time. In 1536 Titian was with the Emperor again, both at Mantua and Asti. At this time he obtained a grant of a pension on the treasury of Naples from the Emperor, which, however, was not paid for many years, although he "bombarded the treasury with letters," and Aretino, in his name, "moved heaven and earth" for the same purpose. Much of Titian's work seems to have been paid for by his patrons in this unsatisfactory manner, giving

rise to many heartburnings and disappointments, as is well seen in his letters, most of which have reference to these business details.

On Titian's return to Venice after his second visit to the Emperor, he found a rival in the field. Although his city was doubtless proud of his successes, it could scarcely brook his continual neglect of the work he had undertaken. The great battle-piece that he had promised was not yet accomplished, although Titian had held the office, and drawn the salary of the *Senseria*, ever since 1516. Accordingly, by a severe decree, he was called upon to refund all he had received during the time in which he had done no work, and there seemed every chance that Pordenone, who had already painted in the Public Library, would be installed in his place. This severity seems to have brought Titian to a sense of his obligations, and he immediately "threw upon canvas" his magnificent representation of the "Battle of Cadore," which unfortunately perished by fire in 1577, and is now only known to us at second hand.

In 1541 Titian was again with the Emperor at Milan, but seems to have returned quickly to Venice, where he entered upon many new engagements. He received several invitations to Rome, but he does not appear to have gone there until 1545, when he was received with great distinction by Paul III., by Cardinal Farnese, who had been for some time trying to lure him to the Holy City, and by his learned friend Cardinal Bembo. Rooms were assigned him in the Belvidere, that he might have easy access to the Farnese family, upon whose portraits he was engaged; and Vasari, whose acquaintance he had before made in Venice, undertook to show him the sights of the city. He likewise at this time made the acquaint-

ance of Michelangelo, whose opinion of his work Vasari has reported. . . .

In the winter of 1548 we find Titian undertaking a long and fatiguing journey across the Alps, in order to join Charles V. at Augsburg. Aretino, in one of his letters, has described the scene that took place in Venice when he was about to depart; how every one tried to gain possession of some small work of his, thinking that henceforth he would not deign to paint for any one but the Emperor.

That Titian's powers, in spite of his age, were in full vigor at this time is shown by the amount of work he accomplished. His industry indeed to the very last is amazing. At this time in Augsburg, he not only painted the fine portrait of Charles V. on the field of Muhlberg, but likewise portraits of most of the other noble and princely personages who were then at the Imperial Court. But probably the chief object of Titian's call to Augsburg was to paint the portrait of the morose Prince who won the heart of Mary Tudor. A number of letters have been found in the Simancas Archives that passed between Titian and Philip II., most of them relating to commissions executed for that monarch, for whom, besides portraits, Titian painted several religious and mythological subjects. Spain, indeed, in the latter part of his life, received the greater number of his works.

Titian's splendid vigor of constitution and indomitable energy seem never to have failed, and it is not until the last years of his life that we see any signs of decay in his art. Vasari found him in 1566 with the brushes still in his hand, and even in 1574, when he was ninety-seven years of age, he was able to receive a royal visitor—Henry III. of France—with his wonted magnificence. It

was not, indeed, until 1576, when he was only one year short of a hundred, that this prince of painters, who had "never received from heaven anything but favor and felicity" (so far at least as Vasari knew), succumbed at last to the terrible plague which desolated Venice in that year, and which within the course of a few days carried off also his painter-son, Orazio. The law by which the churches in Venice were closed to the plague-stricken was set aside in Titian's case, and he was honorably buried in the Church of the Frari, for which he had painted his great "Assumption," and his beautiful votive altar-piece, the "Madonna di Casa Pesaro."

M. M. HEATON.

The Art of Titian

THE greatest difficulty meets the critic who attempts to speak of Titian. To seize the salient characteristics of an artist whose glory it is to offer nothing over-prominent, and who keeps the middle path of perfection, is impossible. As complete health may be termed the absence of obtrusive sensation, as virtue has been called the just proportion between two opposite extravagances, so is Titian's art a golden mean of joy, unbroken by brusque movements of the passions—a well-tempered harmony in which no thrilling note suggests the possibility of discord. In his work the world and men cease to be merely what they are; he makes them what they ought to be; and this he does by separating what is beautiful in sensuous life from its alloy of painful meditation and of burdensome endeavor. The disease of thought is unknown in his kingdom; no divisions exist between the spirit and the

flesh; the will is thwarted by no obstacles. When we think of Titian, we are irresistibly led to think of music. His "Assumption of the Madonna" (the greatest single oil-painting in the world, if we except Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisto") can best be described as a symphony—a symphony of color, where every hue is brought into harmonious combination—a symphony of movement, where every line contributes to melodious rhythm—a symphony of light without a cloud—a symphony of joy in which the heavens and earth sing Hallelujah. Tintoretto, in the Scuola di San Rocco, painted an "Assumption of the Virgin" with characteristic energy and impulsiveness. A group of agitated men around an open tomb, a rush of air and clash of seraph wings above, a blaze of glory, a woman borne with sidewise-swaying figure from darkness into light—that is his picture, all *brio*, excitement, speed. Quickly conceived, hastily executed, this painting bears the impress of its author's impetuous genius. But Titian worked by a different method. On the earth, among the apostles, there is action enough and passion; ardent faces straining upward, divesting themselves of their mantles, as though they too might follow her they love. In heaven is radiance, half eclipsing the archangel who holds the crown, and revealing the father of spirits in an aureole of golden fire. Between earth and heaven, amid choirs of angelic children, rises the mighty mother of the faith of Christ, who was Mary and is now a goddess, ecstatic yet tranquil, not yet accustomed to the skies, but far above the grossness and the incapacities of earth. Her womanhood is so complete that those for whom the meaning of the Catholic legend is lost may hail in her humanity personified.

The grand manner can reach no further than in this

picture—serene, composed, meditated, enduring, yet full of dramatic force and of profound feeling. Whatever Titian chose to touch, whether it was classical mythology or portrait, history or sacred subject, he treated in this large and healthful style. It is easy to tire of Veronese; it is possible to be fatigued by Tintoretto. Titian, like Nature, waits not for moods or humors in the spectator. He gives to the mind joy of which it can never weary, pleasures that cannot satiate, a satisfaction not to be repented of, a sweetness that will not pall. The least instructed and the simple feel his influence as strongly as the wise or learned.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

WHEN Titian looks at a human being he seeks at a glance the whole of its nature, outside and in; all that it has of form, of color, of passion, or of thought; saintliness and loveliness; fleshly body and spiritual power; grace, or strength, or softness, or whatsoever other quality, he will see to the full, and so paint, that, when narrower people come to look at what he has done, every one may, if he chooses, find his own special pleasure in the work. The sensualist will find sensuality in Titian; the thinker will find thought; the saint, sanctity; the colorist, color; the anatomist, form; and yet the picture will never be a popular one in the full sense, for none of these narrower people will find their special taste so alone consulted, as that the qualities which would ensure their gratification shall be sifted or separated from others; they are checked by the presence of the other qualities which ensure the gratification of other men. Thus, Titian is not soft enough for the sensualist,—Correggio suits him bet-

ter; Titian is not defined enough for the formalist,—Leonardo suits him better; Titian is not pure enough for the religionist,—Raphael suits him better; Titian is not polite enough for the man of the world,—Van Dyke suits him better; Titian is not forcible enough for the lover of the picturesque,—Rembrandt suits him better. All are great men, but of inferior stamp, and therefore van Dyke is popular, and Rembrandt is popular, but nobody cares much at heart about Titian; only there is a strange under-current of everlasting murmur about his name which means the deep consent of all great men that he is greater than they—the consent of those who, having sat long enough at his feet, have found in that restrained harmony of his strength there are indeed depths of each balanced power more wonderful than those separate manifestations in inferior painters: that there is a softness more exquisite than Correggio's, a purity loftier than Leonardo's, a force mightier than Rembrandt's, a sanctity more solemn even than Raphael's.

JOHN RUSKIN.

The Works of Titian

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

THE ASSUMPTION

ACADEMY: VENICE

THIS masterpiece of Titian's was originally painted for the high altar of the Church of the Frari, Venice, and in the Academy where it now hangs, is seen somewhat at a disadvantage. The colors, which were intended for the semi-darkness of a church, appear violent, and both outline and foreshortening suffer by being forced into view.

It is, nevertheless, one of the most grandly impressive of the world's great pictures. "Venetian art," says Taine, "centers in this work, and perhaps reaches its climax."

"In 'The Assumption' the Virgin soars heavenward," writes Bernhard Berenson, "not helpless in the arms of angels, but borne up by the fullness of life within her, and by the feeling that the universe is naturally her own, and that nothing can check her course. The angels seem to be there only to sing the victory of a human being over his environment. They are embodied joys, acting on our nerves like the rapturous outburst of the orchestra at the end of 'Parsifal.' "

THE MAN WITH THE GLOVE

LOUVRE: PARIS

"THE Man with the Glove" is a portrait of an unknown personage. It formerly belonged to Louis the Fourteenth, and is now in the Louvre, Paris. According to Crowe and Cavalcaselle it was painted in Titian's middle period. W. M. Rossetti speaks of it as "the *ne plus ultra* of portraiture."

SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE

BORGHESE GALLERY: ROME

THE picture known by the rather vague name of "Sacred and Profane Love" has long been regarded as purely an exquisite allegorical romance. Herr Franz Wickhoff, however in the *Jahrbuch der Preussischen Kunstsammlungen* advances the theory, which he supports by strong arguments, that this picture illustrates an incident in the seventh book of the "Argonautica" of Valerius Flaccus, the Latin poet, where it is related that Medea the enchantress, daughter of Aeetes, King

of Colchis, unwilling to yield to her love for the Greek Jason, is visited by Venus, who pleads for the lover, and endeavors to persuade Medea to follow her to the wood where Jason is waiting. Titian has represented this scene as taking place in the open air. The dawn is just breaking, and rosy streaks appear on the horizon. A young woman richly dressed is seated on one side of the basin of a fountain, on the edge of which she has placed a costly casket. Her right hand is in her lap, and holds a bunch of magic herbs. "Deeply moved, she gazes fixedly before her," says Herr Wickhoff, "lending ear the while to the persuasive voice of another woman seated near. The form of this woman, around which flutters a red mantle, is of a marvellous beauty. She rests her right hand upon the fountain's edge, and with her left holds on high a vase from which issues a light smoke. Between the two women the god of Love is splashing in the water with his little hands."

Herr Wickhoff goes on to say that in the beautiful nude figure Venus is easily recognized, even were her son not there to indicate her presence. The woman to whom she speaks, and who though unwilling to yield blindly, still feels herself drawn by an irresistible power, is Medea, who betrayed the King, her father, and followed Jason, the stranger and enemy of her people."

THE ENTOMBMENT

LOUVRE: PARIS

"THE Entombment" ranks as one of the grandest and most completely artistic pictures in the world. We see the body of Christ borne to the grave by Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, the former with his back to the spectator, the latter swaying the body towards the tomb.

Between them is St. John the Evangelist. The Virgin and Mary Magdalen, whose yellow dress and flowing hair are stirred by the breeze, stand on the left. The head and shoulders of the Saviour are in shadow, but the lower part of the body, the white cloth as well as the faces of Joseph and John and of the two women, are illumined by a lurid light that breaks through a rift in the heavens. Darkness envelopes the trees on the right, near which is the open sepulchre.

THE MADONNA WITH THE CHERRIES IMPERIAL GALLERY: VIENNA

THIS early work of Titian's represents the Virgin with Christ and the boy Baptist between St. Joseph on the left and St. Zacharias on the right. The Infant Christ holds a bunch of cherries with both hands, while the Virgin, with an expression of infinite tenderness, looks into his face. Behind her is a red-and-gold embroidered cloth, and blue sky forms the background for the heads of the two saints. It has been said that although Titian painted other pictures more important in size or in number of figures, none displays a tone "so lovely in its golden richness," or is more perfect, than this "Madonna with the Cherries."

MADONNA OF THE PESARO FAMILY CHURCH OF THE FRARI: VENICE

"THE Madonna of the Pesaro Family" was ordered by Jacopo Pesaro, titular Bishop of Paphos, to commemorate his victory over the Turks. The picture still stands as originally placed, on an altar of the Church of the Frari in Venice.

"Seven years elapsed," write Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "before Titian brought this miracle of skill to completion; but in those seven years he also brought to perfection the last and finest of all forms of presentation pictures, the noblest combination of the homely and devotional with palatial architecture—the most splendid and solemn union of the laws of composition and color with magic light and shade. . . . St. Peter, St. Francis, and St. Anthony of Padua implore the intercession of the Virgin in favor of the members of the Pesaro family. The Virgin sits on her throne, bending down in a graceful, kindly way, and directs her glance towards the kneeling Bishop, her white veil falling over one shoulder, but caught on the other by the Infant Christ, who peeps with delightful glee from beneath it at St. Francis, behind whom, in the background, is St. Anthony of Padua. To the left front of the throne St. Peter at a desk interrupts his reading, as he turns to look down at the Bishop, who kneels in prayer on the floor below. An armed knight with the standard of the church unfurled and a captive Turk bound by a rope symbolizes the victory of the Pesari. Near the Infant Christ on the right, St. Francis ecstatically looks up, and showing the marks of the stigmata in both hands, points at the same time downwards to Benedetto Pesaro, who kneels with the members of his family on the floor behind him. High up on a spray of clouds, two angels playfully sport with the cross. The light falls on the clouds, illumines the sky between the pillars, and sheds a clear glow on the angels, casting its brightest ray on the Madonna and the body of the Infant Christ. . . . To the various harmonizing elements of hue, of light and of shade, that of color superadded brings the picture to perfection—a sublime unity that shows the master who

created it to have reached a point in art unsurpassed till now, and unattainable to those who came after him."

TITIAN'S DAUGHTER, LAVINIA

BERLIN GALLERY

TITIAN many times painted his daughter, Lavinia,—the person "dearest to him in all the world." Two portraits of her are to be found in Dresden; one as a youthful bride, the other as a matron. In Madrid she is represented as Salome, carrying the head of John the Baptist on a charger. In Earl Cowper's collection (London) she holds aloft a casket of jewels. The last two are in a great measure repetitions of the canvas in Berlin, where she raises with both hands to the level of her forehead a silver dish of fruit and flowers. In this picture she is dressed in yellowish silk. Her auburn hair is brushed off the temples and held by a jewelled diadem, and around her neck is a string of pearls. "Fully in keeping," say Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "with the idea that Titian had before him the image of his child, is the natural and unconstrained movement, the open face and modest look."

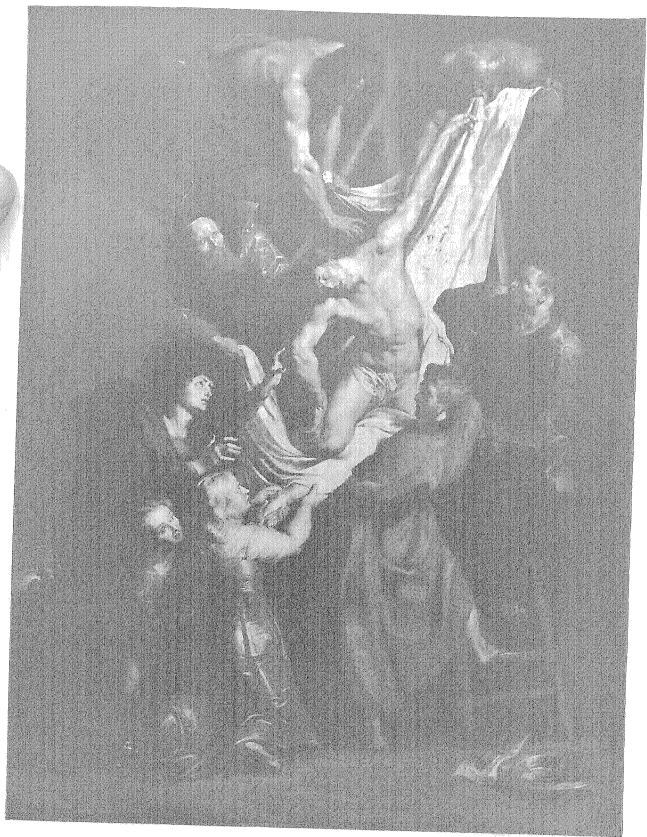
The picture has suffered from varnish and retouching, but, to quote again from the above-named authorities, "this is in the main a grand creation of Titian's."

CHARLES V. ON HORSEBACK

PRADO GALLERY: MADRID

"THE Portrait of the Emperor Charles V.," wrote Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "was safely taken to Spain, and subsequently rescued from the fire of the Palace of Prado, and now hangs in the gallery of Madrid. Coinciding in every respect with the descriptions of contemporary

historians, it represents the Emperor, cantering—large as life—on a brown charger, towards the Elbe, which runs to the right, reflecting the dull light of a gray sky, remnant of the fog which at early morn overhung the field of Muhlberg. Tall forest trees form a dark background to the left. The brightest light catches the face, the white collar and gorget, and the polished surface of the armor. The black eye and bent nose, the pale skin, dark moustache, and short gray beard are well given; and the features, though blanced and sallow, show the momentary gleam of fire which then animated the worn frame of the Kaiser. That Charles was not distinguished by grandeur or majesty of shape is very evident; nor has Titian tried to falsify nature by importing flattery into the portrait; but the seat of the Emperor is natural and good, his movement is correct. The horse is also true; and we pass over defects of hip and leg to dwell with the more pleasure on the character and expression of the countenance."



RUBENS—DESCENT FROM THE CROSS—ANTWERP CATHEDRAL

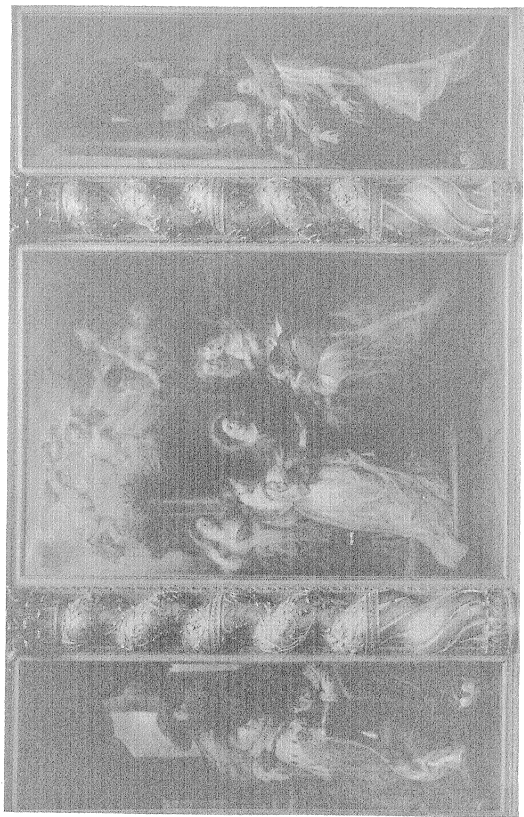




RUBENS—THE CRUCIFIXION—ANTWERP MUSEUM

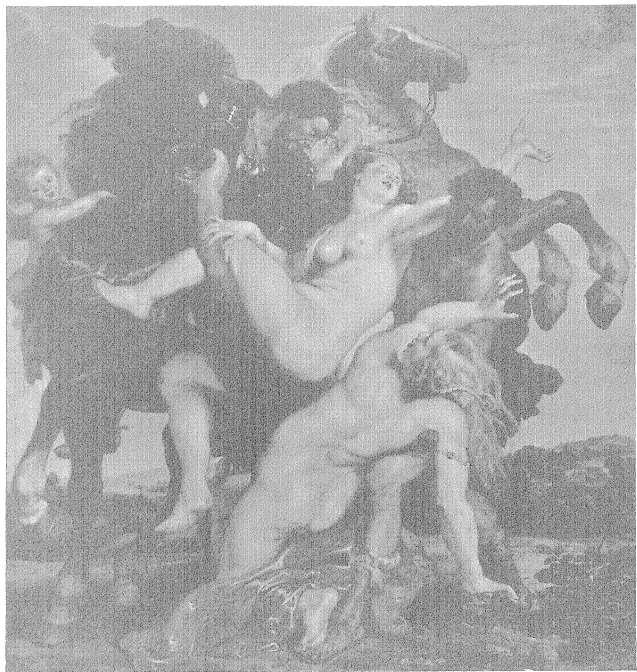


RUBENS—RUBENS' SONS—LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY, VIENNA



RUBENS—ST. ILDEFONSO AND THE VIRGIN—IMPERIAL GALLERY, VIENNA





RUBENS—THE DAUGHTERS OF LEUCIPPUS—MUNICH GALLERY





RUBENS—CORONATION OF MARIE DE MEDICIS—LOUVRE, PARIS





RUBENS—MAXIMILIAN I—IMPERIAL GALLERY, VIENNA



RUBENS—LION HUNT—ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN



SELF PORTRAIT OF RUBENS—IMPERIAL GALLERY, VIENNA

Rubens

BORN 1577: DIED 1640

THE father of Peter Paul Rubens was John Rubens, of the city of Antwerp. Noble by his birth, and possessed both of a high character and of profound learning, John Rubens had spent six years in the different states of Italy to form his taste and to reinforce his judgment, and was named a doctor, in both civil and canon law, by the University of Padua. He thereafter returned into his native Flanders, where he served worthily as councillor and alderman in Antwerp; and for six years continued with honor in this public employment. Upon the outbreak of the civil war, however, he was obliged to quit his fatherland, and took up his residence at Cologne, which he chose because of his preference for a quiet and retired life.

It was therefore in Cologne,* in 1577, that Peter Paul Rubens was born, and there that he laid the foundations of his education; and it is related that he showed such application and parts, that, in a short space of time, he surpassed all his companions. He was therefore far advanced, and able to accomplish more than is usual at his age, when his father's death in 1587 obliged his mother to return to Antwerp, where Rubens finished his course of study.

Immediately after leaving the Jesuit college where he had been trained, his mother put him under the protection of the Dowager-Countess of Lalaing, and he became one of her pages; but apparently the boy found himself unsuited to this mode of life, for he remained in the service of the countess but a short time, seemingly unable to resist

*According to more modern authorities, Rubens was born at Siegen, in Westphalia, a small town about fifty miles from Cologne, on June 29, 1577, the festival of SS. Peter and Paul, whence his given names.

the impulse of his proper genius, which drew him towards the practice of art. He therefore obtained permission from his mother (who, be it said, had lost the greater part of the family fortune through the hazards of war) that he should be apprenticed to one Adam van Noort, a celebrated painter of Antwerp. With this artist he spent some years in learning the rudiments of his art; and such was his precocity that it was easy to be perceived that the intention of Nature in bringing him into this world was that he should become a great painter.

After leaving the studio of van Noort, he spent four years as a pupil of Otho Voenius, painter to the Archduke Albert, and at that time considered the Apelles of the Flemish nation. Under this preceptor Rubens made rapid advancement; and his reputation soon became so great and so widespread that it was doubtful which was the master and which the pupil. Thereupon, feeling that he had no more to learn from Voenius, Rubens resolved to journey into Italy, that he might there study the productions of the ancients and of modern artists. He accordingly left Flanders on the ninth of May, 1600, at the age of twenty-three.

Arrived in Venice, he by chance took lodgings in the same house with a gentleman of the suite of the Duke of Mantua; and this gentleman, having seen some of Rubens' works, brought the Duke of Mantua to see them. The duke, who was a passionate lover of all the fine arts, and in especial of the art of painting, was much taken with Rubens, promised him his friendship, and urged him, with all the arguments of which he was master, to enter his service. Rubens accepted this offer with the utmost willingness, being especially delighted with the opportunity for study which such a post afforded; and during the whole time that he remained in this service he received so many kindnesses from the duke that he gloried in the title of being his servitor.

After having remained with this prince for a considerable time, Rubens departed for Rome, where he painted

three pictures in the church of Santa Croce. A short time after this he was despatched by the Duke of Mantua with the present of a splendid coach and seven horses of unusual beauty to the King of Spain. Hardly had he returned from this mission when he undertook another journey to Venice, with the intention of studying minutely and at leisure the works of art there; and in truth, as is evidenced by his work thereafter, he did draw from the masterpieces of Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoretto all the profit which any man whosoever could have drawn from them.

When Rubens had remained eight years in Italy the news of a dangerous sickness to which his mother had succumbed obliged him, in 1608, to return into Flanders; but although he made the journey in the utmost haste, he found her already dead when he arrived.

The fame of his knowledge and qualities had preceded his arrival in his native country. The Archduke Albert and his wife Isabella, governors of the Spanish Netherlands, desired that he should paint their portraits; and fearing that he would again repair into Italy, they made him their Painter in Ordinary, and engaged him by a pension and by all other honorable persuasions to remain near their persons, and did all that they could to persuade him to reside at the court in Brussels. Although he resisted their requests with great difficulty, he nevertheless finally obtained permission from them to establish his residence and usual place of abode at Antwerp instead, for he was afraid that the varied affairs and attractions of the court would distract him, and thus prevent him from reaching the full perfection in his art of which he felt himself capable.

Rubens, seeing himself thus bound to his native land by such powerful ties, considered that he was now in an estate to enter into matrimony, and espoused Isabella, the daughter of John Brant, a councillor of Antwerp.

After the death of the Archduke Albert, who had held Rubens in especial affection, and who had stood godfather

to the painter's eldest son, Rubens was no less favored by the esteem and good will of the Archduchess, his widow, and by all the greatest nobles of the court of the Netherlands, especially by the Marquis of Spinola.

It was about this time that Queen Marie de Medicis was building her Palace of the Luxembourg, and that she might adorn it with every splendor, she wished it to contain two galleries filled with works by Rubens alone; and to this end she commissioned him to paint for one of these galleries a series of pictures setting forth the incidents of her own life, and for the other, a series depicting the career of her husband, Henry IV. She was not able to see the full accomplishment of this project, however, for she was exiled at the time when Rubens was still working upon the pictures which should immortalize the achievements of the king her husband; but he had begun the series by illustrating the history of the queen's life, and has left that work in its perfection as an eternal monument to his genius.

During the sojourn of Rubens in Paris, where he had gone to see the pictures just named put in their places, and to give them the finishing touches,—which happened in 1625,—he by chance encountered the Duke of Buckingham, who was then in high favor with the King of England, as well as with the princes of the court of France. The duke had heard much of the merits of Rubens, and desired the painter to take his portrait. This Rubens did, and so acquitted himself that he surpassed the duke's expectations in every point. After the acquaintance thus begun between them had endured for some time, and they had become bound together in close intimacy, the duke confided to the painter how deeply chagrined he was at the misunderstandings and wars which so constantly embroiled the kingdoms of Spain and England, and that he had conceived a project for reconciling them.

On his return to Brussels Rubens communicated this intelligence to the archduchess, who, overjoyed at it, ordered him to cherish his friendship with the duke, and by

no means to allow the bonds of their intimacy to relax. This Rubens did, and so devoted himself to the business in hand that the Duke of Buckingham, thinking that he was in some measure weaned by his diplomatic negotiations from his great love for painting, sent to offer him a hundred thousand florins for his collection of antique treasures and for a number of his pictures. Rubens, knowing the duke's passion for works of art, and greatly desiring to comply with his friend's request, consented; but that he himself might not be totally deprived of the precious objects for which he had so much affection, and which had cost him so much effort to obtain, he had all the marble statues that he ceded to the duke first cast in plaster, and set up these casts in the same places that their originals had occupied. To take the places of those pictures which he had sold, he painted others with his own hand.

Meantime, in 1628, the courts of Spain and England had begun to consider the establishment of a mutual peace. The Marquis of Spinola, believing that there was none better qualified than Rubens to undertake such negotiations, spoke of the matter to the archduchess, who despatched Rubens to the King of Spain; and that monarch was so pleased with the painter's person and abilities, and judged him so well fitted to undertake the negotiations between the two kingdoms, that, as token of his satisfaction, he made Rubens a knight, and gave him the post of secretary to his privy council in the Netherlands.

The following year Rubens returned to Brussels, and from Brussels journeyed into England with commissions from the King of Spain to King Charles I. of England, intended to further advance the settlement of their difficulties. The English king, who was extremely fond of painting, received him at London with especial honor. After having concluded the terms of peace, to the great relief of the subjects of both countries and to the satisfaction of their respective kings, Rubens took leave of the English monarch, who, as a mark of his consideration,

knighted him, as the Spanish king had done, bestowed a sword which he took from his own person upon him, and also made him a present of a rich diamond which he took from his own finger, as well as of a string of diamonds of the value of ten thousand crowns.

Having thus gloriously brought about a truce, Rubens returned to Antwerp. There he married, in 1630, at the age of fifty-three, Helena Fourment, a girl of uncommon beauty, and who was then only sixteen years old. His first wife had been four years dead.

If to live happily, to be employed in such wise as to exercise the especial talents which Nature has bestowed, and thus to be assured of success in these undertakings, constitutes happiness, one may say that Rubens' life thereafter was one of the happiest which has ever been led in this world.

The qualities with which nature had endowed him, and the virtues which he had acquired, gave him the esteem and affection of all who knew him. He was of large stature, commanding presence, and his features were well formed and regular. His cheeks were ruddy, his hair auburn colored, his eyes bright but not piercing, his countenance laughing, agreeable, and open.

Although he seems to have had much to distract him, his life was nevertheless strictly regulated. He rose every morning at four o'clock, and made it his rule to commence each day by hearing mass, whenever he was not prevented from so doing by the gout, a malady which greatly incommoded him. After mass he set himself to work, having always nearby a paid reader who read to him aloud from some worthy book, usually either Plutarch, Livy, or Seneca. He continued to paint daily up to five o'clock in the afternoon, when he went out on horseback on some fine Spanish horse to take the air, and was accustomed to ride through the city and about the ramparts.

In his last years he planned to secure for himself a more tranquil life than that which he had heretofore lived, and with this object he bought the domain of Steen, situated

between Brussels and Mechlin, and to this retired spot he went sometimes for solitude, or whenever he was pleased to paint landscapes after nature.

Having lived a life so useful to his sovereigns and to his country, and so glorious to himself, he died in 1640, in his sixty-fourth year, and was buried in the church of St. Jacques at Antwerp.

ROGER DE PILES.

The Art of Rubens

RUBENS is to Titian what Titian was to Raphael and Raphael to Phidias. Never did artistic sympathy clasp nature in such a wide embrace. Ancient boundaries seem removed to give his genius infinite scope. He has no respect for historic proprieties; he groups together real and allegorical figures,—cardinals with a naked Mercury. He has no deference for the moral order; he fills the ideal heaven of mythology and of the gospel with coarse characters. He has no dread of exciting physical sensibility, and pushes the horrible to extremes, through all the tortures of the flesh and all the contortions of howling agony. In his art all the animal instincts of human nature appear on the stage; those which convention had excluded as gross he reproduces as true, and mingles them with the other human emotions as they are intermingled in life. The whole of human nature is in his grasp, save its loftiest heights. Hence it is that his creativeness is the vastest that we have seen, comprehending as it does all types, and the innumerable diversities stamped on humanity by the play of natural forces.

For the same reason, in the representation of the body he comprehended more profoundly than any one else the essential characteristics of organic life; and herein surpasses the Venetians, as they surpass the Florentines. No one has shown so vividly the decay and bloom of life—now the dull and flabby corpse, now the freshness of liv-

ing flesh, the blooming athlete, the mellow suppleness of a yielding torso in the form of a well-fed adolescent, the soft rosy cheeks and placid candor of a girl whose blood was never quickened or eyes bedimmed by thought, troops of dimpled cherubs and merry cupids, the delicacy, the exquisite melting rosiness of infantile skin.

In like manner in the representation of action he appreciated more keenly than any other painter the essential feature of animal and moral life; that is to say, the instantaneous movement which it is the aim of the plastic arts to seize. In this again he surpasses the Venetians as they surpass the Florentines. No other painter has endowed figures with such spirit, with such impulsive gestures, with an impetuosity so abandoned and furious,—such a universal commotion and tempest of swollen and writhing muscles. His personages speak, their repose itself is suspended on the verge of action; not only the face, but the entire attitude conspires to manifest the rushing stream of their thought, feeling, and complete being; we hear the inward utterance of their emotions. He was therefore capable of amplifying the forces he found around and within him, the forces that underlie and manifest the overflow and triumph of existence; on the one hand, gigantic joints, herculean shapes and shoulders, red and colossal muscles, truculent and bearded heads, over-nourished bodies teeming with succulence, the luxuriant display of white and rosy flesh; on the other, the rude instincts which impel human nature to seek food, drink, strife, and pleasure, the savage fury of the combatant, the enormity of the big-bellied Silenus, the sensual joviality of the Faun, the boldness, the energy, the broad joyousness of the Flemish type.

He heightens these effects again by their composition and the accessories with which he surrounds them,—the magnificence of lustrous silks, embroidered simars, golden brocades, groups of naked figures, modern costumes and antique draperies, an inexhaustible accumulation of arms, standards, colonnades, Venetian stairways, temples, cano-

pies, ships, animals, and every novel and imposing scenery, as if, outside of ordinary nature, he possessed the key of a thousand times richer nature, whereon his magician's hand might draw forever. Yet the freedom of his imagination never leads to confusion; but on the contrary, he creates with a jet so vigorous and prodigal that his most complicated productions seem like the irresistible outflow of a surfeited brain. Like the Indian deity, he relieves his fecundity by creating worlds; and from the matchless folds and hues of his tossed simars to the snowy whites of his flesh, or the pale silkiness of his blond tresses, there is not a tone in any of his canvases which does not appear to have been placed there purposely to afford him delight.

H. TAINE.

The Works of Rubens

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

DESCENT FROM THE CROSS

ANTWERP CATHEDRAL

THE celebrated 'Descent from the Cross' is the central panel of a triptych painted by Rubens in 1612 as an altar-piece for the Guild of Arquebusiers at Antwerp.

"I need not describe this composition," writes Eugene Fromentin. "You could not mention one more popular as a work of art, or as a religious painting. Who does not remember the arrangement and the effect of the picture,—its great central light against a dark background, its distinct and massive divisions, and its grand masses? The coloring is not rich, but it is full, well sustained, and calculated to be effective from a distance. It is composed of an almost black green, an absolute black, a rather dull red, and a white, all set side by side as frankly as four notes of such violence can be. The scene is grave and impressive. When we remember the murders with which

the work of Rubens is bloody, the massacres, the torturing executioners, it is evident that here is noble suffering. Everything is as restrained, concise, and laconic as a page of Scripture. Here are neither gesticulations, nor cries, nor horrors, nor excessive tears; scarcely a sob bursts from the Virgin; the intensity of her suffering is expressed only by a gesture, by a face bathed in tears. The figure of the Magdalen is admirable; it is incontestably the best piece of workmanship in the picture, the most delicate, the most personal, one of the best that Rubens ever created in his career, so fertile in the invention of female beauty. Moreover, it is the sole mundane grace with which he has embellished this austere picture.

"The Christ is one of the most beautiful figures that Rubens ever conceived. Pliant and almost meagre, it has an inexpressible slender grace, which gives it all the delicacy of nature, and all the distinction of a fine academic study. No one can forget the effect of that long body, with the small head fallen to one side, so livid and so limpid in its pallor, whence all pain has passed away. In what an exhausted attitude it glides along the winding-sheet, with what affectionate anguish it is received by the outstretched arms of the women. How heavy it is and how precious to bear!"

THE CRUCIFIXION

ANTWERP MUSEUM

RUBENS painted this picture of Christ on the cross between the two malefactors (sometimes called 'Le Coup de Lance,' or 'Lance Thrust') in the year 1620. In splendor of color, boldness of conception, and dramatic intensity it has never been surpassed, and is regarded by many as Rubens' masterpiece.

Longinus, the Roman officer, mounted on a gray horse, thrusts his lance into the Saviour's side. In the foreground stands the Virgin Mother, whom Mary, the wife of Cleophas, in vain endeavors to console. Behind, St. John leans against the cross of the penitent thief, bitterly

weeping, while Mary Magdalen on her knees at the foot of the cross implores the Roman officer to spare the body of her master.

"In this picture," writes Michel, "Rubens attains a wonderful perfection in a department of painting in which he was habitually superior; that is, in the distribution of the lights. In spite of the complexity of the movements and the arabesque of outline, the silhouette of the whole is strong and simple. The picture draws you from afar, and then the beauties of its detail hold you enthralled,—above all, the poetic figure of the Magdalen, so tender, so beautiful, so touching in her despair, and in the effable gesture with which she endeavors to protect the sacred body from this last profanation."

RUBENS' SONS

LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY: VIENNA

EMILE MICHEL writes: "In Prince Liechtenstein's gallery there is a superb portrait of Rubens' two sons. A replica in the Dresden Gallery long passed as the original, but this is now considered to be a copy, though apparently made during the painter's lifetime and in his studio.

"Albert, the elder of the two boys, is dressed in a black costume slashed with white. Nicholas is dressed in brighter material,—gray breeches, a blue slashed jacket with yellow satin puffs and ribbons,—and plays with a captive goldfinch. The brilliance and harmony of the color, and the happy arrangement of the group, bear sufficient testimony to the pleasure Rubens took in painting the picture, which was about the year 1626."

"The arrangement is so natural, and so charmingly easy," writes Oscar Berggruen, "that in this respect few portraits in the world can be set beside it. The painting, which was entirely by the master's own hand, is so fresh and harmonious, so manifestly done from life, that Rubens rarely attained to such perfection as here."

ST. ILDEFONSO RECEIVING A CHASUBLE FROM THE VIRGIN

IMPERIAL GALLERY: VIENNA

ALTHOUGH critics differ in assigning a date to this triptych, it was probably painted after Rubens' return from England, at the order of the Archduchess of the Netherlands, in memory of her husband, who had been dead ten years. "As this picture was a votive-offering," writes Berggruen, "it was necessary that it should contain the portraits of both the archduke and his wife. These figures are of life size, and both kneel, gazing toward the Virgin in the main composition. With the Archduke Albert is his patron, St. Albert, in the costume of a cardinal, who seems to be presenting him to the Madonna, while in the opposite panel St. Clara offers her protegee, the archduchess, a golden crown intertwined with roses. In the background of each side panel a majestic crimson curtain hung between marble columns gives the dominant touch of color.

"In the composition of the central panel one may find a reminder of the style of grouping saints about the Madonna on her throne for which the Italian painters had such a predilection, and which they called a *santa conversazione*. The Madonna is seated in the centre, with four female saints grouped about her. St. Ildefonso on his knees before her fervently presses his lips to the chasuble which she has given him, while from the opening skies three cherubs descend with a crown.

"The artist has not confined himself crampingly close to the legend, which relates that St. Ildefonso, a bishop of Toledo in the seventh century, had stoutly defended the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception against the heretics who denied it. The Virgin, in gratitude, descended from heaven into the cathedral of her defender and presented him with a robe in which to conduct the service.

"What gives this work its special value is its ineffable charm of color,—a beauty in this respect which the artist never surpassed, and which he has seldom equalled. The

color is concentrated upon the Madonna—it is vivid, fresh, harmonious; the light shining down from the opened heaven gilds and transforms the local tints upon the female saints and upon the bishop while the angels float in a luminous ether which fills the upper part of the picture.”

Rubens painted the Virgin, the saints, and the figures of the donors entirely with his own hand and retouched the whole of the remainder which his pupils had prepared from his sketches. The critics Michel, Kugler, Lubke, Viardot, Waagen, Springer, and Knackfuss all agree in considering this picture one of the most admirable of his works.

CASTOR AND POLLUX AND THE DAUGHTERS OF LEUCIPPUS

MUNICH GALLERY

“NOTHING is more characteristic of the dramatic turn of Rubens’ mind,” writes Dr. Waagen, “than his choice of subjects from the mythology of the Greeks and the works of the ancient poets; and in nothing has he displayed more freedom, originality, and poetry than in the manner in which he has treated them. Amongst his numerous works of this class, Castor and Pollux carrying off Phoebe and Hilaira, the daughters of Leucippus, Prince of Messenia, may be placed first.”

“With wonderful skill,” writes Goeler von Ravensburg, “the four figures are so intertwined as to form a group as varied as it is uniform, singularly alive, and yet with no effect of unrest, constructed with the most consummate art, and yet apparently perfectly unconstrained and natural. The two maidens are beautiful of form; the two noble youths full of force and vigor, their calm strength forming a striking contrast to the desperate but futile struggles of their captives. It is true that in neither the forms nor in the characters of the heads is there any suggestion of the antique, but rather of Flemish models; the beauty, the grandeur, and the entire freedom of the

whole composition, however, place it on a plane with the best works of antique art."

CORONATION OF MARIE DE MEDICIS

LOUVRE: PARIS

"THE large size of a picture," wrote Rubens in 1621, "gives us painters more courage to represent our ideas with the utmost freedom and semblance of reality. . . . I confess myself to be, by a natural instinct, better fitted to execute works of the largest size." "The correctness of this appreciation," says Henri Hymans, "he was very soon called upon to demonstrate most strikingly by a series of twenty-one pictures illustrating the life of Marie de Medicis, queen-mother of France. The series may be regarded as a poem in painting, and no person conversant with the literature of the time can fail to recognize that strange mixture of the sacred and the mythological in which the most admired authors of the seventeenth century delight. The sketches for all these paintings were made in the Antwerp studio, a numerous staff of distinguished collaborators being intrusted with the final execution. But the master himself spent much time in Paris, retouching the whole work, which was completed within less than four years."

The one of the series here reproduced represents the coronation of Marie de Medicis, which took place at St. Denis in May, 1610, and marked the zenith of her adventurous life. Arrayed in a royal mantle of blue, lined with ermine and embroidered with lilies, the queen kneels while the Cardinal de Joyeuse crowns her. Beside her stands the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XIII.) The king himself observes the ceremony from a gallery, and in the background stand the ambassadors of foreign powers. In the upper part of the picture are two allegorical figures, one of which bears a palm-branch, while the other scatters flowers and gold-pieces.

"This work," writes Max Rooses, "is truly superb and demonstrates Rubens' inimitable talent for depicting

pageants. Imposing groups, the most iridescent colors, brilliant lights, rich garments, and noble personages,—the regal magnificence of the scene and of the occasion,—all become material for decorative effect, blending into an harmonious and splendidly imposing spectacle."

EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN I.

IMPERIAL GALLERY: VIENNA

THE famous Emperor of Austria, Maximilian I., who was for twenty-six years ruler of the Holy Roman Empire, and who introduced important changes into the civil and military administration of Germany, waged the unsuccessful war against the Swiss confederacy which resulted in the latter's independence, and, with Henry VIII. of England, gained the brilliant 'Battle of the Spurs' against the French, died fifty-eight years before Rubens was born. This picture of him is therefore to be considered only as a pure work of art; and as a luminous, dignified, decorative, and broad example of Rubens' later work. The Emperor, "clad in complete steel" embossed with golden ornaments, his morion set with gems, wound with a tri-colored turban and surmounted with a jewelled crown, his jerkin emblazoned with heraldic designs, makes truly an imposing and splendid figure. Behind him on the right is a red curtain, and on the left the blue sky covered with light clouds. The picture is entirely by Rubens' own hand, and was painted about 1635.

A LION HUNT

ROYAL GALLERY: DRESDEN

"NOWHERE is Rubens' genius more superb, nowhere is he more himself," writes Emile Michel, "than when he is expressing such furious and dramatic scenes as this. Nothing could be more thrilling. The sight of it stirs the blood and quickens the pulse. Men and beasts are here engaged in a furious and desperate battle. Wounded by hunters, two lions such as the

master loved to paint (no thin and languid captives of the menagerie, but the free and terrible beasts of the desert, of sudden catlike leaps, muscles of steel, fearful jaws and claws) have turned at bay, and furiously attack the aggressors, while the latter, in mortal terror, thrust and pierce with lance and spear. It is a heart-stopping tumult, —rearing horses screaming with fear or pain, torn and bloody flesh, stretched sinews, faces distorted with effort, with terror, or the agony of death,—but beneath this apparent chaos we recognize the workings of a calm directing mind, which has foreseen and arranged every detail that could contribute to the full significance of the picture. On the right, where the main emphasis of the composition lies, strong values support the masses and concentrate the effect; skilfully distributed natural grays bring out the values of the scattered brighter tones; and the low horizon allows the turbulent silhouette to stand clear against the sky, greatly adding to the impression of the scene."

PORTRAIT OF RUBENS BY HIMSELF (DETAIL)

IMPERIAL GALLERY: VIENNA

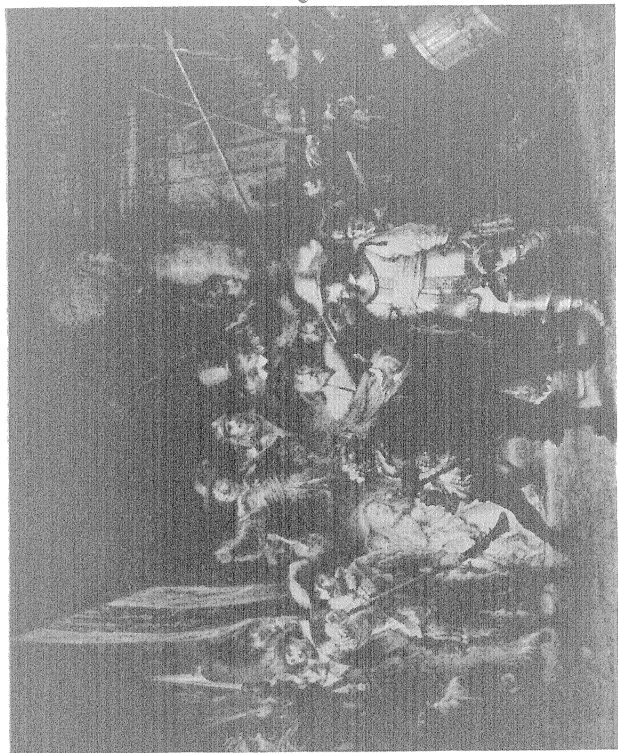
RUBENS has left us no more interesting portrait of himself than this, which shows him at the age of over sixty years. He is here no longer the brilliant cavalier of the Windsor, Aix, and Florence portraits—the face is thinner and paler, and the eyes are weary; but it is the face of one who has known the taste of perhaps as great a share of unalloyed worldly honor and glory as ever fell to the lot of man, and who now smitten with an incurable malady waits calmly for the end.



REMBRANDT—MAN WITH FUR CAP—HERMITAGE, LENINGRAD



REMBRANDT—ANATOMY LESSON—HAGUE GALLERY



REMBRANDT—"NIGHT WATCH"—RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM

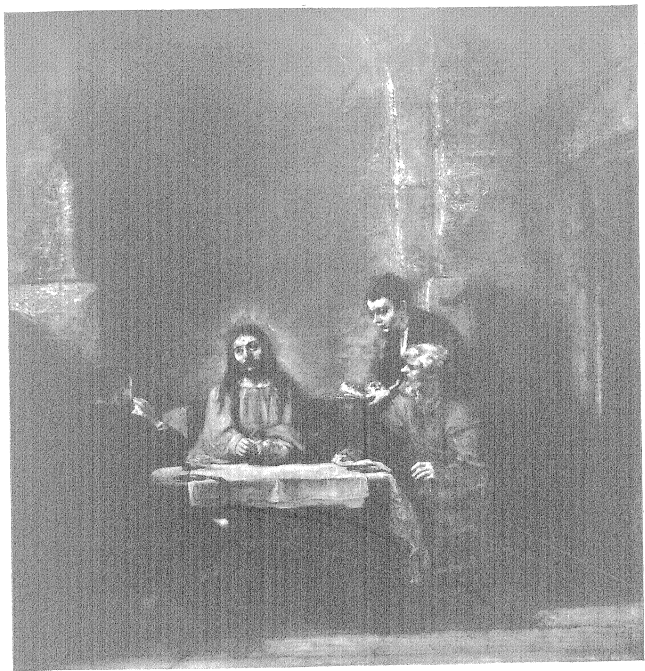


REMBRANDT—ELEAZAR SWALMIUS—ANTWERP MUSEUM





REMBRANDT—PORTRAIT OF ELIZABETH BAS—RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM



REMBRANDT—CHRIST AT EMMAUS—LOUVRE, PARIS



REMBRANDT—SHIPBUILDER AND HIS WIFE—BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON



REMBRANDT—SYNDICS OF THE CLOTH GUILD—RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM



SELF PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT—LOUVRE, PARIS

Rembrandt

BORN 1606: DIED 1669

UNTIL within the last half-century the generally accepted story of Rembrandt's life was made up of a collection of fictitious statements, the falsity of which has been proved by the careful researches of M. Charles Vosmaer and his fellow-workers, of MM. Bredius, de Vries, Immerzeel, and others, and lastly of Dr. Wilhelm Bode, and M. Emile Michel, whose work upon Rembrandt, published in 1893, is still the standard authority on the subject.

But although much concerning Rembrandt has been revealed, although "the cobwebs of myth with which, partly through malice, partly through ignorance, the master's image had been overwhelmed have been torn away," nevertheless, painstaking and seemingly exhaustive as the researches have been, much concerning the life of the greatest of Dutch painters still remains shrouded in darkness and mystery.

P. H.

THE doubts in connection with Rembrandt begin with the date of his birth. Three different years, 1606, 1607, and 1608, have been given. M. Michel, following Dr. Bredius, says he was born at Leyden on July 15, 1606, which makes him sixty-three at his death, in 1669. He was the fifth of six children born to the miller, Harmen van Rijn (Harmen of the Rhine) by his wife, Neeltjen Willemsdochter van Zuitbroeck. Humble as they were in station, his parents sent him to the Latin school in order that, as Orlers, the best authority for his early years,

puts it, "he might in the fullness of time be able to serve his native city and the Republic with his knowledge." Such studies were not to the boy's mind, however, and Harmen soon perceived that his son's inclination towards art would have to be indulged. He was placed with Jakob van Swanenburch, whom he quitted three years later to study under Lastman at Amsterdam. It was during the first short stay in the city whose chief ornament he was afterwards to become, that he underwent the influence of Elsheimer, who had been Lastman's master in Rome, and of Lievens, who was his fellow-pupil in Lastman's studio. But Rembrandt only stayed six months in Amsterdam. He returned to Leyden in 1624, "determined," says Orlers, "to study and practise painting alone, in his own fashion." He remained six years in his native town, working much from the members of his own family and from himself, carrying out those elaborately staged compositions which mark his first period as a painter, and taking the first steps as an etcher. . . .

M. Michel in his "Life of Rembrandt" paints a graphic picture of Amsterdam in 1631, of her growing trade and prosperity, and of the transformation, not only in the city itself, but in the spirit of the inhabitants, which followed the long struggle with Spain. The revival of civil life had been followed by a great increase in the attention given to the arts. The institutions fostered by the war had encouraged painters, and now, with returning prosperity, other institutions, and especially those connected with charity, came forward to commission pictures. For a long time Amsterdam was the chief place to profit by the return of peace. Her position, at once well sheltered and easily accessible both from the interior and the sea, has often been likened to that of Venice, but perhaps a comparison would be better with Constantinople. Her position at the head of the then navigable Zuyder Zee, and at a point where all the canals of Holland converged from the south, was very similar to that of the Eastern capital on the Sea of Marmora. Within a century of

William the Silent's assassination in the palace at Delft, Amsterdam had practically grown into the town we all knew until the other day.

It was in this Amsterdam that Rembrandt established himself in 1630; here, in 1632, that he painted his first corporation picture, the "Lesson in Anatomy"; and here, in 1634, that he married his wife, Saskia van Uylenborch, much of whose short married life must have been spent in sitting for her husband. M. Michel enumerates some eighteen portraits of her, of one kind or another, not counting compositions in which she may have sat for single figures. Some have recognized her features in an even greater number of cases. Saskia died in 1642, the year of "The Night Watch." Vosmaer, through a misapprehension by his friend, Dr. Scheltema, of an entry in a parish book, gave a second wife to Rembrandt, one Catharina van Wyck, whom he was supposed to have married in 1665. It is now believed that Saskia's only successor was Hendrickje Stoffels, whose connection with the master began about 1650 and lasted till her death, which is supposed to have occurred about 1662. The most intricate and obscure points in Rembrandt's life are those connected with Saskia's disposition of her property. She made a will in favor of her son Titus, with a contingent remainder for the benefit of her sister Hiskia, but as the will also contained a stipulation that Rembrandt should not be legally bound to carry out its provisions, "because she had confidence that he would behave in the matter in strict obedience to his conscience," it is difficult to understand exactly how it came to precipitate his ruin. However this may be, the fact remains that between 1654 and 1658 the painter was stripped of all the property he had accumulated in the historic house in the Breestraat, and that for the rest of his life he was a sort of nomad, shifting his lodgings with uncomfortable frequency, carrying with him nothing but the materials of his art and some little wreckage from his collections, which seem to have been saved we know not how. During all

this period, except the last few years, he had for legal *tuteurs* Hendrickje, and his son Titus, who made shift to manage his affairs while he confined his thoughts to art. How he passed the melancholy years which intervened between their deaths and his own we can only conjecture. . . .

Rembrandt's son Titus died in 1668, and the old painter was left with two children (a daughter and a granddaughter) to form his only links with the past. His own death took place about thirteen months later. So far no allusion to it has been found in any contemporary document, except the death-register of the Werter-Kerk of Amsterdam, in which this entry occurs: "Tuesday, October 8th, 1669; Rembrandt van Rijn, painter, on the Roozegraft, opposite the Doolhof. Leaves two children."

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

The Art of Rembrandt

EUGENE FROMENTIN has given us, in his "Maitres d'Autrefois," the most illuminating, the most penetrating, criticism upon Rembrandt that has yet appeared—a key criticism, which renders many confusing and diverse opinions reconcilable. Unfortunately the length of his masterly essay makes it impossible to reproduce it here in its entirety, but in the following synopsis (though for the sake of condensation we have been obliged to depart from the logical order of the original) we shall use Fromentin's own expressions wherever possible.

The starting-point or text of the theory is, that Rembrandt's was a dual nature, that he was two men in one,—the first a trained, facile, and workmanlike Dutch painter of his own time, above all a realist; the second a visionary, a dreamer, an idealist whose ideal was *light*.

The first of these Rembrandts,—Rembrandt the realist, the accomplished technician,—whom Fromentin has called the "exterior man," was possessed of a clear mind,

a vigorous hand, and infallible logic; indeed in every quality the very opposite of the romantic genius to whom the admiration of the world has been almost entirely given. And assuredly, in his way, this "exterior" Rembrandt is no inferior master. His manner of seeing is thoroughly healthy, his way of painting edifying from the simplicity of the means employed, attesting that he wished above all things to make his work comprehensible and veracious. His palette is limpid, without cloudiness, tinged with the true colors of the daylight. His drawing makes you forget it, but it forgets nothing. He expresses and characterizes, with their true individualities, features, glances, attitudes and gestures, the normal habits and the accidents of life,—he is admirably lifelike. His execution has the propriety, the breadth, the high bearing, the firm tissue, the force and conciseness which characterize painters who are masters of their craft. As the work of this clear-seeing, workmanlike realist, the "exterior" Rembrandt, we may instance the portrait of "Burgomaster Six" in the Six Gallery at Amsterdam, "The Gilder" in our own country, and the "Portrait of Elizabeth Bas." In these portraits there is no poetry, no idealism, and yet they are so thorough in workmanship, so truly seen and rightly rendered, that they deservedly rank among the world's masterpieces.

So much for the "exterior" Rembrandt. Let us now turn to the other,—Rembrandt the idealist, the dreamer. Here is a painter far more subtle, more difficult to characterize. Perhaps we shall more clearly see what he was if we approach him through an example of his work, such as, for instance, the "Christ at Emmaus."

This little picture, insignificant in appearance, of no great composition, subdued in color, almost awkward in execution, would alone be sufficient to establish the greatness of a painter. Not to speak of the disciple who clasps his hands in worship, nor of the other, who, astounded, his gaze fixed upon the face of Christ, is plainly uttering an exclamation of amazement, one might only remember

in this marvellous work the figure of the Christ, and it would be enough. What painter has not given us his conception of Christ? From Leonardo, Raphael, and Titian, to Van Dyck, Holbein, Rubens, and Van Eyck, how have they not deified, humanized, and transfigured him, told the story of his passion and of his death, related the events of his earthly life, and conceived the glories of his apotheosis? But has he ever been imagined like this? In pilgrim's garb; pale, emaciated; breaking bread as on the evening of the Last Supper; the traces of torture still on the blackened lips; the great, dark, gentle eyes widely opened and raised towards heaven; the halo, a sort of phosphorescent light, enveloping him in an indefinable glory; and on his face the inexplicable look of a living, breathing human being, who has passed through death! The bearing so impossible to describe, and assuredly impossible to copy, the intense feeling of the face, where the features are undefined and where the expression is given by the movement of the lips and by the look,—these things, inspired one knows not whence and produced one knows not how, are all priceless. No art recalls them, no one before Rembrandt, no one after him, has expressed them.

And if, seeking to discover the means by which such marvels are produced, we look into the picture for an explanation, do we find it by saying, as so many critics have contented themselves with saying, that Rembrandt was a consummate master of *chiaroscuro*? Not if we mean by *chiaroscuro* the play and opposition of light and shadow, in which dark waves, shaded, deepened, thickened, revolve around bright centres which are thereby made to appear more distinct and radiant, and yet in which the darkness is transparent, the half-darkness easy to pierce, and even the strongest colors have a sort of penetrability which prevents their being black. This form of expression was by no means either the invention or the exclusive quality of Rembrandt. All the great Italians, notably Leonardo and Titian, have used it; nay, Rembrandt in

his other self—the realist, the exterior man—used it consummately. Indeed it was the native and necessary form in which Rembrandt, in either of his personalities, always expressed his ideas. Surely this does not explain the mystery.

Suppose, then, that in despair of classifying him as merely a master of chiaroscuro, in despair of stretching the word to make it contain the whole truth about him, in despair of finding a ready-made term in the vocabulary, we should invent one, and call him a "luminarist"; coining this barbarous word to signify a man who would *conceive light outside of recognized laws*, who would attach to it an extraordinary meaning, who would make great sacrifices to it. If such is its significance, Rembrandt is at once defined and judged; for it expresses an idea, a rare eulogium, and a criticism. The whole career of Rembrandt the dreamer turns round this troublesome objective point,—to paint only by the help of light, to draw only with light. He has proved that light exists in itself, independent of exterior form and of coloring; and that it can, by the force and variety of its usage, the power of its effects, the number, the depth and the subtlety of the ideas which it may be made to express, become the principle of a new art. Life he perceives in a dream, as an accent of another world, which renders real life almost cold and makes it seem pale; and his ideal, as in a dream, pursued with closed eyes, is light,—the nimbus around objects, phosphorescence on a black ground. It is fugitive, uncertain, formed of imperceptible lineaments, all ready to disappear before they are fixed, ephemeral, and dazzling. To arrest the vision, place it upon canvas, give it form and relief, preserve its fragile texture, give it brilliancy, and let the result be a strong, masculine, and substantial painting, as real as any other, which would resist contact with Rubens, Titian, Veronese, Giorgione, Van Dyck,—this is what Rembrandt the "luminarist" attempted. Did he accomplish it? The judgment of the world is there to say. When this dreamer of light used it

appropriately, when he used it to express what no other painter in the world has expressed, when he accosts with his dark lantern the world of the marvellous, of conscience, the ideal, *then* he has no peer, because he has no equal in the art of showing the invisible. All the differing judgments that have been pronounced upon his works—beautiful, defective, doubtful, incontestable—can be brought back to this one simple question: Was the occasion one for making light an exclusive condition? Did the subject require it, did it allow it, or exclude it? In the first case the work results from the *spirit* of the work; infallibly it must be admirable. In the second the result is uncertain; and almost invariably the work is disputable or a poor success. But why was it that Rembrandt the pure idealist, the dreamer of the invisible, the enamored of light, so seldom attained to this supreme achievement? Perhaps we may discover.

To recur to the little picture which has served us as a point of departure for inquiry into his nature, we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that, in spite of its wonderful effects, it is technically in every way inferior to the portrait of Elizabeth Bas. It is not well drawn, it is colorless, in its physical appearance the canvas is mean and insignificant, the workmanship is timid and almost fumbling; indeed in its very essential inspiration, the handling of its light, it is not unimpeachable, for even light in the hand of this dispenser of it was no marvellously submissive and docile instrument of which he was sure. It possessed him, governed him, conducted him to the impossible, inspired him sometimes to the point of sublimity, and sometimes betrayed him.

How, then, are we to reconcile the work of these two men—the exterior man, the master of technique, who can be so clear, with this idealist, this dreamer of dreams, whose visions are so often haltingly expressed?

The key to the mystery lies in the diversity of the two natures—nay, in their adversity! Of almost equal force, but in objects opposite, they clog, hamper, and embar-

rass each other. Rembrandt was not a man whom tension fortifies, to whom it gives balance. The visionary bends himself uneasily to the expression of natural truth, but is inimitable when the obligation of veracity does not hamper his hand; the technician is a workman who can be magnificent when the visionary does not trouble and distract him. One perfection he rarely shows because of the difficulty of maintaining himself in this ideal state of painting an entire picture in it; because he could rarely escape the rising in him of the realist to trouble the dreamer. To the other he as rarely attains, because the idealist so constantly intervened to disturb the calm workman.

The whole history of Rembrandt's life, then, may be expressed as a struggle for the reconciliation of his two natures, a struggle of which the painter himself was, perhaps, unconscious. All his works bear testimony to the difficulty he had in finding a subject of such mixed character that both sides of his talent might be manifested together without injury to each other. To *Fromentin* the principal interest of "The Night Watch" lies in the fact that it is to him a clear evidence of struggle,—a battle-ground which marks the progress of the reconciliation, a splendid failure which shows us the painter in a day of great ambiguity, when neither his thought was free nor his hand healthy.

Did he ever succeed in effecting the reconciliation, in finding the subject? If never completely, surely most nearly in "The Syndics." A group of burghers and merchants, but notable men, assembled in their own house, before a table with an open register upon it, surprised in full council. No one of them is posing, they are all living. Occupied without acting, they speak without moving their lips. A warm atmosphere, increased tenfold in value, envelops the whole with rich, grave half-tints. The painting and relief of the linens, the faces, and the hands is extraordinary, and the extreme vivacity of the light is as delicately observed as if Nature herself had given its

measure and quality. The picture is at once very real and very imaginative, both copied and conceived, prudently managed and magnificently painted. In this canvas all Rembrandt's efforts have borne fruit; not one of his researches has been in vain. Here he meant to treat living nature as he treated fictions, by mingling the ideal and the true, and here he succeeded. The two men who had long divided the forces of his mind joined hands in this hour of success.

Taken thus, as a dual nature, Rembrandt is wholly explained,—his life, his work, his leanings, his conceptions, his poetry, his methods, his way of working, even to the color of his paintings, which is only a bold and studied spiritualization of the material elements of his art.

P. H.

The Works of Rembrandt

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

MAN WITH A FUR CAP

THE HERMITAGE: ST. PETERSBURG

THIS portrait of a man, with his fantastic high cap, fur tippet, red robe, and gold-headed stick was painted in 1637, and was formerly believed to represent John III. Sobieski, King of Poland. It is probably, however, a fancy study; possibly, as has been suggested by M. Mantz and others, Rembrandt himself was the original.

THE ANATOMY LESSON

GALLERY OF THE HAGUE

"THE Anatomy Lesson," the first of Rembrandt's great portrait subjects, was painted in 1632 at the request of the celebrated anatomist, Nicolaas Pieterszoon Tulp, for the Guild of Surgeons. In the picture Professor Tulp is seen standing behind an operating table upon which is placed the corpse. Forceps in hand, he lifts the tendons of the partly dissected arm, while around him

press his colleagues, eager to watch and to listen. It is a marvellous picture for a young man of twenty-six, and is generally accepted as a milestone in the career of the painter, and as marking a new departure.

"It is Rembrandt's triumph," says Frederick Wedmore, "that over all this terrible reality of the dead, the reality of the living is victorious; and our final impression of his picture is not of the stunted corpse, but of the activity of vigor and intellect in the lecturing surgeon and pressing crowd."

SORTIE OF THE CIVIC GUARD

RYKS MUSEUM: AMSTERDAM

AMONG the Guilds or Corporations prominent in the history of Holland, the military companies played an important part. Their members were drawn from the principal families of each city, and it was upon them that the civic authorities depended for the maintenance of public order. It was customary to perpetuate the honors of these Guilds in portraits paid for by subscription on the part of each member desirous of being depicted, and presented by them to the Corporation to hang in the halls of the Doelens or places of assembly. Such a picture Rembrandt was asked to paint for Captain Frans Banning Cocq and his company of musketeers.

Erroneously called "The Night Watch,"—a name given it by French writers at the end of the eighteenth century,—it is not a night scene, as its darkened condition, caused by time, thick coatings of varnish, and fumes from peat-fires and tobacco smoke seemed to indicate, but on the contrary, as a recent cleaning and restoration has proved, was painted in full sunlight. It has even been asserted that the exact position of the sun can be ascertained from the shadow cast by Banning Cocq's hand on the tunic of his lieutenant.

The incident represented is a call to arms of the Civic Guard. The company is issuing from its guild house;

the captain, dressed in black and wearing a red scarf, gives his orders to the lieutenant, who, clad in yellow, with a white scarf about his waist, and wearing a yellow hat adorned with a white feather, walks at his side—the two men preceding the rest of the group.

The canvas measures eleven by fourteen feet, but as originally painted in 1642 was considerably larger. The mutilation which it has undergone took place in 1715, when the picture was removed from the Hall of the Musketeers' Doelen to the Town Hall of Amsterdam; and in order to suit it to the dimensions of the place assigned to it, part of the drum to the left, and two figures to the right, of the canvas were cut off. A contemporary copy of the work by Gerrit Lundens, now in the National Gallery, London, shows this to have been the case.

By its originality of treatment "The Night Watch" stands alone in the history of corporation pictures. "It was destined to deal a fatal blow to Rembrandt's reputation," writes M. Michel, "and to sensibly diminish his *clientele*. . . . To begin with, his treatment of light was disconcerting in the extreme to the average Dutch mind—a mind pre-eminently sober and practical, which insisted on clarity and precision in all things. Secondly, those more immediately concerned in the matter naturally resented so audacious a divergence from traditional ideas. Relying on the orthodox precedents, each had paid for a good likeness of himself, and a good place on the canvas. But the painter boldly ignored the terms of the tacit contract. The two officers prominent in the centre of the composition had, of course, nothing to complain of, but the rank and file, with the exception of some four or five members, had come off very badly. Faces in deep shadow relieved by stray gleams of light, others scarcely visible, and others again so faintly rendered as to be barely recognizable, were not at all to their taste. Disregarding established conditions of these portrait groups, the painter had sacrificed their personalities to aesthetic considerations. His first care had been to compose a picture. . . .

After such a blow to their vanity the civic guards bestowed their patronage elsewhere, and Rembrandt's commissions fell off from this time forward."

PORTRAIT OF ELEAZAR SWALMIUS

ANTWERP MUSEUM

"**E**SPECIALLY strong and effective," writes Dr. Bode, "is the portrait of Eleazar Swalmius, a clergyman of Amsterdam. This venerable personage, of about sixty years of age and of imposing presence, is seated in a low arm-chair, and regards the spectator with a benevolent expression, accompanying the words which he seems to have just uttered with a characteristic gesture of the hand." The portrait is dated 1637, and in the catalogue of the gallery is called "Portrait of a Burgomaster."

PORTRAIT OF ELIZABETH BAS

RYKS MUSEUM: AMSTERDAM

"**E**XQUISITE as is the technique in the portrait of Elizabeth Bas," writes M. Michel, "it is altogether lost sight of in the profound impression produced by the creation as a whole. By far the most remarkable portrait painted by Rembrandt at this period (1643-1646), it fairly claims to rank among his great masterpieces. Elizabeth Bas, widow of the Admiral J. Hendrick Swartenhout, belonged herself to a family of no great importance; but by her marriage with one of those heroic sailors who contributed so largely to the glory and prosperity of Holland, she had been admitted to the most distinguished society of Amsterdam. Born in 1571, she appears to have been from seventy-two to seventy-five years old when the portrait was painted. It is a three-quarters length of an old lady, seated, and facing the spectator. Her black dress is marked by the subdued elegance proper to her rank and age. A closely fitting white cap with semicircular ear-pieces surrounds the face, showing the roots of the hair in front, and the whiteness of the large goffered ruff is mitigated by the pronounced shadow cast by the head.

In spite of her yellow complexion and parchment skin, the old lady's bearing is still erect and stately. The vigorous contours, sharply defined against the neutral background, the close, incisive drawing, the truth of the modelling, the decision of the accents, the extreme frankness of the intonations, even the choice of attitude, all combine to suggest the individuality of the sitter. Greatly as Rembrandt excelled in the rendering of those essential traits that character and habit stamp on a human face, he never gave more eloquent expression of his powers than in this masterpiece of sincerity and divination."

CHRIST AT EMMAUS

LOUVRE: PARIS

A DESCRIPTION of this remarkable picture, included in a criticism by Fromentin, will be found in this book. It was painted in 1648. It is unusually small in size, measuring only twenty-six by twenty-seven inches.

THE SHIPBUILDER AND HIS WIFE BUCKINGHAM PALACE: LONDON

"REMBRANDT'S great masterpiece of 1633, a year so rich in important works," writes M. Michel, "is the large canvas known as 'The Shipbuilder and His Wife.' The husband, an elderly man with a white beard and moustache, and strongly marked but placid features, sits at a table, busily drawing the plan of a ship's hull. He holds a compass in his right hand, and turns for a moment from his task to his wife, an old woman in a white cap, who has just entered the room to hand him what is doubtless a letter.

"The frank and generous execution, the soft, warm light, the sober color, the transparent shadows, are all in exquisite harmony with the homely scene, and attune the spectator's mind to fuller sympathy with the old couple. By bringing them thus together he has given us not merely a picture, but an epitome of two lives, which, thanks to his art, are as closely associated in our memories as in reality."

SYNDICS OF THE CLOTH GUILD

RYKS MUSEUM: AMSTERDAM

“COMMISSIONED by the Guild of Drapers, or Cloth-workers,” writes M. Michel, “to paint a portrait group of their Syndics (or directors) for the Hall of the Corporation, Rembrandt delivered to them, in 1661, the great picture which formerly hung in the Chamber of the Controllers and Gaugers of Cloth at the *Staalhof*, and has now been removed to the Ryks Museum.

“In this instance Rembrandt made no attempt to vary traditional treatment by picturesque episode, or novel method of illumination, as in the case of ‘The Night Watch.’ The five members of the Corporation are ranged round the inevitable table, prosaically occupied in the verification of their accounts. They are all dressed in black costumes, with flat white collars, and broad-brimmed black hats. Behind them, and somewhat in the shadow, as befits his office, a servant, also in black, awaits their orders with uncovered head. The table-cloth is of a rich scarlet; a wainscot of yellowish-brown wood with simple mouldings, forms the background for the heads. No accessories, no variation in the costumes; an equally diffused light, falling from the left on the faces, which are those of men of mature years, some verging on old age. With such modest materials Rembrandt produced his masterpiece.

“At the first glance we are fascinated by the extraordinary reality of the scene, by the commanding presence and intense vitality of the models. They are simply honest citizens discussing the details of their calling; but there is an air of dignity on the manly faces that compels respect. The eyes look out frankly from the canvas; the lips seem formed for the utterance of wise and sincere words. Such is the work, but, contemplating it, the student finds it difficult to analyze the secret of its greatness, so artfully is its art concealed. Unfettered by the limitations imposed on him, the masters’ genius finds its opportunity in the arrangement of the figures and their spacing on the canvas, in the slight inflection of the line of faces, in the unstudied variety of gesture and attitude, in the

rhythm and balance of the whole. We note the solid structure of the heads and figures, the absolute truth of the values, the individual and expressive quality of each head, and the unison between them. Passing from the drawing to the color, our enthusiasm is raised by the harmony of intense velvety blacks and warm whites with brilliant carnations, which seem to have been kneaded, as it were, with sunshine; by the shadows which bring the forms into relief by an unerring perception of their surfaces and textures; and, finally, by the general harmony, the extraordinary vivacity of which can only be appreciated by comparing it with the surrounding canvases. . . .

"Never before had Rembrandt achieved such perfection; never again was he to repeat the triumph of that supreme moment when all his natural gifts joined forces with the vast experiences of a life devoted to his art, in such a crowning manifestation of his genius. Brilliant and poetical, his masterpiece was at the same time absolutely correct and unexceptionable. Criticism, which still wrangles over 'The Night Watch,' is unanimous in admiration of the 'Syndics.' In it the colorist and the draughtsman, the simple and the subtle, the realist and the idealist alike recognize one of the masterpieces of painting."

PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT BY HIMSELF

LOUVRE: PARIS

REMBRANDT painted more than forty portraits of himself, in many aspects and various fantastical costumes. Although probably few of them can be described as accurate likenesses, it is clear that he was a strong man, of ordinary figure, with a thick nose, coarse but firm mouth framed with a stiff moustache and imperial, and dark, piercing eyes. The portrait here reproduced was painted in 1633, and shows him clad in a violet velvet mantle with a jewelled gold chain about his shoulders.



EL GRECO—THE ANNUNCIATION



EL GRECO—THE ASSUMPTION—ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO



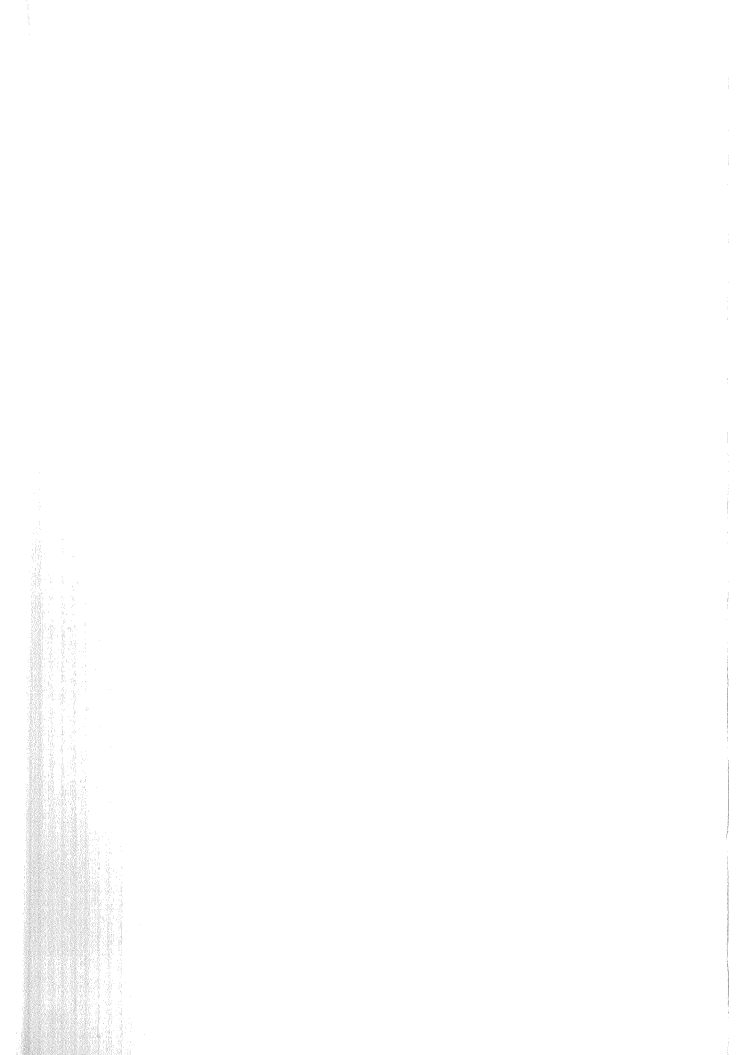
EL GRECO—THE NATIVITY—METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK



EL GRECO—ST. BASIL—PRADO, MADRID



EL GRECO—PORTRAIT OF A PHYSICIAN—PRADO, MADRID

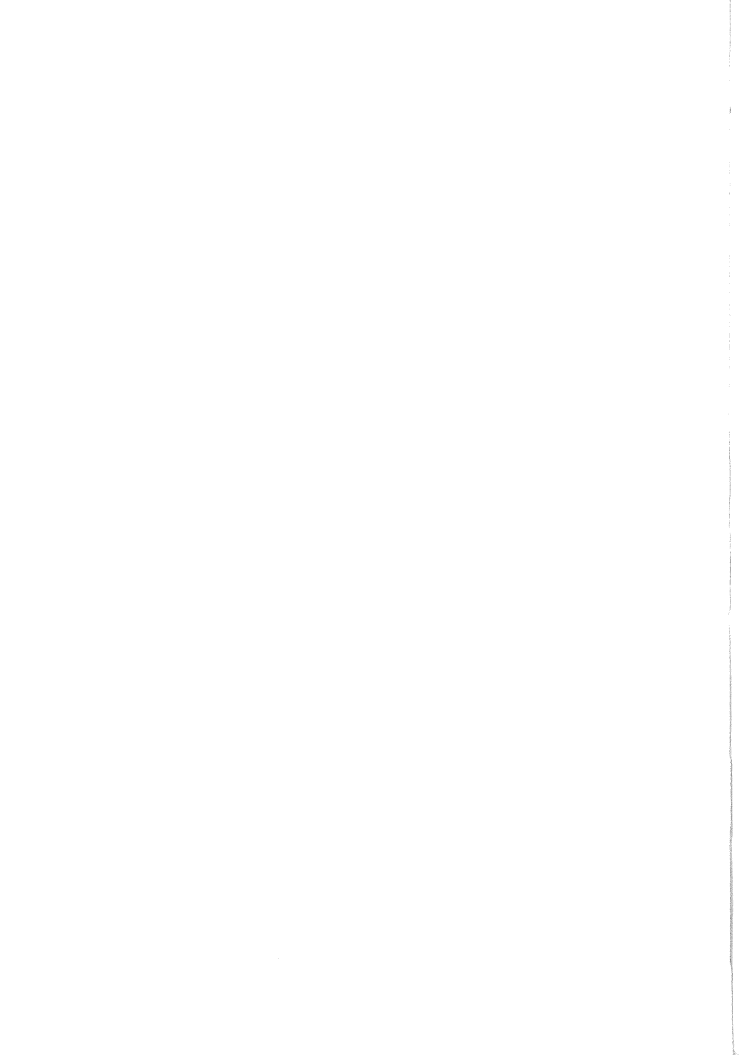




EL GRECO—CARDINAL DON FERNANDO—METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK

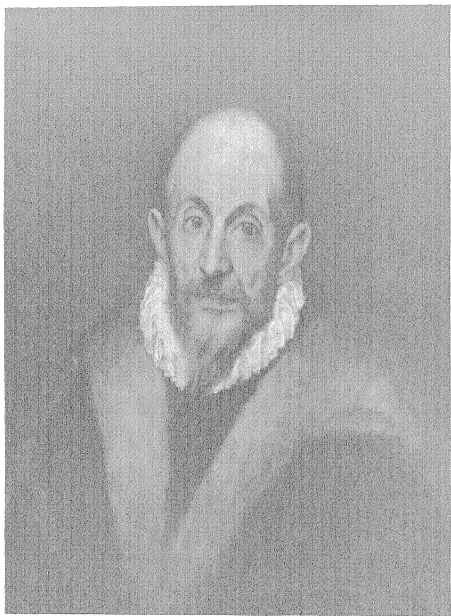


EL GRECO—HEAD OF A MAN—PRADO, MADRID





EL GRECO—CHRIST DEAD IN THE ARMS OF GOD—PRADO, MADRID



SELF PORTRAIT OF EL GRECO
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK

El Greco

BORN 1548 (?): DIED 1614

DOMENIKOS THEOTOKOPULI was born in the Island of Crete in the year 1547 or 1548. It is not known whether his youth was passed in his own Greece or in Venice. Venice was the great dominating Christian influence in all these isles and Levantine towns, and at just that time, when thousands of Greek refugees were fleeing to Venice from the power of the Turk, it would have been natural enough if the family of El Greco had been among them. The legend is that he studied with Titian; yet his name does not appear in the extant list of Titian's pupils. However, his countryman, the Macedonian Giulio Clovio, speaks of him in a letter as "a pupil of Titian." However that may be, he absorbed the Venetian manner simply enough, and at the time of his coming to Spain he was quite Titianesque in style, although even as early as that his work had its own strong individuality.

He was called to Spain and settled in Toledo, as his first work was there. There is a good deal of confusion about the term "El Greco." It means, of course, "The Greek." But in the right Spanish it should be "El Griego." It would seem, however, that he got the nickname during his years in Italy, and was called by the Italians "Il Greco" when he first went to Spain. The Spaniards adopted the name, gave it their own characteristic article, and called him "El Greco," or sometimes plain "Greco." The French do the same thing when they call him, as they

always do, "Le Greco." And we, if we were consistent with them, would call him "The Greco." But we, in our haphazard way, have for the most part elected to call him after the Spanish nomenclature. And by the title "El Greco" he is known among us. "Theotokopuli" is rather a mouthful at the best. It was the pleasant manner of the Italians to give nicknames to their painters, as Masaccio, Giorgione, and Perugino, or "Slovenly Tom," "Big George," and "The Man from Perugia," and so one may suppose the name "El Greco" came about.

It is curious, by the way, that he should have been a Greek, because nothing could be more different from what we have come to call the Hellenic spirit than the soul that animated his work. Greek art, as we know it, is based on proportion, measure, balance. Some of its leading qualities are serenity, reserve, workmanship. Now the art of him they called "The Greek" is different in all things, for his work was violent, perturbed, careless in execution. It was written that he of the ancient classic race should be the first of the moderns.

It would be hard to imagine one who differed in more ways than he from the calculated, carefully poised art which we call classic. There is nothing of the unthinking serenity of Greece in his types; they are tortured and quite modern in expression. Half gods or Titans at the best, these men of his have little likeness to the Greek gods of High Olympus.

No doubt the grim, austere city of Toledo had its influence upon El Greco and upon his art. He had been accustomed to happy and joyous Venice, where things were seen through a golden rain of sunlight. And here in Toledo was sunlight, to be sure, but of another quality. Here were gaunt, grim shapes wholly Gothic or Moorish, wholly different from the rich, colored Byzantine forms of the beloved Venice and of a farther Greece. And the proud, severe, austere Spanish types about him were dif-

ferent enough from the smiling, ease-loving Italian faces he had come to know in Venice.

So, in the end, his painting became strange and more strange. He alternated in his work, now doing a picture that was quite "sane," again, making a picture so wild as to puzzle the grim Philip II. and his court.

It is the test and measure of a man what use he makes of his ability; how he develops after leaving the nest, as it were, of master and brother pupils; and El Greco met this test strongly, for his Venetian art, though much more individual than that of his fellows, still smacked of Venetian color and manner. He had something in his work of that rich, warm Venetian glow so often talked of. There is a legend, probably apocryphal, that he was irritated when his canvases were compared to Titian and determined to show that he could paint better and in a different manner. However this may be, his manner certainly changed greatly during his stay in Spain. It is more likely that solitude in Toledo, not seeing other painters who were his equals, caused him to fall back upon himself and to create a style almost of necessity personal.

Something of his early Venetian training, however, no doubt persists, even in his latest work. He retained the trick of glazing, so beloved of Venetians, though he apparently varied it by scumbling, a method not so much used by his masters. At all events, something of this thin, sleazy way of smearing on the paint in certain passages was adopted by Velasquez, whose earliest manner was quite different, being in the heavy, robust, not to say stodgy technique which he first learned from Herrera. The big picture by Herrera in the Worcester Art Museum illustrates this manner well enough. Greco's manner is quite different from this: he is always glazing and smearing. One notices glazes especially in the finger-tips of his portraits.

El Greco was in more than one respect the Whistler of

his day. He had much of the latter's wit; he had an uncommon way of painting; and, among other things, he had Whistler's passion for litigation. Only the Greek, more fortunate than the man from Lowell, won all his suits. It is recorded that when the Inquisition accused him of controverting certain canonical rules in some of his pictures, he had the courage—and courage it was in those days—to defy it and bring suit against the all-powerful institution. Strange to say, he won his case.

In those days there was a sort of tariff on the sale of each picture. El Greco thought this unfair and refused to pay it. A suit brought before the Royal Counsel of the Hacienda was decided in his favor. And it was proclaimed that henceforth the three arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture were forever exempt from duties or imposts.

There is no definite statement extant about his exact technique, but by carefully studying his works one can arrive at a pretty good understanding of the manner of it. It is fair to suppose that his early style was much the manner that Titian taught and that the other young Venetians practised. Very likely he under-painted in gray tempera body color and glazed plentifully over that. Later, he very much modified this manner and came to paint in what must have been a good deal the modern manner; that is, painting in the picture quite directly and then constantly repainting or retouching. He, however, glazed much more than is commonly done nowadays.

El Greco is, in a sense, one of our modern discoveries. Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, it is true, speaks of him as early as 1848, and at considerable length, but with quite complete misapprehension. In his "goguenard" and robust way, he feels that there is something interesting in the Greek painter, but fails to put his finger on it. So that any real effort to understand El Greco has come about of later years. Indeed, it may be doubted

if the mind of the world has ever before been so nearly in the right state to appreciate the Toledan painter's rather bitter and evasive charm. He suits our desire for novelty; he chimes in with our sense of the mutability of things; his very marked personality interests us.

With other painters the personality of the man is or is not an interesting trait. With El Greco it is almost the whole thing. One might almost say he is nothing but personality. He is like Perique tobacco, which is very good for giving a flavor to other brands, but rather heady when smoked alone. Well, it takes a strong head to enjoy El Greco. His flavor is too strong and of too bizarre and racy a quality to be enjoyed by every one. In other men, personality will show in choice or arrangement of subject, perhaps in a certain rare quality of color; but with our Greek the personality cries aloud with every stroke of the brush. It is this that has kept him from due recognition; it is this, too, which makes him a particular favorite with the *raffiné* and discerning.

El Greco was the inventor, so to say, of the "muted" tones, the smoky blacks, the dingy whites, which Velasquez, in a measure, adopted, and which Whistler later developed into so taking an article of commerce. That is, the Greek was the first man, so far as appears, to treat tones in that way. In the work of his master Titian the whites are quite frankly white; the blacks, though suggesting color, still of a blackness, as dark as may be in the accents. With El Greco, the rendering of these muted tones was not so much a mannerism as a perception of the delicate bloom which light sheds on the "local color" of things. And this was a subtlety of vision, a perception of nuance, that till then had been wanting in painters' work. How much these qualities suggested anything to Velasquez we do not absolutely know. But we do know that Velasquez's earliest work was hot and unluminous, quite in the manner of Herrera, and that in his latest work he

developed those so-called "silvery tones" which are also among the distinguishing qualities of El Greco.

Our master had all a Venetian's skill in landscape painting when he first came to Spain, and he quickly learned to render the peculiar beauty of Spanish landscape, and mostly the sort that is seen about Toledo. He seemed to love, and well recorded, its austere grandeur; and in the backgrounds of some of his figure compositions are bits of landscape which might well have filled in some canvas of Velasquez. Indeed, it is impossible not to feel that the latter had seen and studied this feature of Theotokopuli's work, for many of his landscape backgrounds have the same long, swinging lines, the same free, loose manner of handling.

It is a strange thing that El Greco should have so well assimilated the formula of the Spanish type, that he should have understood it so well, and that he, a foreigner, should have painted Spaniards more "like" than they could paint themselves. No one, better than he, has understood and rendered the cold morgue of the Spanish grandee—fire under ice. And he, too, has well understood the Spanish churchman, and his portraits of various Spanish cardinals are among the best of his work.

Another quality, which one might say was invented by El Greco, was a loose, free, almost feathery handling, which, while it injured his workmanship, did in a measure suggest the floating, ever-changing aspect of nature in a way which the solid, well-considered draftsmanship of the Venetians had hardly done. Still less had the heavy, rather stodgy handling of Herrera and his ilk suggested this constant mutability of things.

El Greco, like a true innovator, felt this so strongly, had so acute a sense of the change, the "va et vient" of living things, that he was sometimes content to let the form go unchastened, if he had given it the breath of life; so that some of his creations are like Frankenstein's mon-

ster, palpably alive, yet hardly human.

El Greco has to his credit that he was one of the first Impressionists, and by "impressionism" one means the word in its broader sense rather than in the more restricted meaning, which is most often given it nowadays. For he told the scandalized Pacheco, when the latter visited him in Toledo, that he believed in constant retouching and repainting, which tended to make the broad masses tell flat as in nature. This is quite the doctrine of the "tache" so beloved by Manet, and his manner of retouching here, there, and elsewhere is much like the style of Chardin and Monet.

No doubt Pacheco, who was father-in-law to Velasquez, sometimes whispered these heresies with bated breath to his clever pupil. And certainly Velasquez succeeded in rendering the "apparition" of things even more successfully than the old Greek. But Velasquez was essentially a modeler, and more, too; he always tried for the flowing surface of paint, the "fused" look which his best paintings have. So that, in this respect, his method may be called quite different from the patchy facture of Theotokopuli.

What El Greco may have suggested to him, however, was a way of looking at nature without prejudice, spot for spot. The Italians, even the best of them, always treated a man by the way the forms ran. El Greco, and after him Velasquez, were the first to see nature with the "innocent eye," putting a dark spot here, a lighter tone there, as they came, without "*parti-pris*" as to their exact meaning. In El Greco this is tentative; he still paints along the form instead of across it with the light. Yet the effect of his work is more impressionistic than most that had preceded it.

It has been already hinted that Velasquez was a good deal influenced by the art of Greco, and in an indirect way it would seem that he doubtless was. If this be so,

it may have come about by conversations with his father-in-law Pacheco, who knew El Greco and had argued with him about art; although it is quite evident that if Pacheco admired the Toledan master in some respects, he still highly disapproved of certain of his practices. Velasquez may have heard about El Greco from the latter's favorite pupil Tristan, though Tristan's work does not much recall the master, being heavier and made with more care, yet lacking in charm. Or, what seems most likely of all, Velasquez had, no doubt, seen El Greco's work at Toledo, and being the most thoughtful and analytic of men, by much study he may have divined some of the Toledan's secrets; have known, and that was his great gift, which to take and which to leave.

Theotokopuli is said to have written a book or treatise about art. Whatever this may have been, it has now wholly disappeared, and this one must feel to be a great pity, for it would be interesting to know the views of so independent and unusual a painter. It is to be regretted that all painters have not written on the practice of their art. What a library of information we should have; and, more than that, what a side-light on the intentions and meaning of each painter would be his comments on his own work and his description of his own manner of working! But whatever he may have written, it does not now survive, and we shall never know what the strange old man thought about the practice of his art.

But at the very last, El Greco, though interesting in himself, is most interesting historically, as a link between the old and new. He is one of those men—the Impressionists are his brothers in this—who dimly felt or divined certain subtleties, refinements, nuances, which till then had not been expressed. Indeed, he felt them so strongly that in the passion of their rendering he sometimes forgot or slurred the old perfections. Other men, like Velasquez, perceiving these qualities in his work, were

able to express them in their own, while not sacrificing the other verities as he had done. It is the fate of innovators to be obsessed by their own discoveries. *L'Idée fixe* tortures their mind and obscures other verities. They are the victims of their truth. And El Greco was no exception to this. And yet they have this reward—that they are sometimes more interesting to subtle minds than are men of more triumphant and absolute ability. Greco is not comparable to Rubens, for instance, as an all-round artist and master of technique. And yet, to certain minds, he must always seem a more interesting painter, infinitely more distinguished. And where he often failed in rendering the obvious—so unlike Rubens—he sometimes felt and suggested subtleness of expression—nuances of light and tone which the healthy Fleming would never have even suspected. He is, to use an expression rapidly becoming banal, a painter's painter. Millet delighted in his picture of St. Ildefonso and had an engraving of it, which was owned by Degas. Zuloaga and other Spanish painters are said to consider El Greco the superior even of Velasquez. One is not prepared to agree with this. Yet the mere suggestion shows how sympathetic is the work of our subject to many painters of ability.

El Greco, then, was an innovator, a man who felt and suggested many things, yet was not perfect in his rendering of any of them. Mr. McColl has made a half-humorous division of painters into Titans and Olympians. Well, then, our Greek was in some sense a Titan, if a man so neurotic as he could be called a Titan. At least, there was nothing Olympian about him. No, he was hardly a Titan or even a half-god, not even a super-man; for there was little of the "Laughing Lion" in him. Rather, he was one of those men, fortunate or unfortunate as you will, made for a time in the future. How lonely he must have been in Toledo, even with Cervantes and Lope da Vega as neighbors! What the other men thought most

important seemed to him distressingly obvious. The things which to him seemed all important, they had never seen.

The Art of El Greco

HIS work is all passion. His quality of generalization makes him appreciate the eternal forms of nature. El Greco is a sublime thinker, who by means of imagery has expressed beings and states of soul—beings, too, as complicated as we; states of souls as troubled as ours. His work is of the most emotional and captivating that art has produced. The real master is he who creates a type, a manner; and by this one should understand a new way of rendering that nature which does not itself change; a new way of expressing feelings old as the world, and consequently enriching the domain of art by a hidden treasure. El Greco is one of these privileged beings. His work brings with it surprises and sensations till now unknown. Although wholly saturated in nature, it fascinates and conquers as though a new thing.

To this primordial quality he adds an intense emotion. He, an intelligence essentially emancipated, lifts spirits above this material appetite and joys. Before these one cannot choose but be caught and troubled by their depth, their nobility, their vivacity of expression, their grandeur. His figures, translucid and elongated out of all measure, of super-human life, in stretched-out attitudes, with crumpled draperies, shock us like apparitions. His unhealthy tones, running from crude white to absolute black; his harmonies, almost too acute and capricious and jumbled (accords which come near to dissonance), give a fever, as it were. The master has an indefinable sense of the Invisible Life, and what lies beyond mingles in his figures in a bizarre fashion which leaves a disquieting obsession. They disconcert, they astonish, they captivate.

More than any one, save Rembrandt, does he have the sense of what is dramatic—but dramatic movement coming from simple action, ever heroic or noble, without complication; something outside what happens to be picturesque for the moment. It is from this in great part that he draws his mysterious power.

Few masters have pushed the science of composition further, though all the while dissimulating it. In his work the groups are balanced or opposed with a rare perfection. No one has shown as much care and science in the preparation of his works. Never did El Greco brush in a canvas, model a statue, design a plan for architecture, without first making numerous sketches or projects or designs. We have, for that matter, the proof in the 'Conversations on Painting' by Pacheco, which recounts that, having been to see the master at Toledo, this latter showed him the *ébauches* of his pictures, the statuettes in terracotta for his statues. The father-in-law of Velasquez was stupefied. "For," he writes, "who would think that Domenico Greco made studies for his work, repainted them and time again, to the end that he might separate and disunite the tints and thus give to his canvas that look of cruel daubings in order to stimulate a greater liberty of handling and a greater power."

Let us leave to the timorous Pacheco any responsibility for his sayings; but could one expect anything else from the weak and untemperamental, petty master? . . .

Why should Domenikos Theotokopuli have left Italy when he was beginning to make himself known, where the future smiled on him, pledging herself to him under happy auspices? On what occasion did he leave the Eternal City, where he could not have lacked for friends and protectors? Had not the capital of the world all which should hold a young and enthusiastic artist? *Chef d'œuvres* were there to be met at every step, those of past civilizations as well as those of the hardly-ended

Renaissance. According to the saying of Montaigne, who visited Rome but a little later, Rome was then the cosmopolitan city where every stranger found himself at home, and where difference in nationality did not count at all.

Was the young painter called into Spain by Philip II. on Titian's recommendation? The sovereign had told Titian to send some of his scholars to him. Or was it suggested to El Greco to try to win the competition for the decoration of the Cathedral of Toledo? Or did he come of himself, drawn by that need for novelty and for adventure which was so common with the artists of past centuries? Who knows? All is mist and shadow in these days of El Greco's infancy and youth.

PAUL LAFOND.

The Works of El Greco

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

THE ANNUNCIATION

A VERY characteristic example of El Greco, of a certain charm, and yet illustrating very clearly various of his faults. The arms and heads are of that curious, pulled-out quality which we have come to associate with him; but note, in the left arm of the angel, that the faults of drawing are those of exaggeration rather than lack of perception; that is, the contour is expressive, but the thick parts of the arm are made too wide in relation to the thinner parts. There is considerable knowledge of construction in the way the wrist is attached to the hand, only the thing is done carelessly.

The composition is well balanced and original. Indeed, it is interesting to note how far El Greco has departed

from the conventional arrangement of the Annunciation used by almost every Italian painter from Giotto to da Vinci.

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN

ART INSTITUTE: CHICAGO

A VERY characteristic example of El Greco in that there are admirable bits in it and again other pieces of deplorably careless rendering. For instance, the drapery about the Virgin does not impress one as at all well expressed, while, on the other hand, certain of the heads appear remarkably well done. Note particularly the saint gazing upward and the bald head leaning forward.

The composition may be a little reminiscent of Titian's 'Assumption,' but in details is quite different. Its chief fault is that the canvas is frankly divided into two pictures, with no subtle binding together of the two. As in most of El Greco's pictures, the realistic heads in the lower part are much more successful than the more or less idealized rendering of the upper half.

THE NATIVITY

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: NEW YORK

THIS is introduced as one of the most extreme examples of El Greco's art. The drawing of some of the pieces, as, for instance, the cherub in foreshortening, the leg of the kneeling shepherd, the side of the Madonna's head, is unbelievable. At the same time, the group is well composed and possibly was the *Plan type* on which like subjects by Ribera and by Murillo were built up. Observe that the figures are lit by radiance from the Infant Jesus. This idea may have been borrowed from the famous 'La Notte' of Correggio. Indeed, the main lines of the Greek's composition are very similar to that of the Italian's: the lighting is imagined rather than

studied from nature. It would be impossible that the face and arm of the kneeling shepherd should be so lit by light from the Child.

The face of the Virgin, despite its singular drawing, has a certain charm, and the head of St. Joseph is eminently Grecoesque, looking, indeed, more like a fierce Jeremiah than a meek Joseph.

ST. BASIL

PRADO: MADRID

THIS is one of the figures of saints to which Geoffroy somewhat flippantly refers as being worm-eaten. Despite the excessive smallness of the head, perhaps because of it, the figure is not lacking in a certain severe dignity. The hands, again, though extremely small, are characteristic, that holding the staff being perhaps the more successful of the two. The landscape background should be noted as being exceptionally fine, especially to the left side of the saint. It suggests the sort of landscape which Velasquez was later to paint, and is altogether of a different, more modern sentiment than the landscape backgrounds of El Greco's Venetian masters. The embroidery on the vestments, of a singularly high degree of finish, is possibly the work of an assistant. The head of the saint, though still characteristic of the painter, is one of his best constructed and most soberly painted performances.

PORTRAIT OF A PHYSICIAN

PRADO: MADRID

ANOTHER of El Greco's long faces, but what expression of character lies in the cold, pale, phlegmatic face! The eyes are interesting as being done in a manner half way, as it were, from the Venetian convention and from Velasquez's pure light and shade. The

eye is, for the matter of that, well expressed in light and shade, but the nuances of modeling in the half-light do not appear well expressed. Titian, on the other hand, never quite broke away from the old convention of drawing the eye like a button-hole; and while his vision was so acute that eventually he made a good eye, one will find in studying one of his heads painted in the same position as this that the eye is not so simply and frankly stated in mere light and shade as with El Greco.

The head is particularly well done, and in its distinction and character suggests some that Velasquez later painted.

PORTRAIT OF CARDINAL DON FERNANDO

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: NEW YORK

IN some respects the most successful, at the least the most complete, of Greco's portraits. The stuffs are rendered with great skill. Note the painting of lace which is done very freely yet suggestively, in manner more like Velasquez than like the Venetian masters. The textures and quality of the skirt and cape are remarkably rendered. The head is of a peculiar character, which is very well expressed. A slight expression of slyness may be caused by the eyes looking sideways toward the spectator, although the mouth as well looks as if it belonged to no simple-minded priest. As to the hands, one, the prelate's left, seems to have caused the painter a good deal of trouble and is even now not wholly successful. The other one is better.

HEAD OF A MAN

PRADO: MADRID

ONE of the most successful of El Greco's single heads. The face is full of character and quite sufficiently well drawn. Note, however, that the man's right eye is considerably higher than his left. This is a detail which

mediocre painters almost always get right, but of which Greco apparently was oblivious. The edges of the hair against the background are very well studied and in a peculiarly modern way; that is, El Greco, unlike his Venetian masters, apparently got his edges by sheer brushwork, where these latter would have painted the thing more or less hard and then achieved their soft edge by glazings and retouchings.

The ruff is treated in a broad, almost impressionistic, way, rather than in the somewhat *meticuleux* way of Titian.

CHRIST DEAD IN THE ARMS OF GOD

PRADO: MADRID

THIS is one of the most characteristic of El Greco's compositions, illustrating very well both his merits and defects. The composition is hardly so interesting as some of his, yet it very clearly indicates the intention of the picture. The drawing is singular, like all of the Greek master's. It is said that he had a defect of vision which made him see everything a little twisted. At the same time, the construction is well understood, showing the artist's close study of Michelangelo. Bits like the elbow, the wrist, and the knee of the dead Christ are done with understanding and with considerable *finesse*. The expression of the heads is well indicated, the character of both the principal figures being well searched and studied.

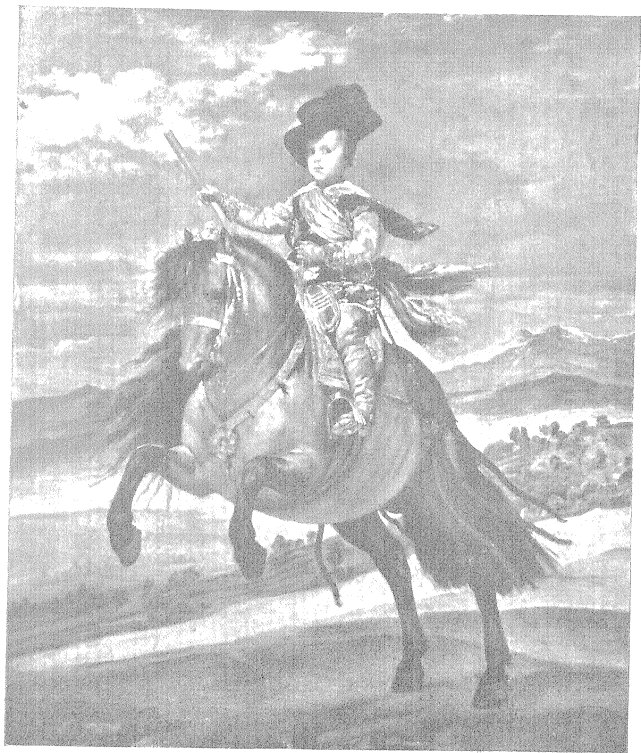


VELASQUEZ—THE TOPERS—PRADO, MADRID





VELASQUEZ—JUANA DE MIRANDA—BERLIN GALLERY

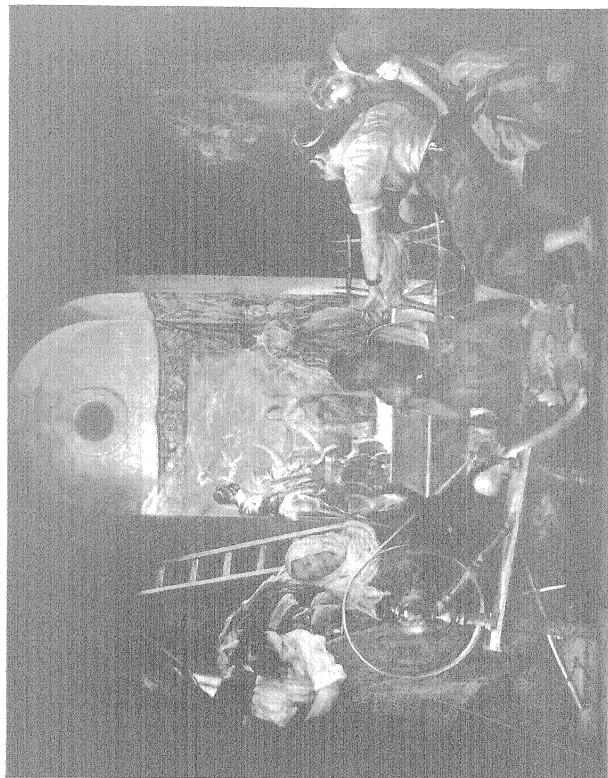


VELASQUEZ—DON BALTASAR CARLOS ON HORSEBACK—PRADO, MADRID





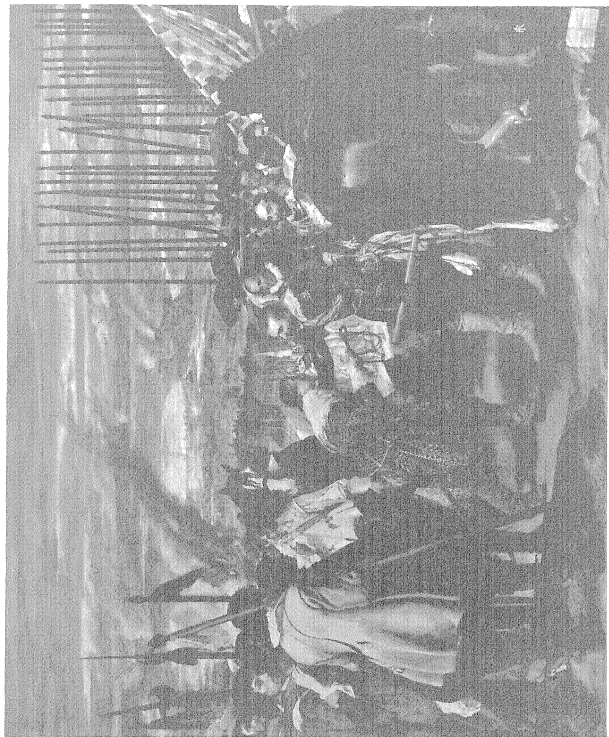
VELASQUEZ—POPE INNOCENT X (DETAIL)—DORIA GALLERY, ROME



VELASQUEZ—TAPESTRY WEAVERS—PRADO, MADRID



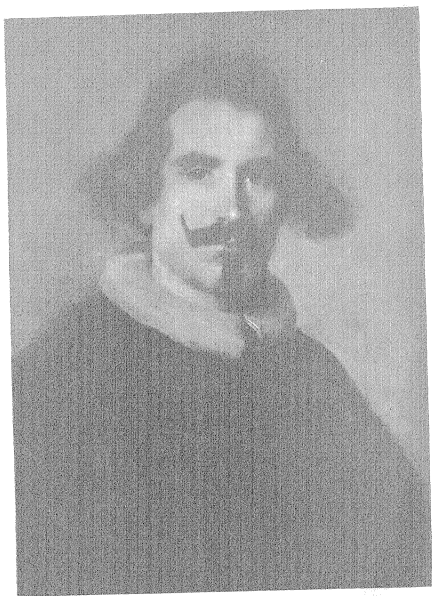
VELASQUEZ--THE MAIDS OF HONOR--PRADO, MADRID



VELASQUEZ—SURRENDER OF BREDÁ—PRADO, MADRID



VELASQUEZ—INFANTA MARIA THERESA—PRADO, MADRID



SELF PORTRAIT OF VELASQUEZ—CAPITOL, ROME

Velasquez

BORN 1599: DIED 1660

DIEGO RODRIGUEZ DE SILVA VELASQUEZ was born at Seville on or about June 6, 1599—in the same year as Van Dyck, and six years before his royal master and patron, Philip IV. of Spain. His father, Juan Rodriguez de Silva, was of ancient Portuguese lineage, and his mother, Donna Geronima Velasquez, belonged to a good stock of Seville, both families ranking as Sevillian *hidalgos* or members of the inferior nobility. According to an Andalusian custom, the name by which he is commonly known is that of his mother.

Velasquez's first teacher in art was the terrible Francisco de Herrera, an erratic but unquestionably gifted precursor of Spanish realism, from whose ungenial studio he soon proceeded to that of Francisco Pacheco. Here he studied for fully five years, and, at the end of that time, in 1618, married Pacheco's daughter, Juana de Miranda, of which event the elder master gives the following naive description: "After five years of education and training, I married him to my daughter, induced by his youth, integrity, and good qualities, and the prospects of his great natural genius."

On March 31, 1621, there occurred, however, quite unexpectedly, an event which agreeably excited and perturbed all who had formed projects of advancement or change. This was the sudden death of Philip III., and the consequent accession to the throne of Philip IV., then a boy in his fifteenth year. . . .

When Velasquez undertook his first journey to Madrid in search of more rapid advancement, his father-in-law, Pacheco, gave him introductions to important Sevillans attached to the court, but these efforts led to no result, for no introduction to the young king was on this occasion brought about. In the spring of 1623, however, came a letter from his friend Don Juan de Fonseca y Figueroa, inviting him, at the request of the all-powerful Minister Olivares, to return to Madrid, and granting a sum of fifty ducats for travelling expenses.

Velasquez made his debut with a portrait of Fonseca, which, being carried to the palace, met with such recognition that it was forthwith declared that he should paint Don Ferdinand, the king's brother, and then on further consideration, that he should commence with the king himself; and to the magic of Velasquez's brush it is due that Philip's memory has not become as dim, as faint in outline, as that of any other weakling monarch of the long Spanish decadence, which dates from the last years of Philip II. With this same painter the king was to continue, with two important intervals, in daily and intimate intercourse during forty years; and besides the unbounded admiration of the true connoisseur that he undoubtedly was, Philip accorded to the artist as much friendship and regard as it was possible for *el Rey*, isolated and walled in by the inflexible court etiquette of the time, to vouchsafe to a subject.

Thus was Velasquez, at the exceptionally early age of twenty-three years, formally installed as one of the specially privileged painters of Philip IV., with a studio in the palace, a residence in the city, and a monthly stipend of twenty ducats, to which was added, moreover, special payment, as Pacheco states, for each work produced. . . .

An important event in the artistic career of the master was the nine months' visit of Rubens to Spain (1628—29) on the occasion of his famous, quasi-diplomatic mis-

sion to the Spanish court. Although Velasquez had a high admiration for Rubens, and moreover, had unlimited opportunities of studying his technique, it is a misapprehension to date the growth of his second manner, with its increase in lightness, unity, and force of tone, and its added preoccupation with atmospheric effect, to a study or imitation of the elder master. It is rather to the first Italian journey, undertaken in 1630 (partly at the instigation of Rubens), and to the close study of Titian and Tintoretto at Venice that the pronounced change and further development in the style of the painter must be attributed, in so far as it is not to be accounted for by his natural self-development in the direction of that "*verdad no pintura*" ("truth, not painting") which was his device in art, and the principle towards the more complete realization of which his endeavors constantly tended. . . .

It is hardly surprising to learn, on the authority of Palomino, that "he was much pleased with the paintings of Titian, Tintoretto, Paolo, and other artists of that school; therefore he drew incessantly the whole time he was in Venice, and especially made studies from Tintoretto's famous 'Crucifixion,' and made a copy of the 'Communion of the Apostles,' which he presented to the king."

Velasquez entered Rome for the first time in the year 1630, and obtained a residence in the Vatican, which, however, he soon renounced in favor of the Villa Medici. Of this enchanting site he has left two characteristic landscape studies, now in the Prado, Madrid.

For the next eighteen years after his return from Italy, Velasquez remained uninterruptedly in the king's service, and his happy life of successful production, carried on under the vivifying rays of a court favor, which was undimmed in his particular branch by rivalry, is eventful only from the artistic, and not from the purely personal point of view.

Olivares, always on the watch to exorcise the brood-

ing melancholy to which Philip, after the fashion of his royal house, now already gave way, hit upon the expedient of conjuring up on the outskirts of the Prado a royal villa and grounds, to which the name of "Buen Retiro" was given. To adorn the walls of the new-made palace twelve military paintings of the largest dimensions were ordered for the "Sala del Reino," to illustrate the achievements which had marked the reign of Philip. These were executed by seven painters under the personal supervision of Velasquez, who, being but imperfectly satisfied with Jose Leonardo's version of the "Surrender of Breda," himself undertook to repeat this subject at a later period.

In November, 1648, nearly twenty years after his first visit to Rome, Velasquez again left Madrid for Italy. The ostensible motive for this second Italian journey was to make arrangements, in his capacity of director of the works then in progress at the Alcazar, for the pictorial embellishment of the new apartments, and the acquisition of fresh art treasures for their adornment. On his return to Madrid, he petitioned for and obtained the highly remunerative but onerous office of *Aposentador de Palacio*, or palace marshal to the king, and in this capacity was charged with all the complicated arrangements necessitated by the royal journey to the Pyrenees, undertaken on April 15, 1660, on the occasion of the betrothal of the Infanta Maria Theresa to the youthful Louis XIV. of France. Yet it may not be doubted that this herculean task was to him a labor of love—so saturated was he with the Spanish court traditions, and with such unaffected seriousness did he take the administrative as well as the artistic side of his life. His duties were by no means ended when the royal caravan had, after nearly a month's journey, reached San Sebastian, the place chosen for the meeting of the French and Spanish courts; for here it became his office to inspect the ephemeral palace erected on the Island of Pheasants as a Conference House for the

joint accommodation of the two sovereigns, and to superintend its decoration throughout with the finest Flemish tapestries, a selection of which had been expressly brought for the purpose from the Alcazar of Madrid.

Palomino speaks in glowing terms of the courtly refinement of Velasquez, who as a court official was present at all the stately functions and festivities which ensued. His costume on those occasions was of great elaboration, and displayed an exquisite taste and elegance. Amid numerous costly diamonds and gems he proudly displayed the recently acquired Order of Santiago, the red cross of which was embroidered also, in accordance with custom, on the cloak of the wearer.

On June 26 the master was back in Madrid, greeted with as much astonishment as joy by his wife, family, and friends; for a report of his death, which was but a presage of the end, then close at hand, had already reached the capital. On the last day of July, after having been all day in immediate attendance on his majesty, he was attacked by a subtle tertian fever, to which, after much suffering, he succumbed on August 6, in the year 1660. He had, at the command of the king, been attended in his last moments by no less a personage than the Archbishop of Tyre and Patriarch of both Indies, and his remains were honored with solemn and soberly splendid obsequies, such as befitted his high position at court and his recent inclusion in the knightly Order of Santiago.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The Art of Velasquez

WHEN one speaks of Velasquez, it must be remembered that his influence upon art is still comparatively young. His genius slumbered for two hundred years, till the sympathy of one or two great artists broke the spell and showed us the true enchanter of realism,

Not much is known about him. Contempt, not to say shaping himself from a cloud of misapprehension. . . . oblivion, fell on the man who preconceived the spirit of our own day. Amongst notable prophets of the new and true—Rubens, Rembrandt, Claude—he was the newest, and certainly the truest, from our point of view; so new and so true, indeed, that two hundred years after he had shown the mystery of light as God made it, we still hear that Velasquez was a sordid soul who never saw beauty, a mere master of technique, wholly lacking in imagination. . . .

In his latest pictures Velasquez seems to owe as little as any man may to the example of earlier painters. But, indeed, from the beginning he was a realist, and one whose ideal of art was to use his own eyes. His early pictures cannot be attached surely to any school; they are of doubtful parentage; though, with some truth, one might affiliate them to Caravaggio and the Italian naturalists. From the first, he shows sensitiveness to form, and a taste for solid and direct painting. He quickly learned to model with surprising justness, but for a long time he continued to treat a head in a group as he would if he saw it alone. Only slowly he learned to take the impression of a whole scene as the true motif of a picture. In his early work he faithfully observed the relations between bits of his subject, but not always the relation of each bit to the whole. If we compare the

realistic work of the young Velasquez with the pictures of the great Venetians, we shall find it lacking their comfortable unity of aspect. That aspect may have been more remote in its relation to nature, but it was certainly ampler and more decoratively beautiful. Up to the age of thirty, indeed, Velasquez seemed content to mature quietly his powers of execution, without seeking to alter his style, or to improve the quality of his realism. Had he died during his first visit to Rome, it might have been supposed, without absurdity, that he had said his last word, and that, young as he was, he had lived to see his art fully ripened. It would be difficult, indeed, to do anything finer, with piecemeal realism for an ideal, than the later works of this first period. . . .

The conversation and example of Rubens, the study of Italian galleries, as well as the practice of palatial decoration at Buen Retiro, gave a decorative character to the art of Velasquez in the second period. One tastes a flavor of Venetian art in the subject-pictures, and one remarks something bold, summary, and less intimate than usual, about the portraiture of this time. During these twenty years, if ever, Velasquez relaxed his effort at naturalism,—not that he slackened his grip upon form, but that he seems to have accepted in Italy the necessity for professional picture-making. His colors became a shade more positive or less bathed in light, and his unity to some extent an adopted decorative convention.

Upon his return from the second voyage to Italy, as if he had satisfied himself that Venetian art could not wholly render his manner of seeing, and that, at any rate, he had pushed it, in the *Surrender of Breda*, as far as it could go, he comes about once more, and seeks for dignity and unity in the report of his own eyes. In fact he adds the charm that we call impressionism to such work of the third period as "*Innocent X.*," done in Rome, "*The Maids of Honor*," "*The Tapestry Weavers*,"

"Aesop," "Moenippus," the "Infanta Maria Theresa," "Philip IV." (National Gallery), and some of the Dwarfs and Imbeciles in the Prado. . . .

In his later art, Velasquez never painted a wide view as he would a narrow one, nor a simple subject as a complicated one. When he painted a wide angle of sight, he either concentrated himself on a point, or steeped his whole canvas equally in a soft envelope of light. Indeed, whatever he painted, he always painted the quality of his attention to the scene, and, in virtue of that principle, his best pictures never look spotty, and never tempt one to cut them up into gem-like bits. His *ensemble* is always equally easy to grasp, whether he paints great groups like "The Maids of Honor" and "The Tapestry Weavers," solitary full-lengths like "Moenippus" and "Aesop," costume-portraits like "Maria Theresa," or simple busts like the head of Philip.

But if the art of all these pictures is based on the same principles, the technique is very different in them all. You may note a wonderful variety in Velasquez's style of modelling a head, not only in different periods of his life, but in pictures of the same period, and, what is more, in heads on the same canvas. Some heads are modelled very broadly and softly, without a sharp mark, a hard edge, or small, steep planes. The surfaces slide into each other in a loose, supple manner, that almost makes them look as if they were shaped in jelly or fluid. Some consist of bold, rough-hewn planes which give a face the force and vigor of firm chiselling. Others, again, are completed to show the finest niceties of shape and inclination, with an intimacy of feeling and a delicacy of proportion that no man has ever equalled. The handling is always discreet and inspired by the necessities of the occasion; neither does it follow a determined pattern, which might impart a frozen and artificial look, nor does it seek an effect of *bravura* dexterity which might arrogate an un-

due share of attention and interest. Although no certain rule can be laid down, generally speaking Velasquez inclines to brush in the obvious direction of the forms, so as to supplement tone and structure by the sentiment of the execution. In many cases, however, he smudges so subtly as to convey no sense of direct handling. The limb or object treated seems to grow mysteriously out of dusky depths and to be shaped by real light.

His impulse to arrange a canvas grew out of the scene before his eyes. His severe and stately color is founded on nature. His execution becomes quiet and exact, or burly and impetuous, as the occasion demands. More than any other man's, his work convinces us that he knew what he saw, and was incapable of self-deception: it is wholly free from haphazard passages, treacherous approximations to tone, or clever tricks and processes that evade rather than resolve a difficulty. Above all, his art is interesting without the extravagance which may kindle a momentary excitement, but is apt to die of satiety from its very violence. The restrained force and dignity of Velasquez inspire one with reverence and lasting respect; one cannot easily fathom the depth of his insight nor weary of his endless variety.

R. A. M. STEVENSON.

VELASQUEZ had an idealizing power of his own, but it lay in his intense perception of truth and beauty of light. Here he was the innovator and the unapproachable master. He was the first to see and to paint light and air, the first painter of aspects, the great and true *impressionist*. In his greatest works, "The Maids of Honor" and "The Tapestry Weavers," the figures seem merely incidents, while the true subject is the light that plays upon them, and the air in front of them and

around them; and by the delicate ordonnance and balancing of these elements he produces a composition as truly ideal as the grand arrangements of line or splendid harmonies of color of the Florentines or Venetians. With the Dutchmen and with Velasquez modern painting begins, but Velasquez is more essentially modern than the Dutchmen. The powerful chiaroscuro of Rembrandt would have seemed exaggerated to him, and Terburg's detailed insistence upon tangible fact would have seemed petty. He was the great discoverer of *values*; and to him the just amount of light upon an object and the exact quantity of air between it and the spectator—its *appearance* at a given distance and under a given effect—this was the one thing about it worth painting, and this he painted as perhaps no man has done since.

KENYON COX.

The Works of Velasquez

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

THE TOPERS

THE PRADO: MADRID

"THE Toppers" ("Los Borrachos") was painted by Velasquez for the King in 1628 or '29, just before the artist's first visit to Italy, and is one of the finest examples of his early manner. The scene is a bacchanalian revel, in which the youthful wine-god, crowned with leaves and enthroned on a cask, is surrounded by his votaries. The brightest light is centred on his figure, the white flesh tints contrasting strongly with the swarthy heads of the group of Spanish peasants.

"Whoever would form an opinion of the artist's treatment of the nude," writes Professor Justi, "should study

this youthful, soft, yet robust figure of Bacchus. The outstretched arm, the projecting knee, the lower leg with the light of the red mantle reflected upon it, all show that Velasquez had scarcely anything more to learn in this direction." "No brush," says Gautier, "has modelled flesh more finely, has painted it with more *souplesse*, or made it seem so living."

JUANA DE MIRANDA

BERLIN GALLERY

THE Berlin Gallery has acquired this portrait by Velasquez, believed to be that of his wife, Juana de Miranda. This name is inscribed on the back of the canvas in an old style of writing.

The lady wears a flowered black velvet gown over which hangs a long, heavy, gold chain. A diamond ornament is in her auburn hair, which towers high above her forehead. Her eyes are brown and deep-set, her cheeks faintly tinged with red—a genuinely Spanish face. "She has the easy attitude of refined culture," writes Justi, "although the proud bearing, the firm grasp of the red chair, and the expression seem to betray more character than is seen in the royal ladies. Assuredly no one can look at this portrait without a feeling of regret that Velasquez should have been prevented by the prejudice of his country from leaving us more specimens of his skill in this branch of portraiture."

DON BALTASAR CARLOS ON HORSEBACK

THE PRADO: MADRID

THE Infante Don Baltasar Carlos, son of Philip IV. and his first wife, Isabelle of Bourbon, was born on October 17, 1629, and died when he was seventeen years old. Velasquez painted the young prince many times.

The portrait in the Prado, Madrid, here reproduced, was taken when the boy was in his seventh year.

"Never in his whole career," writes Walter Armstrong, "did Velasquez equal this picture in spontaneous vitality or in splendor of color. Intellectually the motive is absolutely simple. The boy gallops past at an angle which brings him into the happiest proportion with his mount. His attitude is the natural one for a pupil of Philip and Olivares, two of the best horsemen in Europe; his look and gesture express just the degree of pride, delight and desire for approval which charm in a child. Through all this Velasquez has worked for simplicity. He has been governed by the sincere desire to paint the boy as he was, with no parade or affectation. That done, he has turned his attention to the aesthetic effect. The mane and tail of the Andalusian pony, the boy's rich costume and his flying scarf, and the splendid browns, blues, and greens of the landscape background make up a decorative whole, as rich and musical as any Titian."

POPE INNOCENT X. (DETAIL)

DORIA GALLERY: ROME

"THE second sojourn of Velasquez in Rome," writes Walter Armstrong, "is illumined in his artistic career by the production of one of his most extraordinary pictures. Innocent X. decided to honor the Spaniard by sitting for his portrait. The Pope was at this time seventy-four years of age, but contemporaries describe him as having preserved in an unusual degree that air of commanding vigor suggested by the master. The seated figure is turned slightly to the left, and the strong sinister face confronts the spectator with a look in which cunning, secretiveness, and a touch of sensuality are combined.

We are told that when the Pope sent his chamberlain

to pay the painter, Velasquez refused to accept the money, saying that the King, his master, always paid him with his own hand. The Pope, it is said, humored him.

THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS

THE PRADO: MADRID

"THE Tapestry Weavers" ("Las Hilanderas") was painted probably in 1656. It represents a room in the royal tapestry works of Madrid, where, in the mysterious half-light of the foreground, an elderly woman and four young girls are spinning, winding, and carding wool. In a raised alcove, brightly illumined by a broad beam of sunshine, some visitors are inspecting a piece of tapestry.

J. F. White in writing of this picture says: "The subject is nothing, the treatment everything. It is full of light, air, and movement, splendid in color, and marvellous in handling. We see in it the full ripeness of the power of Velasquez, a concentration of all the art-knowledge he had gathered during his long artistic career of more than forty years. In no picture is he greater as a colorist. The scheme is simple,—a harmony of red, bluish-green, grey, and black, which are varied and blended with consummate skill."

"Velasquez," says Pedro de Madrazo, in describing this work, "is not only a painter, he is a magician."

THE MAIDS OF HONOR

THE PRADO: MADRID

"THE Maids of Honor" ("Las Meninas"), painted in 1656, belongs to the period of the highest development of Velasquez's genius. The scene is in the painter's studio in the Old Palace, or Alcazar, of Madrid.

"It is generally said," writes R. A. M. Stevenson, "that

Velasquez was painting the king, who sat in the spot from which the spectator is supposed to see the picture of 'Las Meninas.' During a moment's rest the Infanta Margarita came in with her attendants, and the king was struck with the group which fell together before his eyes. Near him he saw the princess, her maids, her dog, and her dwarfs; a little farther on the left, Velasquez, who had stepped back to look at his picture; farther still on the right, a duenna and courtier talking; while at the distant end of the gallery the king saw his queen and himself reflected in a mirror, and, through the open door, Don Jose Nieto drawing back a curtain. The canvas shown in the picture would naturally be the one on which Velasquez was painting the king's portrait. Some, however, will have it to be the very canvas of 'Las Meninas,' which Velasquez was painting from a reflection in a mirror placed near to where the king had been sitting. It is not a matter of importance, and the story of the conception of the picture may easily have got mixed in the telling. It is just possible that Velasquez was painting, or was about to paint, a portrait of the Infanta only, when the idea of the large picture suddenly occurred to him or to the king. Tradition says that the red cross of the Order of Santiago, which you can see on the painter's breast, was painted there by the king's own hand, as a promise of the honor that was to be conferred on him afterwards."

This picture, one of the most perfect facsimiles of nature ever produced by art, was pronounced by Luca Giordano to be "the theology of painting." "So complete is the illusion," writes Gautier, "that standing in front of 'Las Meninas' one is tempted to ask, 'Where then is the picture?'"

SURRENDER OF BRED A

THE PRADO: MADRID

"**B**ETWEEN 1645 and 1648," writes Sir William Maxwell-Stirling, "Velasquez painted his noble 'Surrender of Breda,' a picture executed with peculiar care, perhaps out of regard for the memory of his illustrious friend the Marquis of Spinola, who died a victim to the ingratitude of the Spanish court. It represents that great general—the last Spain ever had—in one of the proudest moments of his career, receiving, in 1625, the keys of the city of Breda from Prince Justin of Nassau, who conducted the obstinate defence. The victor, clad in mail, and remarkable for easy dignity of mien, meets his vanquished foe hat in hand, and prepares to embrace him with generous cordiality. Behind the leaders stand their horses and attendants, and beyond the staff of Spinola there is a line of pikemen, whose pikes, stripping the blue sky, have caused the picture to be known as that of 'The Lances'."

This masterpiece of Velasquez's middle life, and one of the finest historical pictures in the world, was painted for the palace of Buen Retiro, and now hangs in the Prado, Madrid. The appearance of immensity which is given by the canvas has often been remarked, and although no more than twenty figures are in sight, we have the impression of the presence of an army.

THE INFANTA MARIA THERESA

THE PRADO: MADRID

THIS picture, entitled "Maria Theresa," is believed by Professor Justi and other authorities to be a portrait of her step-sister, Margarita, the little princess of "The Maids of Honor." R. A. M. Stevenson writes: "She stands directly facing the light in a wonderfully elaborate balloon dress, embroidered with a complicated pattern of

silver and pink and gleaming jewelry. In one hand she holds a rose, in the other a lace handkerchief, and on the left behind her, in the shadow, a red curtain droops in heavy folds. No pupil touched the smallest accessory of this extraordinary costume; lace, ruffles, embroidery, every inch of the dress is painted by Velasquez, with a running slippery touch which appears careless near at hand, but which at the focus gives color, pattern, sparkle, and underlying form with the utmost precision and completeness. The shadow behind the figure is aerial in quality, deep but not heavy, and silvered like the passages in light, so that black would tell upon it as a rude brutality of tone."

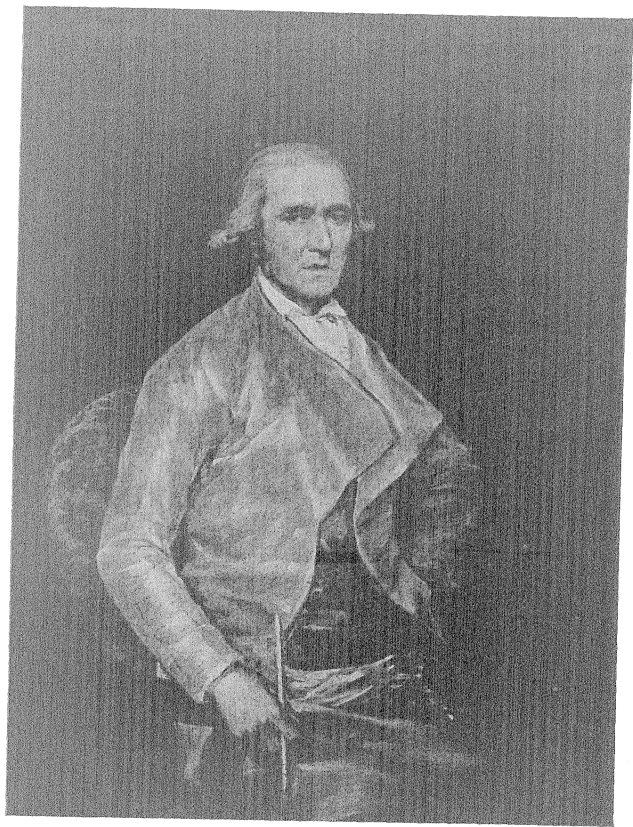
PORTRAIT OF VELASQUEZ

BY HIMSELF

THE likeness here reproduced is supposed to be the original sketch for a portrait which Pacheco credits Velasquez as having painted while in Rome in 1630. The artist is dressed in black, his complexion is pale, his hair dark and thick. The face, decidedly Spanish in its type, is expressive and sympathetic. It represents him at about the age of thirty-one. The portrait hangs in the Capitoline Gallery, Rome.



GOYA—QUEEN MARIA LUISA ON HORSEBACK—PRADO, MADRID



GOYA—FRANCISCO BAYEU—PRADO, MADRID



GOYA—THE KITE (CARTOON FOR TAPESTRY)—PRADO, MADRID



GOYA—BULL FIGHT—ACADEMY OF SAN FERNANDO, MADRID



GOYA—THE MAJA CLOTHED—PRADO, MADRID



GOYA—DONNA ISABEL CORBO DE PORCEL—NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



GOYA—FAMILY OF CHARLES IV—PRADO, MADRID





GOYA—FANTASTIC LANDSCAPE WITH FLYING MEN—METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK



PORTRAIT OF GOYA BY VICENTE LOPEZ—PRADO, MADRID

Goya

BORN 1746: DIED 1828

FRANCISCO JOSE DE GOYA Y LUCIENTES was born on March 30, 1746, at Fuendetodos, a village near Saragossa, in the province of Aragon, Spain. His parents were poor working people who, according to some of his biographers, removed soon after his birth to Saragossa, where his father practised the trade of a gilder; according to others, Goya's early years were spent in his native village, where he received but little schooling and was allowed to run wild at will. There, if an often repeated story is to be credited, he was found one day by a monk of a neighboring monastery, drawing upon a wall the picture of a pig; and the monk, struck by the cleverness of the sketch, and being himself something of an artist, became interested in the boy, and having obtained the consent of his parents to have him instructed in drawing, placed the thirteen-year-old Goya in the studio of Don Jose Luzan, a painter of Saragossa.

Under this master Goya worked for four or five years, but though he loved his art he applied himself to it but fitfully. Restless and lawless by nature, longing for a life untrammelled in thought or action, he was always in pursuit of adventure, and in those days, when quarrels were of frequent occurrence in Spain between the young men of different and rival parishes, a tempestuous spirit like Goya's found abundant opportunity for indulgence. His physical strength made him a leader in many a fray, and before he was twenty his reputation was such that the Inquisition, then still rigid in its rule, became watchful of his actions, and finally, to avoid falling into its clutches, Goya fled from Saragossa.

We next hear of him in Madrid, where his time seems

to have been divided between study and amusement. By day he visited the rich art treasures collected in palaces, churches, and convents, painting little but observing much; by night he roamed the streets of the city, his guitar in hand, his sword concealed beneath his cloak, sometimes feasting and carousing with his fellow-students, sometimes fighting duels, sometimes scaling garden-walls to climb to the balconies of one or another of his numerous lady-loves, for already at that early age Goya was notorious as a daring and dangerous Don Juan.

Finally it came to pass that he was found early one summer morning, after a midnight brawl, lying in the street with a knife sticking in his back; and learning that this time some action would surely be taken by the inquisitors, he concealed himself in the city until his wounds were healed, and then, working his way south as a bull-fighter, sailed from Spain for Italy.

During his stay in Italy Goya seems to have studied the works of only such painters as he found most in accordance with his own ardent temperament. He copied not at all. It is recorded that he won a second prize at Parma for a picture of 'Hannibal seeing Italy from the Summit of the Alps,' and that he painted a hasty portrait of the pope, Benedict XIV. Beyond this we know but little of his work in Rome. His reputation as a painter, however, seems to have been considerable, for he received a flattering invitation from the Russian ambassador to become one of the painters of the court of Catherine II. This invitation he declined.

In Rome as in Madrid Goya was the hero of countless pranks and fool-hardy escapades. At last, in attempting to carry off a young girl from a convent in which she had been immured by severe parents, he fell into the hands of the monks, and was only with difficulty rescued by the intervention of the Spanish ambassador. After this he found it advisable to leave Rome.

Upon his return to Spain he visited his father and mother in his old home, and then went again to Madrid. There, at the end of a few months, in 1775, he married

Josefa, the sister of his friend Francisco Bayeu, a young woman whose portrait he painted more than once, and who seems to have cared deeply for her scapegrace husband, whose flagrant infidelities she endured with astonishing forbearance, and to whom in the course of their married life she bore as many as twenty children.

Painting in Spain was at this period at a low ebb. Since the death of Murillo, in 1682, the Spanish school could boast of no painter of any great note, and in the latter half of the eighteenth century, until the time when Goya appeared on the scene and temporarily revived the national art of his country, those painters who occupied greatest prominence were for the most part foreigners. Luca Giordano, Van Loo, the Tiepolos, and others delighted the court; above all, that mediocre artist Raphael Mengs, German by birth and Italian by education, held sway.

Through his brother-in-law, Bayeu, Goya was brought to the notice of this painter, and was commissioned by him to design some cartoons for the royal manufactory of tapestry of Santa Barbara in Madrid. He accepted the commission, and, giving free rein to his fancy, broke loose from tradition, discarded all the well-worn mythological subjects then in vogue, and took for his themes scenes from the Spanish life of that day—dances, games, merry-makings, majas, manolas, and toreadors, all full of life, gaiety, and movement.

His compositions met with instant success. Prior to this Goya had produced nothing which had revealed his real powers; now, at thirty years of age, he found himself suddenly famous. At court, and indeed throughout all Madrid, nothing was talked of but Goya and his cartoons. Having thus made his debut as a painter of genre, "he produced, one after another," says Paul Lefort, "a number of pictures strongly impregnated with the national spirit: bull-fights, highway robberies, scenes of love and gallantry, processions and masquerades. . . . His color at this period was luminous and silvery; his drawing not always correct, but that fault is readily overlooked in con-

sideration of his dash, his *verve*, and his fascinating facility of execution."

It was in 1778 that Goya first gave evidence of his skill as an etcher in a collection of masterly prints made from some of the well-known works of Velasquez, for whom he entertained a feeling of enthusiastic admiration. Soon after this he painted for the Church of San Francisco el Grande in Madrid a 'Christ on the Cross,' now in the Prado; and in consequence of the favor with which this work and his tapestry cartoons were received, in the following year, 1780, he was appointed to membership in the Academy of San Fernando.

It was at about this period in his career that the painter was called to Saragossa to contribute towards the decoration of the Church of the Virgen del Pilar, which had been intrusted to Francisco Bayeu. One of the cupolas was assigned to Goya, but the sketches which he submitted to the church authorities were not satisfactory and he was asked to change certain parts. This he angrily refused to do, suspecting that jealousy on the part of his brother-in-law was at the bottom of the matter. A quarrel seemed imminent, when friends intervened and persuaded the irascible painter to make some slight concessions and proceed with the work, which in 1783 reached completion. Utterly devoid of any religious spirit, these frescos, representing the Virgin and martyred saints in glory, are skilful in composition, warm and brilliant in color, and highly decorative in effect.

Don Luis de Bourbon, brother to the king, had from the first shown Goya special favor, and at his palace of Arenas de San Pedro the painter was a frequent guest. There he executed for his royal patron a number of portraits, not only of Don Luis himself, but of his family and friends. These works materially increased Goya's reputation, and although Maella and Bayeu were the official court painters, he became the popular favorite. It was the fashion to have one's portrait painted by him, and his studio was literally besieged by people of the great world, by poets, statesmen, scholars, and court ladies.

In 1789, shortly after the death of Charles III. and the accession of the new sovereign, Charles IV., Goya was appointed one of the painters to the king. His fearless brush and the gossip which was always rife concerning his actions enhanced his charm in the eyes of the new court which, emancipating itself from what had been under Charles III. at least a semblance of the traditional asceticism of Spain, now freely and openly indulged in every sort of excess. From the queen, Maria Luisa, and her favorite, Manuel Godoy, afterwards prime minister, down to the least of her ladies in waiting, the whole court became a shameless nest of intrigue and corruption. Goya was just the man to find favor with such a court. His audacity, his ready wit, and a certain indescribable personal charm fascinated one and all. "Of enemies, nor is it to be wondered at, he had not a few," writes his biographer Mr. Rothenstein; "but he caused his pencil, which was as sharp as his sword, to be as much respected, and at his back he had the townspeople of Madrid, who had for Goya, because of his uncommon physical strength and skill, in their games and amusements, a positive hero-worship. He had, indeed, and without exerting any voluntary influence, that magnetism which gives to certain people a peculiar power of enslaving all classes of men and women."

He was petted by all the great ladies and became the special favorite of the Countess of Benavente, one of the richest and most influential personages of Maria Luisa's circle. She loaded Goya with commissions and favors. Gratitude for all the honors showered upon him by the countess was not strong enough in Goya's breast, however, to prevent his preferring to her society that of the younger and fairer Duchess of Alba, whose essentially Spanish type of beauty and subtle charm appealed to his passionate nature. Such was his devotion to this lady, indeed, that scandalous reports concerning it soon came to be circulated, until at last the queen, whose own reputation was far from being above reproach, enraged at the dominion exercised over her favorite painter by the young

duchess, and probably prompted to the step by the jealous Countess of Benavente, summarily banished the beautiful Duchess of Alba from the court to the latter's residence at San Lucar.

Thereupon Goya at once applied to the king for permission to be absent from court for a time, and forthwith accompanied his *inamorata* into exile. On their journey together from Madrid to San Lucar an accident befell their traveling-carriage; one of the bars supporting the vehicle broke, and as this happened on a lonely road remote from any village where it might have been possible to procure the assistance of a blacksmith, Goya himself lighted a fire and mended the bar. The heat and exertion resulted in a chill which produced the first symptoms of a difficulty in his hearing—a difficulty which steadily increased as time went on, and ended at last in deafness.

Goya's prolonged absence from Madrid was too much felt in court circles to be tolerated, and he was called back to the capital by his duties as painter to the king. On his return he pleaded the cause of his beloved duchess so eloquently that she too was suffered to come back. Her death while still in the flower of her youth and at the height of her beauty occurred not long afterwards.

In 1795 Goya was unanimously elected Director of the Academy of San Fernando. In spite of his outspoken agnosticism and reckless contempt of the Church, he was now commissioned to paint numerous religious pictures for churches at Seville, Valencia, Saragossa, and Toledo, and was intrusted with the decoration of the little Church of San Antonio de la Florida just outside Madrid. The paintings he there executed are among his most famous works, but, like all his religious pictures, are religious only in name, owing none of their power to any devotional spirit, but rather to a daringly decorative effect. Such was their success that in October, 1799, the much coveted honor of First Painter to the King of Spain was conferred upon Goya.

Just at this time he had begun work upon a series of etchings, which, issued separately, were eventually pub-

lished under the title 'Los Caprichos' ('Caprices,' or 'Whims'). Full of the most daring personal and political allusions, their appearance created a furore of excitement. The artist's bitter satire spared no one, not even the king, the queen, or Godoy their minister; his hatred of the Church was unhesitatingly expressed, and its follies and corruptions exposed and ridiculed by his pitiless hand. The Inquisition, incensed at such shameless audacity, insisted upon Goya's arrest, but the king, whether through ignorance of the pointed significance of many of the prints, or whether because he was willing to condone the insults by virtue of their author's genius, immediately ordered Goya to send him the plates "*he had commanded from him*"! Thanks to this subterfuge, the artist once more escaped the dread clutches of the Inquisition.

A still greater, though less popular, series of etchings followed 'Los Caprichos.' These, known as 'Los Desastres de la Guerra' ('The Horrors of War'), were produced during the invasion of Spain by the French, and depict with terrible realism scenes in which nothing is glossed over—rapine, torture, murder, all are set forth with ghastly and sickening fidelity. These were in their turn followed by a series called 'La Tauromaquia,' illustrating scenes of bull-rings, and by 'Los Proverbios,' which rank among the artist's finest achievements with the needle.

The latter part of Goya's life was clouded and gloomy. Political changes brought with them sad days for the painter. The king and queen who had shown him such marked favor, deposed from power, were in exile in France; their son Ferdinand, Prince of the Austrias, after a brief assumption of the reins of government, had in his turn been deposed, and Joseph Bonaparte, brother to Napoleon, had been placed by that conqueror upon the throne of Spain. Together with most of the Spanish court, Goya, embittered by his country's wrongs, took the oath of allegiance to the new sovereign, whose portrait, later unfortunately burned, he painted with no apparent compunction for his disloyalty.

In 1814, to the great joy of the Spanish people, Ferdinand returned to Spain to be crowned the seventh of his name. "In our absence," he said to Goya, "you have deserved exile, and more than exile, you have deserved hanging, but you are a great painter and therefore we will forget everything." Among the artist's finest works are portraits of this ruler, who sat to him many times and whose court painter he became.

Goya was now nearly seventy years old and almost totally deaf. He still painted, but his hand was heavy and his colors no longer clear and transparent. He grew morose and irritable, had frequent outbursts of temper, and vented his ungovernable rage upon whomsoever happened to be present when the paroxysm seized him. To those who ventured in these latter years of the old painter's life to sit to him for their portraits he showed himself especially domineering. No one who posed before his easel was allowed to stir; at the slightest movement on the part of the unhappy victim he would fling down his palette and brushes and refuse to proceed. When the Duke of Wellington sat to him in Spain and ventured to remark upon Goya's somewhat unusual manner of painting, the artist in a fury seized a rapier from the wall and made a thrust at the duke, who, hastily springing aside, barely escaped the blow.

His canvases were prepared with a variety of materials—sometimes printers' ink—and when in the mood for painting he would seize upon anything that came under his hand, were it an old panel, a bit of cardboard, or a piece of paper stretched over a canvas; whatever it might be, he would attack it with fury, making free use of finger, thumb, or even a spoon, to supplement his brush.

Goya's last two important canvases were 'Santa Justina and Santa Rufina,' for the Cathedral of Seville, and 'The Communion of St. Joseph of Calasanz,' for the Church of San Antonio Abad at Madrid. Before this last picture was finished a misunderstanding arose between the painter and the canons of the church regarding the payment, and Goya, incensed by their haggling, flung aside

his brushes, so the story goes, and angrily refused to complete the picture until the superior went down on his knees before him and humbly besought him to continue, promising to pay him double the sum named.

In 1822, Goya, broken in health and finding life in his own country sad and wearisome, begged the king to grant him leave of absence that he might go to France and consult some distinguished physicians there. This request granted, he left Madrid for Paris, where for the first time he saw the paintings of Delacroix and other leaders in that romantic movement which he had himself so strongly influenced. But the stir and bustle of life in the gay French capital were too great a strain for the old painter, and before long he turned his steps toward Bordeaux, where many of his compatriots had already found refuge.

He continued to paint, but not with his old vigor, for failing eyesight and an unsteady hand made work more difficult. There are portraits, however, belonging to this late period of Goya's art which show firm and virile qualities, and in his small paintings on ivory, executed with the aid of a magnifying-glass, above all in four wonderful lithographs, known as 'Les Taureaux de Bordeaux,' his powers seem unimpaired.

In the spring of 1828, Goya, then eighty-two years old, feeling that his life was very near its close, begged that his son might be summoned from Madrid; but the joy of hearing that he was coming was almost too much for the old man, and not long after his son's arrival, early in the morning of April 16, 1828, he was stricken with apoplexy and died at dawn.

Goya was laid to rest in the cemetery of Bordeaux; but in 1899, his remains were taken to his own country and buried with fitting honors in Madrid.

The Art of Goya

ONE approaches the astonishing art of Goya with a sense that one is unprepared for the experimental work of this first of the moderns. This man shares with Constable the sponsorship of much that is recent in effort and aim—all, in fact, that is claimed not to be good but to be unconventional. Goya is in this sense the first of the modern painters, eclectic and composite as much of his work shows itself to be. It is a curious fact that at the most conservative of courts and in the shadow of the Inquisition itself this daring and brilliant exponent of personality and "impressionism" in art and thought should have found shelter and encouragement. . . .

In temper, in the range of invention, Goya is a personality no student can overlook. His work deserves our closest attention. As an influence in art his position is so considerable that this alone should entitle him to the reputation his work now enjoys. After the neglect and hesitation of the art world for about a century, Goya, as an original and potent fact, "has come to stay." . . .

His pictures and portraits of contemporary life appear under every possible aspect in workmanship and design; it was Gautier who said of him that he at times "paints with the delicacy of that delicious Gainsborough, at other times he has the solid touch of Rembrandt." This statement has the picturesque force of all that writer's opinions, and it well describes the various aspects of Goya's work; but the conscious and exquisite use of their medium by the grand Dutch master and the dainty English painter was never aimed at by Goya. The truth is, his pictures and portraits are often astonishing in vitality, and equal as mere painting to the task in hand.

The art-lover will constantly find in the paintings of the Spaniard food for astonishment and study. The studies in sanguine for some of his bull-fighting scenes, his 'Caprichos' and 'Disasters of War,' show to what point Goya

is one of the world's artists. It is by his power of design—an original, varied, and nervous form of design—that he excels, even more than by his vivacity of workmanship and his marvellous if unequaled gift of expression. . . .

He is at the opposite pole to a Titian or a Velasquez. In him the sense of curiosity is in excess of the sense of beauty, and the love of experiment is in excess of the love of art. Some of his bull-ring lithographs and etchings have in them, the material for vast canvases. . . .

Goya's art has the power to appeal strongly and to repel with equal force. Delacroix, Baudelaire, Courbet, Manet—each has fallen under his spell. Each of these names represents a different cast of mind: sprightly in Manet, bourgeois in Courbet, synthetic in Delacroix, analytic in Baudelaire. . . . At any rate, whatever may be our estimate of Goya's success, his sincerity and energy place him amongst the forces with which one must count; and no estimate of art can be made which does not include him.

C. S. RICKETTS.

The Works of Goya

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

QUEEN MARIA LUISA ON HORSEBACK

PRADO: MADRID

ONE of the greatest and most famous of Goya's equestrian portraits is the one here reproduced of Queen Maria Luisa of Parma, wife of Charles IV., king of Spain, seated astride her great chestnut-colored horse with its braided mane and trappings of green velvet and gold. She is dressed in the uniform of a colonel of the guards and wears a black beaver hat ornamented with a red cockade. "It is a superb piece of portraiture," writes S. L. Bensusan. "When Goya acknowledged his indebtedness to Velasquez, he must have had this canvas and its companion picture, 'King Charles on Horseback,' in his mind."

The picture hangs in the Prado, Madrid. It measures nearly eleven feet high by a little more than nine feet wide.

PORTRAIT OF FRANCISCO BAYEU

PRADO: MADRID

GOYA'S portrait of his brother-in-law, the painter Francisco Bayeu, is one of his best works in that branch of art in which he excelled. Nothing could be simpler than the arrangement of this portrait. Bayeu is represented seated, with one hand, in which he holds a brush, resting on the arm of his chair. He is dressed in gray and wears a powdered wig. The background is of a neutral tint. The face is strongly modeled, the characterization subtle, and the execution carried to a greater state of completion than was frequently the case in Goya's portraits.

The canvas measures four feet high by two feet nine inches wide. It is now in the Prado, Madrid.

THE KITE [CARTOON FOR TAPESTRY]

PRADO: MADRID

THE series of cartoons designed by Goya for the Royal Manufactory of Tapestry of Santa Barbara in Madrid first established the artist's reputation. These paintings, more than forty in number, after having remained for years in one of the unused rooms of the royal palace, have now been carefully restored and placed in the Prado. Most of the tapestries made from them decorate the walls of the Escorial.

The scenes depicted are from the life of the Spanish people—a picnic beside the river, children gathering fruit or playing soldiers, some washerwomen seated beside a stream, a village wedding, a game of blindman's buff, a group of young people amusing themselves by walking on stilts, or, as in the cartoon reproduced in this plate, intent on flying a kite. "All are veritable genre pictures," says

Paul Lefort, "in which Goya has given free rein to his fertile fancy. Replete with local color, these amusing scenes, sometimes painted off-hand, sometimes executed with more care, show, as a rule, a marvellous feeling for decorative effect, and although the drawing is not always correct, the compositions are so full of movement, so gay and so picturesque, that we can forgive the artist his evident haste in execution." Goya's tapestry cartoons are in oils on canvas and vary greatly in size. 'The Kite,' which is here reproduced, measures eight feet ten inches high by nine feet five inches wide, and is a characteristic example of the series.

A BULL-FIGHT

ACADEMY OF S. FERNANDO: MADRID

"GOYA, as is well known, was a passionate lover of bull-fights," writes M. Paul Lafond, "and it is therefore not surprising that he should be unsurpassed in his portrayal of this national sport of Spain. Apart from their artistic quality, his paintings and etchings of these scenes are treated in a truly professional way. . . . The attack and the advance are always depicted with absolute accuracy; the bulls in these scenes of fury are real beasts of combat of purest breed; the crowd of spectators, pushing and jostling one another, is full of life and movement; the uproar and confusion are the most deafening which have ever been fixed on the canvas of a painter.

"Among the most interesting of these pictures is the bull-fight of the Academy of San Fernando in Madrid. It is only a sketch, to be sure, but a sketch of such vivid coloring and such bold draftsmanship that it is difficult to convey any adequate idea of its power. It would indeed be impossible to imagine a more astonishing medley than the foreground of this little panel swarming with eager spectators who devour with their eyes the arena with its toreadors, its picadors, and its bull standing out so distinctly against the background formed by the sand of the inclosure."

THE MAJA CLOTHED

PRADO: MADRID

GOYA'S two pictures 'The Maja Clothed' and 'The Maja Nude,' of which the first is here reproduced, are among his most celebrated works. Formerly in the Academy of San Fernando, Madrid, they have recently been removed to the Prado in that city.

'The Maja Clothed' represents a young woman of the purest Spanish type—some say the Duchess of Alba was the model, but of this there is no existing proof—reclining on the white cushions of a divan. Her costume of long white robe, pale pink sash, and little bolero jacket of yellow with black trimmings gives the effect of that of a toreador or a Spanish dandy.

The painting is full of life and freshness, the pose full of grace. Nowhere has Goya given more convincing proof of his powers than in this picture and its companion. It is on canvas and measures a little over three feet high by eight feet wide.

PORTRAIT OF DONA ISABEL CORBO DE PORCEL

NATIONAL GALLERY: LONDON

ACCORDING to M. Paul Lefort, Goya painted this portrait about 1806 as a companion to that of Don Antonio Corbo de Porcel, the lady's husband, completed that same year. Both portraits were formerly in Granada in possession of the descendants of the sitters. In 1896 the one here reproduced was acquired by the National Gallery, London, where it now hangs.

Dona Isabel is portrayed in a gown of rose-colored satin almost covered with a black lace mantilla, one end of which is elaborately arranged as a headdress. Her hair is blond, her large eyes dark and brilliant, and her cheeks and lips are touched with rouge after the fashion of the day in Spain. "Her type of beauty," writes M. Lefort, "sensual and impassioned, is purely Andalusian, a type not uncommon to-day in Seville and Granada. In its manner of painting the portrait suggests Manet; perhaps that artist may have seen it when in Spain and under the

fascination of Goya. It is a beautiful bit of painting, supple and simple in technique, harmonious in color, and, like all Goya's work, bearing the distinct impress of his singular and original genius."

FANTASTIC LANDSCAPE WITH FLYING MEN

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: NEW YORK

THIS picture was painted about 1815 and Goya intended it for his own pleasure, to remain in his home. He expressed in it the imagination that played about his nightly dreams. And since he did not intend it for the public eye, he was more freely fantastic in this than in other pictures and so achieved a stylistic abstraction that is elsewhere unparalleled.

It is a scene with a grouping on a high rock and flying creatures in the air. These flying men are beings with a semblance of humanity but they are really creatures the artist has created.

THE FAMILY OF CHARLES IV.

PRADO: MADRID

SOON after his appointment as first painter to the king of Spain, in 1799, Goya executed the celebrated group of Charles IV. and his family here reproduced. The scene is laid in one of the rooms of the royal palace in Madrid. The center of the canvas is occupied by the king, in costume of reddish brown, and by his queen Maria Luisa, who, dressed in white and gold, is holding by the hand her six-year-old son Don Francisco de Paula Antonio, clad in red, while she places her arm about the shoulders of the Princess Maria Isabel, her youngest daughter. At the left of the picture, in costume of blue, we see Don Fernando, Prince of the Asturias, afterwards king of Spain, with his first wife Maria Antonia, daughter of the king of Naples, his brother Don Carlos, in red, and his aunt, Maria Josefa, sister of the king. Behind

this group, in the shadow, Goya has represented himself standing at his easel.

On the right of the picture stands the Princess Maria Luisa with her little son in her arms, beside her husband the Prince of Parma, while farther back, seen only in profile, is her older sister, the Princess Carlotta Joaquina, soon to become the wife of the Prince of Portugal, and near her the king's brother Don Antonio. All the personages are in full court costume, the display of rich silks, of gold and jewels, making a brilliant harmony of color.

"The balanced arrangement and treatment of the figures in each separate group," writes Valerian von Loga, "the distribution of light and color, above all the unsparingly realistic way in which the characters of the different individuals are set forth, have given this picture its world-wide reputation."

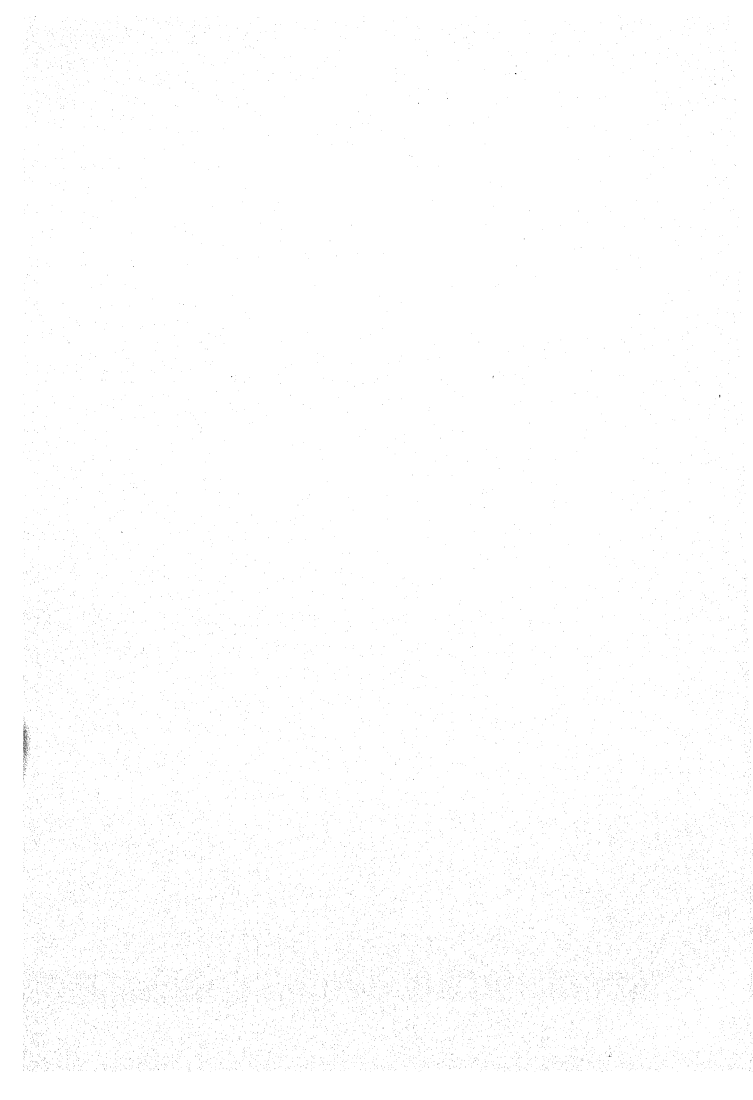
Goya was at the height of his powers when he painted this great portrait group, now in the Prado, Madrid. The canvas measures a little over nine feet high by nearly twelve feet wide. The figures are life-sized.

PORTRAIT OF GOYA BY VICENTE LOPEZ

THE PRADO: MADRID

DURING Goya's last visit to Spain, when he was eighty-one years old, he sat for his portrait to the court painter, Vicente Lopez, at the request of the king, who wished, he said, to have a portrait of "the greatest painter Spain had seen since Velasquez." The result was the picture here reproduced. It was painted in a few hours, for at the end of two sittings Goya took the canvas away from the artist, declaring that if more were done to it it would be spoiled. Assuredly as it stands it is a masterly portrait, strongly modeled and full of character.

Principal Paintings of the Artists



GIOTTO

ITALY—Assisi—CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS. Frescoes from the Life of St. Francis; allegorical Frescoes of Chastity, Obedience and Poverty, and St. Francis in Glory; Frescoes from the lives of Christ and the Virgin, and Miracles of St. Francis.

Florence—UFFIZI. Madonna Enthroned.
CHURCH OF ST. CROCE. Frescoes from the lives of St. Francis, St. John the Baptist, St. John the Evangelist.

Padua—ARENA CHAPEL. Frescoes from the lives of Christ and the Virgin, Last Judgment, Christ in Glory, Allegorical Figures of Virtues and Vices.

Rome—ST. PETERS. The Navicella.

FRANCE—Paris—LOUVRE. St. Francis receiving the Stigmata.

LEONARDO DA VINCI

FRANCE—Paris—LOUVRE. Mona Lisa; St. John the Baptist; Virgin of the Rocks; St. Anne the Virgin and the Christ Child; La Belle Feronniere.

ITALY—Florence—UFFIZI. Angel in Verocchios Baptism; Adoration of the Magi.

Milan—AMBROSIANA. Unknown Princess (Beatrice d'Este).

Milan—STA. MARIA DELLE GRAZIE. Last Supper.

Milan—SFORCESCO CASTLE. Decoration of the Sala delle Assi.

Rome—VATICAN. St. Jerome.

RUSSIA—Leningrad—HERMITAGE. Madonna and Child (Benois Madonna).

MICHELANGELO

ENGLAND—London—NATIONAL GALLERY. Virgin and Child with Angels (Unfinished); Entombment. (Unfinished.)

ITALY—Florence—UFFIZI. Holy Family.

Rome—VATICAN. Conversion of St. Paul, Martyrdom of St. Peter.

Rome—SISTINE CHAPEL, VATICAN. Frescoes of Ceiling, Altar Wall, Last Judgment.

RAPHAEL

- ITALY**—Bergamo. St. Sebastian.
 Bologna—BOLOGNA GALLERY. St. Cecelia.
 Brescia—TOSI GALLERY. Salvator Mundi.
 Florence—PITTI PALACE. Madonna of the Chair;
 Pope Leo X with Cardinals; Granduca Madonna;
 Angelo Doni; Maddalena Doni; Madonna del Baldacchino.
 Florence—UFFIZI. Goldfinch Madonna, Portrait of Raphael, St. John the Baptist.
 Rome—BORGHESE. Entombment; Portrait of Perugino.
 Rome—VATICAN. The Transfiguration; Madonna of Foligno; Coronation of the Virgin.
 Milan—BRERA. Marriage of the Virgin.
- FRANCE**—Paris—LOUVRE. La Belle Jardiniere; Baldassare Castiglione; La Vierge au Diademe; Joanna of Aragon.
 Chantilly—CONDE MUSEUM. Orleans Madonna; Three Graces.
- ENGLAND**—London—NATIONAL GALLERY. Ansidei Madonna; Knight's Vision; St. Catherine.
 London—MOND COLLECTION. The Crucifixion.
 London—BRIDGEWATER HOUSE. Madonna with the Palm.
- GERMANY**—Dresden—ROYAL GALLERY. Sistine Madonna.
 Berlin—BERLIN GALLERY. Solly Madonna; Terranuova Madonna; Colonna Madonna; Madonna and Saints.
 Munich—PINAKOTHEK. Madonna Tempi; Madonna Canigiani.
- RUSSIA**—Leningrad—HERMITAGE. Alba Madonna; Conestabile Madonna; St. George and Dragon.
- AUSTRIA**—Vienna—IMPERIAL GALLERY. Madonna in the Meadow.
- UNITED STATES**—New York—J. P. MORGAN. Madonna of St. Anthony.

TITIAN

GERMANY—Berlin—BERLIN MUSEUM. Portrait of Titian;
The Artist's Daughter Lavinia.

Dresden—ROYAL GALLERY. Madonna with Four
Saints; Lady in Red Dress; Tribute Money;
Lady with Vase.

Munich—PINAKOTHEK. Vanitas; Charles V; Christ
Crowned with Thorns.

FRANCE—Paris—LOUVRE. Madonna with Three Saints;
Christ at Emmaus; Crowning with Thorns;
St. Jerome; Entombment; Alfonso of Ferrara
and Laura Dianti (Titian's Mistress); The
Man With a Glove; Portrait of a Man With
a Beard; Venus Del Prado.

ENGLAND—London—NATIONAL GALLERY. Holy Family
and Shepherd; Bacchus and Ariadne; Noli me
Tangere; Madonna with the Saints.

London—BRIDGEWATER HOUSE. Holy Family;
Three Ages; Venus Rising from the Sea.

ITALY—Florence—PITTI PALACE. Pietro Aretino; La Bella;
Magdalen; Head of Christ; Tommaso Mosti.

Florence—UFFIZI. Duchess of Urbino; Flora; Ma-
donna with St. Anthony Abbot.

Naples—MUSEUM. Danae; Philip II.

Padua—SINOLA DEL SANTO. Frescoes of St. An-
thony granting Speech; Youth Who Cut off
His Own Leg; Jealous Husband.

Rome—VATICAN. Madonna in Glory with Six
Saints.

Rome—CAPITOL. Baptism.

Rome—BORGHESE. Sacred and Profane Love;
Three Graces.

Venice—ACADEMY. Presentation of the Virgin; As-
sumption; St. John in the Desert; Pieta.

Venice—FRARI. Madonna of Pesaro Family.

Venice—DUCAL PALACE. St. Christopher (Fresco);
Doge Grimani.

Venice—ROYAL PALACE. Wisdom (Fresco).

Venice—S. GIOVANNI ELEMOSINARIO. St. John
Almsgiver.

Venice—S. SALVATORE. Annunciation; Transfig-
uration.

AUSTRIA—Vienna—IMPERIAL GALLERY. Gypsy Madon-
na; Madonna With Cherries; The Large Ecce
Homo; Little Tambourine Player: Isabella
D'Este.

UNITED STATES—New York—METROPOLITAN MU-
SEUM. Filippo Archinti; Bishop of Milan;
Alfonso d'Este, Duke of Ferrara.

SPAIN—Prado—Bacchanal; Madonna with Two Saints; For-
bidden Fruit; Charles V on Horseback; Sa-
lome; Entombment; Portrait of Painter.

RUBENS

BELGIUM—Antwerp—MUSEUM. Crucifixion; Adoration of the Magi; Christ a la Paille.

ANTWERP CATHEDRAL. Descent From the Cross; Elevation of the Cross; Assumption of the Virgin.

Brussels—ROYAL MUSEUM. Christ Bearing the Cross.

Mechlin—NOTRE DAME. Miraculous Draught of Fishes.

AUSTRIA—Vienna—IMPERIAL GALLERY. St. Ildefonso Receiving a Chasuble from the Virgin; Head of Medusa; Portrait of Rubens; Emperor Maximilian.

Vienna—LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY. Rubens' Son.

ENGLAND—LONDON NATIONAL GALLERY. Rape of the Sabines; Chapeau de Paille; Judgment of Paris.

London—BUCKINGHAM PALACE. St. George; The Farm.

FRANCE—Paris—LOUVRE. Lot's Flight; Adoration of Magi; Kermesse; Helena Fourment; Life of Marie de Medicis a series of 21 paintings including the Coronation.

GERMANY—Berlin—BERLIN GALLERY. Raising of Lazarus; St. Sebastian; St. Cecelia; Diana Hunting.

Dresden—ROYAL GALLERY. St. Jerome; Lion Hunt; Drunken Hercules.

MUNICH GALLERY. Battle of the Amazons; Daughters of Leukippos; Samson and Delilah; Children with Garland of Fruit, Lion Hunt.

HOLLAND—**Amsterdam**—**RYKS MUSEUM**. Portrait of Helen Fourment.

THE HAGUE GALLERY. Adam and Eve.

ITALY—**Florence**—**PITTI PALACE**. Holy Family with Cradle; St. Francis; Horrors of War.

Florence—**UFFIZI**. Venus and Adonis; Portrait of Isabella Brant.

Milan—**BRERA**. Last Supper.

Rome—**CAPITOL**. Romulus and Remus.

SPAIN—**Madrid**—**PRADO**. Adoration of Magi; Three Graces; Nymph with Cornucopia; Garden of Love; Nymphs and Satyrs.

UNITED STATES—**New York**—**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**. Wolf and Fox Hunt; Pyramus and Thisbe; Susanna and Elders; Return from Egypt; Portrait of a Man.

BOSTON ART MUSEUM. Isabella Brant; Marriage of St. Catherine.

CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE. Portrait of Spinola.

REMBRANDT

HOLLAND—Amsterdam—RYKS MUSEUM. "Night Watch"; Elizabeth Bas; Jewish Bride; Rembrandt's Father; Syndics of the Cloth Guild.

THE HAGUE GALLERY. Anatomy Lesson; Rembrandt's Mother; Rembrandt's Father; Woman at Her Toilet; Man Laughing; Rembrandt as Officer.

BELGIUM—Antwerp—MUSEUM. Eleazar Swalmius.

Brussels—MUSEUM. Portrait of a Man; Old Woman.

ENGLAND—London—BUCKINGHAM PALACE. Shipbuilder and His Wife; Lady with Fan; Christ and Mary Magdalen; Jewish Rabbi; Adoration of Magi.

London—NATIONAL GALLERY. Old Woman; Ecce Homo; Woman Taken in Adultery; Christ Taken From Cross.

GERMANY—BERLIN GALLERY. Money Changer; Rape of Proserpina; Joseph's Dream; Joseph and Potiphar's Wife; Moses Breaking Tables of Laws; Hendrickje Stoffels.

Dresden—ROYAL GALLERY. Saskia; Entombment; Old Woman Weighing Gold.

MUNICH GALLERY. Holy Family; Descent From Cross; Elevation of the Cross; Sacrifice of Isaac; A Turk.

FRANCE—Paris—LOUVRE. Self-portrait; Christ at Emmaus; Good Samaritan; Bathsheba.

RUSSIA—Leningrad—HERMITAGE. Man With Fur Cap (called Sobieski); David and Absalom, Young Woman Trying on Earrings; Hannah and Infant Samuel.

AUSTRIA—Vienna—IMPERIAL GALLERY. Young Man
Singing; St. Paul.

Vienna—LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY. Young Girl
at Her Toilet; Portrait of a Lady; Portrait of
Saskia.

SPAIN—Madrid—PRADO. Queen Artemisia (or Cleopatra).

UNITED STATES—New York—METROPOLITAN MU-
SEUM. Man With Broad Collar; Old Man;
The Mills; Adoration of Shepherds; Pilate
Washing His Hands; Old Woman Cutting
Her Nails.

BOSTON ART MUSEUM. Dr. Nicolaas
Tulp; Wife of Dr. Tulp.

CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE. Young Girl
Behind a Door.

EL GRECO

SPAIN—Madrid—PRADO. Baptism; Crucifixion; Christ Dead in the Arms of God; St. Paul; Head of a Man; Portrait of Physician; St. Basil.

Toledo—STO TOME. Burial of Count Orgaz.

Toledo—GRECO MUSEUM. St. Bernadino; Antonio Covarrubias.

UNITED STATES—New York—METROPOLITAN MUSEUM. Portrait of the Artist; Toledo in a Storm; Adoration of the Shepherds; Nativity; Cardinal Don Fernando.

New York—HISPANIC SOCIETY MUSEUM. Holy Family.

BOSTON ART MUSEUM. Cardinal Sforza Pallavicino; Fray Hortensio.

CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE. St. Martin Showing His Cloak; Assumption of the Virgin; Parting of Christ and the Virgin.

MINNEAPOLIS MUSEUM. Christ Driving Traders From the Temple.

A. W. MELLON COLLECTION. St. Ildefonso.

J. P. WIDENER COLLECTION. Virgin and Child with Saints.

FRANCE—Paris—LOUVRE. Christ on the Cross.

ITALY—Naples—NATIONAL MUSEUM. Boy Lighting Candle.

ENGLAND—London—NATIONAL GALLERY. Christ on the Mount of Olives; St. Jerome as Cardinal.

VELASQUEZ

SPAIN—Madrid—PRADO. Maids of Honor; Surrender of Breda; Tapestry Weavers; Philip IV on Horseback; Philip IV, Young; Don Baltasar Carlos on Horseback; Don Baltasar Carlos as Sportsman; Infanta Margarita Maria (Infanta in Red); Philip III on Horseback; Queen Margarita of Austria; Juan Pacheco Wife of Velasquez; Olivares on Horseback; Fernando of Austria; The Topers.

Madrid—The ESCORTAL. Joseph's Coat.

Seville—ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE. St. Ildefonso and the Virgin.

ENGLAND—London—NATIONAL GALLERY. Philip IV Hunting the Wild Boar; Philip, Old; Christ in the House of Martha.

AUSTRIA—Vienna—IMPERIAL MUSEUM. Don Baltasar Carlos; Queen Isabella of Spain; Young Man Holding Flower.

ITALY—Rome—DORIA PALACE. Pope Innocent X.
CAPITOLINE MUSEUM. Self Portrait.

Florence—UFFIZI. Portrait of Velasquez.

FRANCE—Paris—LOUVRE. Mariana of Austria; Meeting of the Artists; Philip IV; Margarita Maria.

GERMANY—Berlin—ROYAL MUSEUM. Juana de Miranda; Spanish Court Dwarf; Alessandro del Borro.

Dresden—ROYAL GALLERY. Olivares; Portrait of a Man.

UNITED STATES—Boston—MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.
Philip IV; Infanta Maria Theresa; Don Baltasar Carlos and Dwarf.

Detroit—INSTITUTE OF ARTS. Portrait of a Man.

Toledo—MUSEUM. Man With Wine Glass.

New York—METROPOLITAN MUSEUM. Still
Life; Portrait of a Man.
HISPANIC SOCIETY. Cardinal Pamphili.
MORGAN COLLECTION. Infanta Maria
Theresa.
MELLON COLLECTION. Woman Sewing.

GOYA

SPAIN—Madrid—PRADO. Chas. IV on Horseback; Queen Maria Luisa on Horseback; A Picador; Two Episodes of the French Invasion of 1808; Family of Chas. IV; The Actor Maiquez; Meadow of San Isidro; A Maja Playing on a Guitar; Francisco Bayeu; The Maja Clothed; The Maja Nude; Holy Family; Collection of Paintings from Goya's House; The Fates; Witches; Satan Devouring His Offspring; Judith and Holofernes; Two Women Laughing; Cartoons for Tapestry; The Picnic; Fete Champetre; The Kite; The Gamblers; The Snowstorm; A Huntsman and His Dogs.

Madrid—ACADEMY OF SAN FERNANDO. Scene in a Madhouse; Meeting of the Inquisition; Bull Fight; La Tirana; Portrait of Goya.

Madrid—CHURCH OF SAN ANTONIO DE FLORIDA. Frescoes of St. Anthony Restoring Dead Man To Life; Angels.

ENGLAND—London—NATIONAL GALLERY. The Picnic; Dona Isabel Corbo de Porcel; The Bewitched.

FRANCE—Paris—LOUVRE. Don Evaristo Perez de Castro; Woman with Fan; Young Spanish Woman.
BISCHOFFSHEIM COLLECTION. Man in Gray.

UNITED STATES—Boston—MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS. Portrait of Goya's Son.

New York—METROPOLITAN MUSEUM. Jewess of Tangiers; Don Sebastian Martinez; Maria Luisa of Parma, Queen of Spain; Two Ring Bull Fight; Majas on the Balcony.

New York—HISPANIC SOCIETY. Duchess of Alba.

ITALY—Rome—VATICAN. Pope Benedict X

